WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO

FRANC B. WILKIE

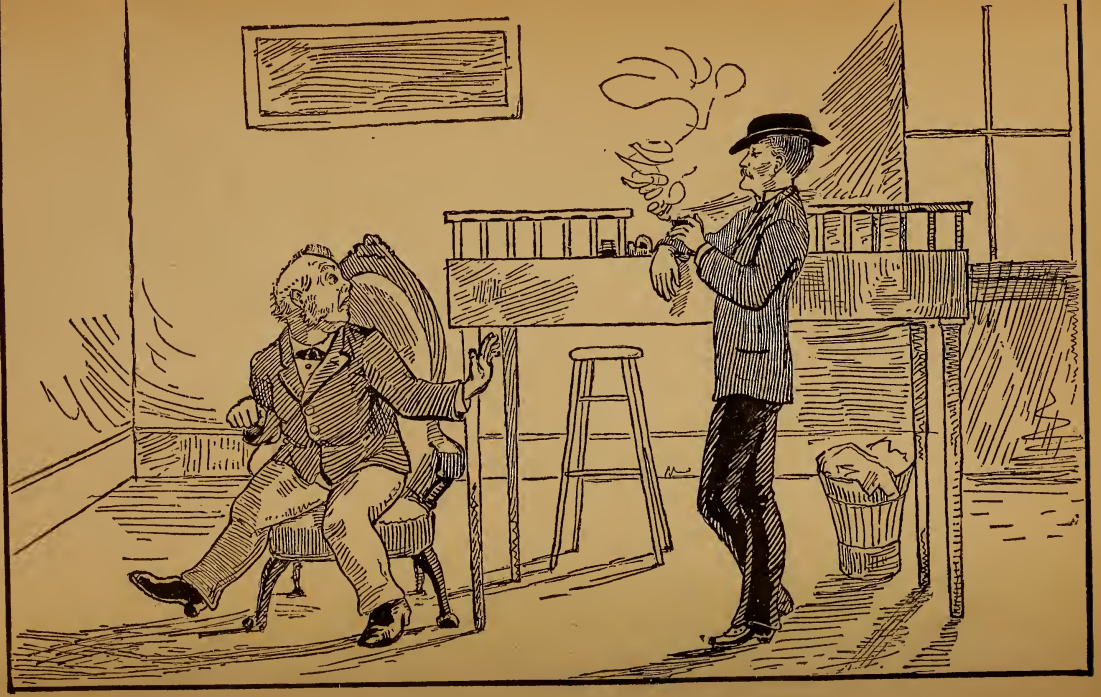
1871 · 1881

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. E 548 Copyright No. 45

Shelf .W6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



YOUNG CHICAGO TALKS WITH AN ENGLISHMAN.

"WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO,"

1871—1881.

AND

ARMY AND MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY

F. B. WILKIE,

(*Poliuto.*)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT.
MAY 11 1882
No. 7662 m
CITY OF WASHINGTON

CHICAGO:
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.,
ST. LOUIS:
BELFORD & CLARKE PUBLISHING CO.,
MDCCCLXXXII.

F 548
.45
.W6

COPYRIGHTED.

BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.,

1880.

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,
CHICAGO.

PREFACE.

No apology is needed for bringing out this issue of WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO, for the reason that it is done solely in response to an urgent demand to that effect on the part of the public. The original book was issued in 1871, just before the great fire; and what was left of it was destroyed when Chicago was burned. The sale had been very large from the moment of issue up to the time of the destruction of the city; and ever since there has been a steady demand for the book. The second part, which consisted of letters from various watering places, in the ante-fire edition, has been omitted from the present work, and its place supplied with WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO IN 1881. In all other respects the book is unchanged.

CHICAGO, 1882. F. B. W.

CONTENTS.

WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO—1871.

A Triangular Walk — Nord Seite — Southside — West-side, - - - - - - - - 9
Water-Works and Water-Falls, - - - 22
Court-House Ghost, - - - - - 27
A Walk in the Fall, - - - - - 33
Orpheus in Hades, - - - - - - 39
How to Quit Smoking, - - - - 46
Mill on the Prairie, - - - - - 52
Going to the Matinée, - - - - 60
The Old Man's Smoke, - - - - - 65

WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO—1881.

A Walk with a Stranger, - - - - 71

ARMY AND OTHER SKETCHES.

A Bohemian Among the Rebels, - - - 97
Pap Fuller's Game of Poker, - - - 112
Recollections of Gen. Fred. Steele, - - - 120
Some People I have Met, - - - - 129
Some Remembered Faces, - - - - 135
A Reminiscence of the War, - - - 141
A Desperado who would not Stay Killed, - 149
Among the Guerrillas, - - - - 159

Uncle James and the Bull, - - - - 166
Some Recollections of Allatoona, - - 172
The Revelations of a Window, - - - 181
A Revelation of Clairvoyance, - - - 190
A Leap-Year Romance, - - - - - 199
The Horrors of Masonry, - - - - 204
A Dream, and How it was Fulfilled, - - 213
Getting a Drink under Difficulties, - - 226
A Moral Country Place and its People, - - 234
Bicycular Affection, - - - - 245
All About a Woman, - - - - 252
A Ride to Death, - - - - - 256
The Most Beautiful Woman I Have Known - 272

WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO—1871.

A TRIANGULAR WALK.

NORD SEITE.

THE geography, customs, productions, people, and so forth, of a new country, are always full of interest.

Once, when I was traveling about, I reached a place known among its inhabitants as "Nord Seite." I spent some time there. I found much to interest a traveler.

Nord Seite is situated in about the same latitude as Chicago, and is about 10½ degrees of longitude west of Washington. Its population is about 60,000.

To reach it from Chicago, one can take rail to New York; thence go by steamer to Alaska, *via* Cape Horn; from Alaska south to about the 42nd parallel; thence east by stage and rail, 2,000 miles, to Nord Seite.

Nord Seite has an immense body of water on one side, and a river whose main stream and one branch inclose two of the remaining sides. Nord Seite is, therefore, a sort of peninsula.

The river referred to is deep and sluggish. It can not be forded. It can not be crossed in small boats on account of its exhalations. These are a combination of sulphuretted hydrogen, the odor of decaying rodents, and the stench of rotting brassica. In

crossing this river a sort of contrivance is resorted to, which is termed by the natives, *Brücke.*

This *Brücke* is not always reliable. Sometimes one can get over the river by its means, oftener he can't. The *Brücke* is built of wood and iron, painted red, and at a distance looks not unlike a stumpy sort of rainbow.

The inhabitants of Nord Seite consist of men, women, children, dogs, billy-goats, pigs, cats, and fleas. In estimating the proportion of each of these classes, it is found that the fleas vastly outnumber all the others. They are not only numerous, but full-grown and vicious.

In the warm season a Nord-Seiter has a lively time in flea-hunting. In hunting this game the Nord Seiter shuts himself or herself in a tight room and strips to the skin. Then the flea is pursued and captured.

Most all the Nord Seite dogs are good flea hunters. They commence hunting fleas when young, without any instruction. Pretty much all their lives are spent in pursuit of this pastime.

The human population of Nord Seite is industrious. In the flea and fly time especially.

The business of the inhabitants of Nord Seite consists of a great variety of pursuits and occupations. These pursuits and occupations divide themselves naturally into two large classes. The first includes every other male resident of Nord Seite. These are engaged in selling a liquid which tastes something like a mixture of hops and rosin. It is the color of amber, and is surmounted with a white, yeasty, flaky coronal. The other class includes every man, woman and child in Nord Seite. This

class is engaged in drinking what the other class is engaged in selling.

From the large admixture of hops in this universal beverage, it results that the residents of North Seite are very fond of dancing.

The ladies of North Seite are usually feminine in dress, and oftentimes so in fact and appearance. They mostly wear their hair braided in small plaits, which are again braided in larger plaits, which are braided into still larger ones; and these are once more braided into a large braid, which is twisted, and coiled, and wound and intertwined in, and around, and through, and about, and over, and under itself, till it resembles a riddle tied in a Gordian knot, and the whole enveloped in a rebus which nobody ever can guess.

When a Nord-Seite lady once gets her hair done up in this complex and elaborate style, she never takes it down. She couldn't if she would. The only method of removing this style of *coiffure* is to shave the head.

Intercommunication in Nord-Seite is carried on in various ways. Many of the inhabitants go on foot. Others have a small two-wheeled vehicle, to which are harnessed a dog and a small boy, or a little girl.

They also have tracks upon which run vehicles which they term *Vagens*. The *Vagen* is drawn by two horses.

The *Vagen* is used principally for the conveyance of passengers carrying goods. It will answer to what would be an express-car in this country, in which each man should ride carrying whatever article he wished expressed to any point.

I have been in a *Vagen* in which a woman, on one side of me, carried on her lap a clothes-basket;

in which were four heads of cabbage ; six links of imported sausage ; one bottle of goose-grease ; two loaves of a brown, farinaceous product termed *Brodt;* a calf's liver; some strips of what is known as *Schweinfleisch;* a half peck of onions ; a string of garlic ; and a large piece of a fragrant compound known as *Limburger Käse.*

On the other side of me was a woman with a baby in her arms ; a small child on each knee ; two other children, a trifle larger, on their knees, on each side of her, looking out of the windows of the *Vagen* ; and five other children, of various sizes, picturesquely grouped about her knees and on the floor. The same sort of thing was seen all through the *Vagen.* Each woman either had from four to nine children, or a basket that filled half the vehicle. Sometimes a woman would have the basket and the children both.

A very common patroness of the *Vagen* was a woman with two buckets of swill, carried by a yoke from the neck. The woman with the swill buckets was very common. She usually made her appearance at every third square. She didn't generally look very attractive. If possible, she smelt a trifle worse than she looked.

The Nord-Seiter is economical. No matter if he earn nothing *per diem,* he always has enough to buy a mug of the amber fluid, and have five cents over, which he puts away in the bottom of an old stocking.

There is no newspaper published in Nord Seite. But there is a brewery there. So is there a distillery. There is likewise a place where they sell a beverage known as *Lager Bier.*

When two or three Nord-Seiters are conversing confidentially on a subject which they wish nobody else to hear, their whisper is about as loud as the tone in which a Chicago man would say, "Oh, Bill!" to an acquaintance two blocks away.

When two or three Nord-Seiters converse in an ordinary tone of voice, the result is a tremendous roar. A stranger would think them engaged in a hot, terrific altercation.

A Nord-Seite *Vagen* is an epitome of one hundred and eight distinct odors, of which onions constitute the dominant.

Some of the Nord-Seiters speak a little broken English.

There are many other curious things about Nord Seite and its population. Any body who has time and money should visit the place. The people are hospitable. Any one can visit them; reside with them as long as necessary; study their customs, and enjoy himself very thoroughly.

SOUTHSIDE.

ONCE I described a visit I made to a remote and singular place known to the inhabitants as Nord Seite. During the same traveling expedition, I reached another city which contains many points of interest. This other place is named, by those who reside in it, Southside.

To get to Southside from Nord Seite, one takes a steamer to Detroit, *via* Milwaukee, Mackinaw, and Sarnia. Thence east through Canada to Montreal, thence south *via* St. Albans, Rutland, Saratoga, and Albany to New York. From here you go to Philadelphia, and thence west by rail to Southside.

By this route one will either reach Southside, or New Jerusalem, by being wrecked on the water or smashed on the land. By this route it is two to one in favor of your getting to New Jerusalem, rather than to Southside. Few men have ever essayed the trip and lived to tell the tale.

When you once get to Southside you will feel amply repaid for the risking the perils of the journey. It is a large and thriving city, and has a population of less than 100.000.

Southside is laid out next to a large and flourishing body of water on one side, and a deep and aromatic river on the other. In the matter of location it is very exclusive. The river is impassable. Birds which attempt to fly over it are intoxicated by its exhilarating perfume, and fall into it and die.

Southside has but one street, which is known as The Avenue. All the population of Southside live upon The Avenue. If you meet a Southsider in St. Petersburg, and ask him where he lives, he will say he lives on The Avenue. Afterwards, if you ask him, he will tell you in what city, state, and country The Avenue is located.

Southside has street cars which are exclusively for the benefit of strangers visiting the place. Sometimes a lady who lives on The Avenue gets on one of these cars. Whenever she does, she opens a conversation with some one, and tells him in a loud tone that both her carriages are at the shop to be mended. She also is obliged to ask the conductor how much the fare is.

Southside once had a fine opera-house in which there used to sing grand artists. But now the opera-house has got to be a combination of hippodrome, gymnasium, and model-artist exhibitions. Where

Casta Diva was once trilled sublimely, there is now roared in a hoarse voice, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Where Queen Elizabeth once strode there now straddles some undressed nymph —of the spectacular persuasion.

The Avenue in Southside is occupied by some of the most aristocratic and wealthy families in existence. There are many of them whose descent goes back to Noah and Adam.

The hospitality of many of the aristocratic and wealthy families on The Avenue is remarkable. They carry their hospitality to such an extent that a family will often put notices in the newspapers offering all the comforts of a home to a couple of young gentlemen, or to a gentleman and his wife, without children.

About one-half the hospitable residents on The Avenue, in this manner, afford the comforts of a home to a few guests. In return for the comforts of a home thus generously afforded them, the guests pay a small *per capita* tax. This little tax never amounts to more than twice or three times the entire expenses of the hospitable family with whom the guests find the comforts of a home.

Sometimes a resident of The Avenue will take a few guests for their companionship. The cost of being a companion on The Avenue ranges from all you have in the shape of income to all you can borrow.

There are no boarding-houses on The Avenue. A man who can not afford to be a companion in a refined family, or whose assets do not permit his enjoyment of the comforts of a home, has to consult economy and go to a hotel, where he can exist for $50 per week.

All the people who live on The Avenue keep their own carriages. The gentlemen are good horsemen, and always do their own driving. When a Southsider drives himself out he usually wears a plug hat, with the fur, just above the brim, brushed the wrong way. The gentleman who thus drives himself is generally a fine, healthy, fresh-looking man. The coachman rides behind. He has thin legs, a weak voice, and frequently wears eye-glasses.

The young ladies who live on The Avenue are the most beautiful in the world. They always marry for love. Especially if the husband be worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Or says he is.

When these charming young ladies are married they never get divorces—in less than three or six months. If they do, the case is exceptional. The rule is one year, unless the young man's money runs out sooner, or the young woman gets a better offer.

There is one gambling house in Southside. There is likewise a house occupied by young women who are highly painted, and about the purity of whose morals there is some doubt.

There is likewise an association of young Christians who pray for the poor, and needy, and the starving.

Getting to heaven from Southside is an exclusive, first-class, expensive operation. A reserved seat on the Southside route costs from $1,500 to $5,000 per annum. They run only drawing-room vehicles and palace cars from the Southside depots. Grace, Trinity and Messiah are some of the principal depots from out which there run weekly lines of velvet and mahogany coaches, in which every thing is exclusive, first-class, tip-top, and warranted to run through without change.

A poor man in Southside whe wants to go to heaven has to go afoot. There is only one man in Southside who is footing it. There are some other poor ones who are too weak to walk and too poor to ride. They propose to go to the other place. It is a good deal cheaper to go to h—l from Southside than it is to go to heaven.

Southside has a fine park some where. Real estate dealers know where it is. It will be a nice, shady place as soon as some trees are set out. All the little boys of Southside are going to take their grandchildren down to the park to play, as soon as the latter get large enough.

There is a velocipede school in Southside. Some of the young men of Southside who ride the velocipede have to stiffen their legs with splinters to keep them from snapping off. Southside has also a periodical published in the interest of woman. The interest of woman means, the interest of the woman that publishes it. There is also a man in the commission business in Southside. He lives on The Avenue.

There are a thousand other curious things connected with Southside and its residents which must be seen to be appreciated. It is a good place to go to.

WESTSIDE.

Any person who has ever traveled much, or who has studied physical geography, must have visited, or must have seen a place known as Westside. It is one of the largest places of its size, and the most singular in respect to its singularity, in the world.

To get to Westside, the traveler provides himself with a water-proof suit of clothing, an umbrella, a life-preserver, and a box of troches. He then enters

an immense hole under ground which leads mainly westward in one direction, and eastward in another.

This subterranean entrance to Westside was constructed for a double purpose. One of these purposes was to prevent anybody who lives on Westside from leaving. The other was because there is a river which nobody can cross, owing to its exhalations. This subterranean entrance runs under this river.

Going through this hole is a work of immense difficulty and danger. The best way to get through in winter is to skate through. In summer, for a few days, in dog-days, there is good boating. The innumerable cascades, cataracts, pitfalls, and the intense darkness, make its navigation a work of great risk. Like the entrance to Rasselas' Happy Valley, it is constructed to keep people in, who are once in, and to discourage the coming in of those who are out.

Once in Westside the traveler finds himself on an enormous plain sparsely covered with houses. Westside extends from the river to a park somewhere on its limits to the westward. Just where this park is, nobody knows. The boundaries of Westside are as limitless and indefinite as the interval from the Gulf of Mexico to the present time.

The architecture of Westside is fine and peculiar. A residence with a marble front always has a butcher's shop on one side, and a beer saloon on the other. The people who live in Westside are as diversified as their architecture.

Westside has street-cars which are sometimes visible when a rain has laid the dust. One conductor on one of these street-cars washed his hands one spring. At least it was said that he did. Nobody

was ever able to tell when the time was, or which conductor it was that did it.

Whenever a man in Westside builds a house and puts up a fence in front of it, he immediately calls the space in front of his lot an avenue. Sometimes a Westside avenue is as much as 200 or 300 feet long.

Every other shop on Westside is owned by a butcher, who has always a bloody and half-skinned calf hanging up in his door for a cheerful sign. The thing is so agreeable to Westsiders, that, on every pleasant afternoon, the ladies take their knitting-work, and go and sit in front of the butcher's shop.

Westside is the residence of a good many notable, strong-minded women. These strong-minded women all have virtuous and docile husbands, who are further characterized by their sweetness, and their retiring dispositions. Whenever a Westside woman gets to weigh 270 pounds, she immediately starts out in favor of woman's rights. In this weigh, she is able to afford great weight to the cause which she advocates.

Every woman on Westside once lived on The Avenue in a place known as Southside. Whenever she goes down town, she goes to visit a friend on The Avenue. Whenever she has been down town, she has been to call on a friend who lives on The Avenue. A good many ladies who live in Westside carry the idea, in the cars, that they live in Southside, on The Avenue, and are only in Westside for a visit. The uncle, aunt, cousin, grand-mother, brother-in-law, step-sister, half-uncle, and god-father of every body in Westside lives on The Avenue in Southside. No young lady in Westside will receive permanent

attention from a young man unless he lives on The Avenue in Southside. When a Westsider of the female persuasion dies, her spirit immediately wings its way to the blissful and ecstatic realms of The Avenue on Southside.

The railway companies in Westside never water their track. They do their stock. The result, in both cases, is to throw dirt in the eyes of the public.

There are no carriages in Westside. It is so dusty there, that a vehicle which does not run on rails can never find its way from one point to another. When it is not dusty it is muddy. The dust has no top, and the mud no bottom. In either case, locomotion, except on tracks, is impossible.

Westside has no newspapers. It likewise has no opera-house which is used as a circus. Its principal local amusement consists, among the men, in chewing tobacco, and among the women, in going to church. Wherever there is a corner in Westside not occupied as a drug store, it is occupied by a church.

All the churches in Westside have something going on in them every evening, and seven afternoons in every week, and four times every Sunday. Whenever there is anything going on in any church, they toll the bell for an hour and a quarter before it commences, and at intervals during the performance. The result is, that every man in Westside hears from one to eleven bells tolling cheerfully three fifths of his time.

A stranger in Westside would conclude that the whole town was dead, or that ten or fifteen melancholy funerals were in progress in every neighborhood. There is one church, on the corner of Washington avenue and Robey avenue, that has been tolling its bell without cessation for two years. When

there isn't a prayer-meeting, or somebody dead, they toll it for somebody who is going to die. They use up a sexton there every thirteen days. When there is no prayer-meeting, or any thing else, or any body dead, or any body who is going to die, then the bell tolls for the last deceased sexton.

Westside is immensely philanthropic. It has an asylum for inebriates from Southside, and other places. This asylum has often as many as from one to two inebriates who are undergoing treatment. The treatment consists in leaning against the fence, when tight, and in stepping over the way to a saloon and getting tight, when sober. The asylum is a very cheerful building, with enormous windows of four by six glass. Some of the rooms are fine and airy, and would answer for dog-kennels if enlarged and properly ventilated.

There are a good many other peculiar things in Westside, which can be better understood by being seen than by being heard of. Any body who dares to face the dangers and darkness of the hole in the ground by which one reaches Westside, will be well repaid for his visit.

WATER-WORKS AND WATER-FALLS.

WHEN one lacks a theme upon which to write, he can always fall back on Chicago. Other subjects have a depth which is fathomable; Chicago, like its mud, is bottomless. One can always write about Chicago without wearying himself or his readers. He may write of it as a whole,—a mud-hole,—if he chooses, and never exhaust it. He may deal with it in particulars, and never reach their end.

The great event of the past week was the great tunnel. And speaking of water-works irresistibly reminds one of our ladies. And this again necessitates raptures. What is there more beautiful in song or story, in romance or legend, in dreams or in imagination, than the latest style of woman? Her water-fall, tied on the top of her head, may be said to be at high tide. There is nothing so charming as the present style. What can be more rakish than the little flat hat, one end of which rests on a delicate nose, and the other, reaching aspiringly upwards, upon the towering water-fall? The nose of the ladies is out of joint. Once it had its own bridge; now it serves as a pier for a bridge from nose to chignon.

The part of the head thus bridged is that which usually contains the intellectual faculties. Bridges are generally built over abysses. There is ordinarily nothing under a bridge. Is there any thing

under these hat-bridges? Are they constructed because there is emptiness, space, vacuity, an abysm between nose and waterfall?

The elevated chignon now covers the organs of amativeness and self-esteem. When women lack a development in any part, they usually supply it. Why they should pad either of these phrenological developments, one fails to see. It is like carrying coals to Newcastle. The latter of these two organs is always of full size in the sex. The other is never deficient. It is the most beautiful development in woman. With it she loves early and often.

From a water-fall to water-works the transformation is natural. In this connection, it is gratifying to be able to state that the new water works well. Not well-water, but lake-water is meant.

The new water which comes through the tunnel is of the most remarkable purity. It is so perfectly clear and transparent that, when frozen into ice, it becomes invisible. When a goblet stands before one at dinner, he has to thrust his finger in it to know whether there is water there. In some respects it is inconvenient. A pail left over night, half-filled with water, will contain a half-dozen drowned rats in the morning. They leap into the pail thinking that there is nothing in it. It is dangerous to leave water-tubs about that have water in them; children get into them to play, under the impression that they are empty. Small children are very frequently found in a very wet condition.

The introduction of the new water, has ruined filter manufacturers. Passing our water through a filter has the effect to purify the filter and to foul the water. Speaking of water-fowl leads to the inquiry

as to whether there is any philological connection between these birds and an aqua-duck?

Not only are filter dealers about to fail, but hotel and boarding-house keepers are experiencing a heavy loss. A pitcher of water, which once went a great ways in house-keeping, is now of no account save to quench thirst. Many families that, on Friday, drank only Chicago water, now have to buy their fish at the market. In fact, the expenses of living in Chicago have increased. Where there was once a surplus, there is now a defishency. Before the tunnel was bored, board was a more profitable affair than it now is. Then it was like the water,—there was something in it; now, like the water, there is nothing in it.

The cleansing properties of the new water are wonderful. Children whose faces have been washed in it have been lost and never found. Their mothers can not recognize them. It is proposed to establish a place where lost children may be gathered, and where only the old water will be used in their ablutions. In time, it is expected that many young children, whom nobody now knows, will be recognized by their parents.

Long-married people who wash themselves in the new water undergo all the satisfaction of a newly-married pair. She seems some other woman. He appears some other man. The jaded routine of their old life disappears. There are the freshness, the piquancy, of a new love. She is tender, believing him some gentle stranger. He is gallant, thinking her some beautiful young Thing.

Some queer results attend the invisibility which characterizes the purity of Chicago water. The day that the water was let in, there was an alarm

of fire. The engines proceeded to the conflagation. It was that of $250 worth of cigars, insured in four companies at $1,000 each. The hose was reeled off and attached to the hydrants. The firemen directed the nozzles towards the burning establishment. There was a tremendous rush, as of air, but apparently no water. The real state of the case was not suspected until a passing dog, that happened to go in a line of the stream, was stricken with hydrophobia.

The result of the occurrence is well known. The owner of the cigar stock got his insurance, and went back to his native clime south of the Baltic. When last heard from, he was engaged in giving advice to some poor countrymen. He told them to go to America, and that their best policy would be to insure something. He assured them that the risks in this business were small, and the premium for a virtuous adherence to the business lucrative.

Speaking of insurance suggests that competition in this line grows more lively every day. A company has just been started that offers heavy inducements. It will take small cigar stocks at a minimum of four times their value; and it presents, along with each policy, a barrel of shavings, a bottle of turpentine, and a box of matches.

Insurance companies in Chicago are doing a fine business. A good many men have latterly been able to retire to private life. Nearly all of those who have retired have large balances at the bank. These balances appear on that side of the bank-ledger known as "Dr."

Insurance, however, has no special connection with Chicago water, unless it be marine insurance. In this case there is some. Marine insurance is not

the life assurance of marines. It refers to vessels which cross that crystal reservoir from which Chicago now draws its water.

The purity of Chicago water is guaranteed from the fact that it reaches us through a hole. Water that comes to us through a hole must be wholly water. It does not, however, follow that it is holy water. It is simply good, pure water. It is good enough to form the subject of a poem. The *eau de Chicago* might be used as the theme of a cold water ode.

Perhaps some future poet, struck by the gorgeous spectacle of our grandeur, may attempt this ode. If he does, he had better make it "owed." A century hence, what Chicago owed in 1867, will be a greater subject of reflection than its water-works.

COURT-HOUSE GHOST.

THE writer was taking a walk around the court house square. There is a nice promenade in the public square. Especially after night. The massive court house is piled up like immense masses of darkness bordered with gray. It is a cool place. Whatever way one goes, the fierce winds come howling around the corners of the rectangle, meeting him square in the face. If he turn and go the other way, the winds hasten back, and are in waiting to meet him in the face at the next corner.

If one is a little lonely, he need not lack for companionship. He can get up a conversation at any time with voices that issue through the grates. Not a very select conversation, however; at least on the part of the voices behind the grates. There is much oath. There are allusions suggestive of moral rottenness. Expletives odorous with blasphemy. Not much will be said by the voices behind the grates to excite the admiration of a healthy Christian.

It was a cloudy night on which the writer amused himself by walking in the square. A mist had settled over the street lamps, and their light seemed to issue through long tubes, whose inner surface appeared covered with grayish points, like long hairs. Nothing was visible anywhere, save in dim outline. No pedestrians anywhere were visible. There came

indistinctly the click of billiard-balls from a half-obscured mass of light in the Sherman House.

Suddenly, as the writer stood listening to the voices behind the grate, there stood before him a gigantic figure. He did not appear to have come there. He appeared, as it were. There was no sound of steps to announce his coming. He stood there like a tree, as if he had always been there. He was wrapped in a heavy overcoat. Tall boots passed above his knees, and disappeared beneath his coat. An immense cap was drawn down over his ears and forehead. A large shawl inclosed his neck and the lower portion of his face. No portion of the countenance was exposed, save his eyes.

The writer was startled at the abrupt appearance of the stranger. and his motionless attitude. At the very moment that he appeared, the air seemed impregnated with a fœtid odor.

"Who are you?" said the writer, as he involuntarily covered his nose with one hand, and with the other felt for the butt of his revolver.

"Who am I?" said the stranger, in a strange, hollow voice. "Who am I?" he repeated slowly. "I will tell you who I am. I am the incarnation of stench. I am, in short, the COURT-HOUSE GHOST."

"You don't tell me!"

"Truly, I am. If you doubt, use your olfactories."

"I'faith, I can no longer doubt the former part of your assertion. But the ghost part I am not so sure of. I am inclined to suspect that you are a bone-boiler just in from the South branch. Or a he-Naiad, just arisen from the Chicago river."

"No. I am what I say. I am the Court-House Ghost. It's me who has been groaning so dismally

through the corridors of the jail. I was seeking an outlet."

"Being a ghost, why need you make any extra effort to get out?"

"Because, since the cold weather has come on, every crack and orifice in the jail has been so stopped up that there was no exit. Hence my groans. In warm weather, I have no trouble to come and go when I please."

"Exactly. Well, do you travel around much?"

"Oh, yes. I am fond of going around. I am partial to amusements. I like Wood's Museum. I go there often."

"Precisely. I think it likely. I may never have seen you there; but, if not mistaken, I have smelt you."

"Undoubtedly. I go there almost every night.'

"And do you have no other resort?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Next to the Museum, I am partial to McVicker's. On crowded nights, I can't say but what I like the latter almost as well as the former. I sometimes, on benefit or fashionable nights, like to drop into the Opera-House. But, as a general thing, I don't like that place. It is too large and airy, and I become lost in its vastness."

"Do you do anything else when you come outside?"

"Yes, next to going to places of amusement, I like the horse-cars. I spend a good deal of time on the horse-cars. Latterly, however, the roads have been torn up so much that my favorite routes have been much interfered with. My preference is for Archer road. That has been all right this summer, I used to be very fond of the Halsted and Milwaukee lines. But, just to defeat or annoy me, those

roads have been torn up all summer, and, in consequence, I have been swindled out of a good many pleasant trips."

"Are you a member of any church? Do you patronize the Sabbath services?"

"You take me for a heathen, sir?"

"No, sir. I take you for a son of old rancidity, by a marriage with some member of the highly respectable assafœtida family. That's all. Don't take offence."

"No offence. Well, then, I do attend church very regularly. Some of the churches in town are favorites of mine. I am partial to all the services, but especially to those held in the evening."

"I think I have recognized your presence in several cases. As a general thing, you seem to be a favorite. In my own case, I must say that I have given more attention to you than to the sermon. Usually, there is more of you. You appeal, so to speak, more to one's senses."

"Yes, I am rather a favorite among the religious people. Somehow, folks have fallen into the way of thinking that I am a necessary part of Divine service. If I were not present, they would not think the performance complete. I infer that I am much liked from the fact that nearly all the churches are built with special reference to my convenience. They are so fearful, apparently, that I will not stay with them, that they are careful to allow no avenue of escape. I rather like it. Usually, the sisters are charming. It pleases me to be with them. I nestle among their furs and tresses. I brush their rosy lips, and mingle myself with their breath. I am very fond of women, I am."

"Well, my sentimental extract of putrescence, what else do you do to amuse yourself?"

"Not much of anything in particular, but a little of every thing in general. Sometimes I visit a twin brother of mine who resides at Bridgeport; and I linger, at times, over the bridges to inhale the inspiriting odor of that romantic stream, Chicago river. Occasionally, late at night, I take a ride, on a scavenger's cart, into the country. Sometimes I go over to the Armory, and I always attend the morning sessions of the police court."

"Well, now, my amiable fetor, tell me what place you like best, You seem to have been pretty much all over Chicago, and are prepared to say what you prefer. Have you a choice of residences—of lounging places?"

"By all means, sir, in the language of the poet, 'There is no place like home.' My home is the basement of the court-house. There is no place like it. I am as old as, or older than, the 'ancient, fish-like smell' of which you have doubtless heard. I am the biggest old smell in Chicago. I was born in the jail. I love it. None of my numerous relations ever had a home like mine. It is so exactly adapted to my convenience, that sometimes I think it was built expressly for me. If so, blessings on the architect! In any case, benisons on the authorities who are so careful to minister to my comfort!"

At this moment the spectre seemed to grow emotional. It drew its sleeve rapidly across the abyss between the bottom of its cap and the top of its neck-handkerchief.

"Yes, sir," it continued, "it's very generous of 'em. I wouldn't 'a thought anybody would 'a done it for a poor old stink like me. It must be on ac-

count of my age. I am one of the oldest inhabitants. I was born right here in Chicago, and I've grown with the city. All the jail officials like me. The jailor is an especial good friend. He spends nearly all his time in my company. In fact, so much are we together that any one would take us for brothers. In a good many points you can't tell us apart."

"Where are you going to-night?" asked the writer as the bell in the Court House commenced striking midnight.

"I came out to go to the limits on some of the last cars. I generally go out with some of 'em when the nights are cold. Good-bye, stranger."

Before the writer had time to respond to the salutation, the ghost of the Court House had disappeared. Removing his hand cautiously from his nose, the writer hurried from the vicinity.

A WALK IN THE FALL.

CHICAGO has entered the fall season under very favorable auspices. Chicago always enters upon a change of season under favorable auspices. When it commences the summer, it has a promise of its magnificent summer climate. When it begins winter, there are foreshadowings of skating, and sleighing, and pretty ankles, and much else more or less elevating. In the beginning of spring, it is very pleasant to reflect that only three months of mud and mean weather separate us from summer. The autumn is mainly pleasant as being only one remove from winter.

The fall season in Chicago, like everything else hereabouts, is a good thing. It is the bridge which connects glorious summer with magnificent winter. Its coolness begins to tell a little on the smells at the Museum and the Theatre. Only a little, however. It takes a killing frost to effect either of them to any appreciable extent. Even then no great effect is produced. These smells have a good many lives. They are frost-proof. One of them is about four and the other is six years old. So to speak, they are just in the prime of life, and give promise of a long lease of existence.

There is a younger smell at the Opera-House. It is what might be called a baby smell in comparison

with the veterans at the other places. But it is growing and thriving. In time it may be as stout and healthy a smell as that on exhibition at either of the other places.

There is no truth in the rumor that Wood and McVicker are negotiating to trade smells. A trade would be a good thing to the respective audiences, by way of variety; but it would be a good deal of trouble to make the transfer. Neither would it bear transportation on a dray, owing to its size. There isn't any truck in Chicago large enough to handle either of them.

The fall season affords tourists a fine opportunity to inspect Chicago in detail. One of the most favored localities now visited by travelers is the wilderness known as Union Park. Several scientific parties have lately been organized to visit the mound in this park. It is a great curiosity. Last week a party of *savans*, composed of the members of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, went out to examine the mound. Taking two days' provisions, ladders and ropes to make an ascent with, and theodolytes and quadrants to take observations with, and shovels and picks to dig with, they went to the park, and went into camp at the foot of the wonderful mound.

The following are extracts from notes of observations taken during a three days' visit to the celebrated mound:

"The Committee appointed by the Chicago Academy of Sciences, having provided themselves with abundant provisions and scientific instruments, proceeded at once to the examination of the mound near West Lake Street, in what is known as Union Park.

"This celebrated mound has hitherto been supposed to be either a tumulus, or else a species of *lusus naturæ.*

"It presents, at a short distance, the appearance of an irregular hemisphere lying upon its flat side. A closer view showed your committee that its color is dark gray, not unlike that of the unctuous, tenacious mixture of alumina and silica known as clay, and excavated everywhere in our streets.

"It is entirely destitute of vegetation; from which fact, and the color of the mound, Dr. Andrews was inclined to believe that the mound was of volcanic origin, and that it was composed of lava worn into its present shape by attrition from the receding waters of Lake Michigan.

"There arose a discussion as to the origin—a portion of the committee favoring the volcanic theory, and another portion what may be termed the tumulous explanation. It was finally agreed to postpone *a priori* discussion and proceed with an examination.

"Around the base of the mound were found small, roundish stones, having veins, clouds and other variations, and evidently the result of simple concretion, or incrustration around a central mucleus. They are better known as pebbles. There were also fragments of carboniferous rocks, which appeared as if they had been broken from the parent mass by some tremendous force.

"Dr. Reily thought they resembled a good deal the pieces of rock taken from the limestone quarries near the Artesian Well, and, being there broken by machinery, are used for macadamizing streets.

"By the use of ladders and ropes, an ascent of the mound was accomplished. Immediate preparations

were made for an excavation. The crust was dense and almost as hard as a rock. This fact confirmed Dr. Kennicott in a belief that the origin of the mound would be found connected with the azoic period of formation.

"After the crust had been penetrated to the depth of six or seven inches, the process of excavation grew more easy. The entire absence of organic remains at this point of penetration seemed to rather strengthen the opinion of Dr. Kennicott as to the azoic origin of the mound.

"Ten inches from the surface the committee found a large leaf in a partial state of preservation, and whose extent, color and odor, not unlike that of *saur kraut*, were like those of the *brassica oleracea*, or common cabbage. This remnant, being unmistakably vegetable in its character, at once overthrew the theory of the reference of the mound to an azoic period.

"About a foot below the vegetable, a tough, stiff, leathery article, not unlike a boot sole, was found. Eighteen inches below the latter, in a stratum of a gravelly character, we found the body of a vertebrate animal in a tolerable state of preservation. Its backbone ultimated caudately about fourteen inches. Its head was rounded, face oval, jaws armed with long, sharp teeth, and feet with keen claws. The entire body was covered with soft, short fur, and the animal belonged unmistakably to the genus *felis*. A very powerful and unpleasant odor, like that which accompanies animal decomposition, attended the body found in the mound, and prevented that examination which the committee were disposed to give it. * * * * * * * *

"The committee would request further time in making up their report. The presence of scoriæ and ashes in great abundance in the mound induces a portion of the committee to adhere to the theory of a volcanic origin. The only point upon which the committee have agreed is, that the origin of the mound can not be referred to the azoic period.

"The presence of the leaf of the *brassica oleracea* would seem to warrant the conclusion that, at some remote period, some members of the great Scandinavian family visited the continent; and it may be that they erected this mound in order to celebrate some religious or other rite. A common pine board, upon which appeared the Runic inspiration *'kabbich planz fur sel'* would strengthen this idea; but upon this point your committee are not yet agreed.

"The presence of a specimen of the genus *felis* leads Dr. Andrew to argue that, at whatever period the mound was formed, there must have existed cotemporaneously rats and mice and political meetings. The offensive odor surrounding the specimen has prevented an exhaustive examination, such as the committee would be glad to give. So soon as this odor abates in its intensity, an examination will be held, and further and more important information will undoubtedly be elicited.

"Conclusions with reference to the specimen resembling the boot-sole are withheld, in order to give the committee time for more extended observation.

"In submitting this fragmentary report, your committee desire simply to gratify the intense curiosity of the public in regard to this remarkable mound. We, therefore, present our labors up to the present time, and ask the indulgence of your honor-

able and learned body, and of the public, for a few weeks. The committee are not without the hope that further time will result in a cordial unanimity of opinion, and of a complete explanation of the phenomena attending the mound."

ORPHEUS IN HADES.

PEOPLE who take a trip around town any where must have noticed a good many highly-colored bills, upon which is printed the somewhat profane sentence: "Orpheus in Hell."

It has also been rumored about town that there is a mysterious secret connected with this placarded profanity. Somebody has mentioned to somebody else that Orpheus was a man of family, and that his wife, by some means or other, got into h—ll.

This slender information, bruiting about, has created a good deal of inquiry among married men. They are anxious to find out how Mrs. Orpheus was sent there; and whether or not the same process is available at the present day.

As to Orpheus' attempt to get the lady out of limbo, there is no curiosity among these same married men. None that I have heard of take the least interest in this part of the story. All they want to know is how she was gotten there.

What bearing this curiosity has upon the condition of the married men who entertain it, must be imagined.

It may be well to state that no great amount of sympathy is expressed by these married men when they learn that the effort of Orpheus to get his wife out of h—ll was an ignominious failure.

To gratify the curiosity of these married men in regard to this affair, I will summarize its principal points:

Orpheus was a young man who lived in Thrace, a good many centuries ago. He was a sentimental young man, who boarded with a widow, and who used to amuse himself by playing on a flute every night, after the rest of the boarders had retired.

In this way he used to give voice to his otherwise unutterable melancholy, and which he always addressed to the sweet stars.

One night when he was tooting, in the tenderest manner, *Le Sabre de Mon Pere*—an air just then introduced—he was heard by a young seminary girl named Eurydice. She was just seventeen, and full of gentle poesy.

She, too, was afflicted with a profound melancholy, which came, she knew not whence. She often thought it would be so sweet to die, and be buried somewhere, with flowers over her grave, and have a nice young man come thither and weep over her untimely end.

She read Byron, and went to all the *matinées.* To her a young man seemed the most perfectly splendid thing that ever was created.

She heard the plaintive strains of *Le Sabre de Mon Pere,* as they stole gently through the starry night. They struck a responsive chord in her maiden heart.

Suffice it that these two, drawn by an irresistible sympathy, were not long in meeting and loving. An engagement followed, and then a wedding.

It was a grand affair, and was held in public, in a church. A great many tickets were issued, and everybody was invited. Hymen himself came over

to attend the nuptials. It was a very gorgeous arrangement, and was fully reported at the time in the daily newspapers. The names and dress of the bridesmaids were all given; and the bridal presents, which had been lent for the occasion by an accommodating jeweller, were minutely described.

In the way of a wedding it was a very big thing. The nuptial night was one of the grandest and most interesting known.

But, alas! while on their wedding tour, the lovely bride went out shopping one afternoon, and was bitten by a demnition snake. This afflicting event is thus beautifully alluded to by Mr. Ovid, who was, at that time, "doing" the Jenkins for a daily newspaper:

—"Nam nupta per herbas
Dum nova Naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
Occidit, in talum serpentis, dente recepto."

Nothing more thrilling was ever written.

She died of the bite. What became of the snake is not on record. She was "snaked" out of existence. As soon as she was dead she went to h—ll.

In ancient times all women went thither.

Is there any evidence that the modern custom, in this respect, is any different from the ancient one?

Orpheus felt vexed about the matter. He was disturbed. It made him uneasy. At length he made up his mind to go after her.

Having a relative who was a Radical member of Congress, he had no difficulty in getting letters of introduction to Pluto, and to a good many intimate friends and relatives of congressmen in the infernal regions. Armed with these documents, Orpheus put his flute in his pocket and started on his journey, *via* Chicago, which was then, as it now is, the shortest route.

His letter of introduction to Pluto secured him a warm and cordial reception. Pluto gave him a passport all through his dominions. He agreed that, if Orpheus should find his wife, he might take her out, on conditions. These conditions were, that she should follow her husband at a reasonable distance so as not to attract attention. Orpheus must not look back towards her; because, if he did, everybody would suspect what was taking place, and there would result a row. Pluto was averse to trouble. Since the Radicals were running things in the United States, they were getting a pretty strong majority in this section; and they were liable to raise the d—euce at the slightest provocation. They were even talking, he observed, of impeaching him, and kicking him out, just because he had not given them all the brimstone contracts.

Orpheus went in. It was rather a queer place. The first person he met asked him what in h—ll he wanted?

As he advanced farther and farther into the murky recesses, he was solicited with strange cries.

"Mister, heouw will you swop jackknives?"

"Here's your *Advance*, only three cents!"

"Here's yer only regilar copy of Hatfield's speech on the assassination!"

And thus saluted by the infernal clamor, blinded by the smoke, and half-suffocated by the sulphurous fumes, Orpheus penetrated the recesses of the Tartarean regions in search of his beloved Eurydice.

Strange sights met his eyes; and a clamor like that of Babel stunned his ears.

At every step he was solicited to participate in some scheme—to share in some enterprise. Now he was asked to enter a partnership for the manufac-

ture and sale of wooden nutmegs. Again, he was invited by former members of the Chicago Board of Trade to embark in "going long" on sulphur.

"Yer see," said one of the latter, "if the Rads carry the fall elections, there will be a rise in brimstone, *sure.*"

But the bereaved Orpheus passed on, heedless of the voices, and always bending everywhere his melancholy glances in search of his beloved Eurydice.

At length he reached the female department. It was in the nethermost depths of the dominions of the Plutonian monarch.

Here he saw a singular spectacle. There were long streets, upon which were located gorgeous bazars. The spirits of women wandered in and out incessantly, pricing goods, and buying every thing that they desired.

The torture consisted in the fact that each woman had to pay her own bills.

In a distant corner of a large shop he saw his own Eurydice pricing some gorgeous silks. Her large blue eyes were filled with tender melancholy; her soul was pervaded by a nameless terror.

What thus terrified her was the anticipation that she alone must pay for the mountains of stuff which she was selecting.

Placing his flute to his lips, he commenced playing "I'll follow thee." As if caught by some invisible but powerful chain, Eurydice dropped a superb watered silk and commenced to follow him who advanced before her playing upon his flute.

It was in vain that salesmen along the route offered her the most magnificent stuffs at reduced prices. Curiosity, the strongest motive in the human breast, impelled her forward. She wished to

know who it was that preceded her—him of the elegant carriage, the melancholy step, and the flute that gave utterance to plaintive murmurings.

She never supposed that it was her own beloved Orpheus; but imagined that it was a young man, with a heavenly moustache, who had once given her a seat on a street-car.

Meanwhile, Orpheus proceeded on towards the mouth of the infernal pit. His eyes, directed in front of him, were fixed upon the far future. He saw a beautiful cottage scene, in which Eurydice and himself were the centre pieces, and around which revolved and gamboled fair-haired, innocent children.

Through the murky gloom there penetrated a ray of light. It was of the outer world. Before him he saw dimly the yawning gates of the sulphurous regions. A burst of light poured through them, like the rays of the sun between two black clouds. Already he felt himself free, and by his side, Eurydice. Meanwhile his flute kept on: "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad," "Old Dog Tray," and "Home, Sweet Home."

Suddenly there rang above the clamor of voices, and the roar of fires, a shriek. Orpheus recognized the sweet tones of his Eurydice. Forgetful of his promise not to turn his head, he looked back.

He had just time to see a Chicago lawyer offering to procure a divorce for Eurydice in thirty days, without publicity, when——

He suddenly found himself impelled by some tremendous power through the open gates, which closed behind him with a fierce metallic clang.

He was flung through space like a cannon-ball.

When he recovered his full consciousness, he was back in Thrace, a lonely widower.

And this is the story of Orpheus. It is a sad and instructive recital. Let married men then study and profit by its lessons.

Its moral is this: If your wife gets snake-bitten and goes to the Plutonian domain——don't follow her.

HOW TO QUIT SMOKING.

THERE is a very particular friend of mine who lives on The Avenue. It does not make any difference which avenue. Inquiry in this direction might prove damaging.

I may add that, last summer, in an extended trip of several months, and over half the continent, I met everywhere people from Chicago. I made the acquaintance of several hundred of them, and found that every one of them lived "on The Avenue." If anybody ever met anybody from Chicago that did not live "on The Avenue," then some one has a different experience from what I have.

Moreover, I never met anybody any where who knew anybody in Chicago, without it happening that the Chicago acquaintance lived "on The Avenue." People whom one meets on the cars, in steamers, on horseback, or on foot, in any part of the globe, who are coming on a visit to Chicago, are invariably going to see somebody who lives "on The Avenue."

The Avenue of Chicago is enormously extensive, and the number of people in Chicago who are on it, is marvelous.

My friend who lives on the Avenue—it is neither Blue Island nor Milwaukee Avenue—sent for me last Monday night. He is a commission merchant on Water Street, like almost every body else in Chicago. He is a man of family—his own—and is aged about forty years.

His note asking me to come up was in haste, and was very unlike the usual clear, business-like chirography of my friend. The letters were stranded here and there along the lines, as though they were a large washing hung out to dry, and were agitated by a high wind.

I went up at once. Mrs. Brown admitted me, and bore a solemnity upon her face like unto that of a funeral. In response to my inquiries she groaned portentously, and said nothing. She led me to Brown's room opened the door and then went away.

I was horrified at what met my vision. My hitherto staid and respected friend sat in an arm-chair, in his shirt-sleeves, with his feet in a bucket of hot water. One of his eyes was severely in mourning, and shut tight. His nose had grown bulbous, like a prize pear, and was of a mixed color, in which patches of fiery red and deep purple alternated. One of his ears had a patch over it; and several black-and-blue places revealed themselves on his bald, and once shiny, and benevolent pate.

His right arm was done up in bandages, and carried in a sling. His lips were swollen out enormously, and in a way that brought his mouth half way around to his left ear. A long strip of court-plaster extended across his cheek.

"For God's sake, Brown, what's the matter?" I exclaimed, as I took in the fearful appearance of one whom I knew to be high up in a lodge of Good Templars that meets at the Washingtonian Home.

"Matter!" replied the bruised spectacle, in a voice that seemed to percolate through tortuous

labyrinths—"matter! you're the matter! That d—d *Sunday Bullpen* is what's the matter!"

"*The Sunday Bullpen!* What! That Christianly and poetic production the cause of such devastation and ruin as this? No, sir! Never! Never!"

"Yes, *The Sunday Bullpen,* I tell you!"

"But—impossible!"

"Impossible, be d—d! You just listen now, and I'll tell you!"

I seated myself, and thereupon Brown proceeded to unfold the following astonishing tale:

"You know I'm a great smoker. We fellows who supported Grant rather pride ourselves on imitating that marvelous leader. So, in trying to imitate that great man, I got into the habit of smoking about twenty-five cigars a day.

"Mrs. Brown, of course, didn't like it. She turned up her nose whenever I pulled out a cigar. Sometimes it made her sick, and then it made her faint. But I noticed one thing, my boy, and that was, that when Jinks or Jobbers came in with a cigar, she always said she was *so* fond of cigars.

"Well, the old woman got sick, and faint, and sniffed around the curtains, and said 'faugh!' every time she came near me; and I made up my mind it was no use. You can always do the same. When a woman gets after you, you may just as well come down. She'll fetch you in time, see if she don't. A woman will just outworry the devil, when she gets started after any thing.

"Last Sunday morning one of the boys read *The Sunday Bullpen*—dern the infernal sheet! Among other things, he read an article on tobacco, by some M. D. of the name of Johnson, or Jackson. Here's the paper. You look along towards the last of that

tobacco article, and read what he says about an antidote to smoking."

Looking through the article in question, I found and read the following:

"I would suggest, however, to those desiring to break the habit, the following prescription: Take, in the morning, about three drachms of whisky, and smoke none; in the afternoon repeat the dose; continue this three weeks: and if the habit of smoking be not broken, I have missed my mark. You will, probably, always like the flavor of a good cigar; but, with some firmness, you can easily overcome the desire. The tobacco being withdrawn, the whisky substitutes itself and dissipates the desire to smoke."

"Yes, that's it," said Brown. "The old woman had been worryin' me, and I made up my mind I might as well quit. The remedy didn't seem a bad one to take. By and by I slipped out, went round to a corner saloon, and took the prescription of three drams, at intervals of about ten minutes.

"The thing worked beautiful. I didn't want to smoke, but I *did* want another dram, and I took another. This made me kind o' thirsty, and so I took one more. By this time I felt very sorry for some seedy chaps sittin' around the stove, and I invited 'em all to take a drink. I afterwards took a drink, at my expense, with the bar-keeper, who seemed a mighty nice sort of a man.

"I don't remember very clearly what happened after this. I think I proposed to a chap with a big moustache to go and take a buggy-ride up The Avenue. I think somebody got a buggy, and we got in, after taking another dram to keep me from wanting to smoke in public.

"They say that I acted like one wild on The Avenue. Every body was going to church, it seems, and I

must have played the very thunder! All I remember about it is, that last night, about seven o'clock, I waked up and found myself in the sawdust in the armory. My hat was gone; my coat was torn in two, up the back; my shirt-front ripped into ribbons; both pockets turned inside out; my money gone; and myself the bruised and broken reed which you see before you.

"I won't stop to tell you of my frightful horror during the night. This morning I was thrust into a hole called a 'bull-pen,' with about seventy-five of the worst looking he and she loafers in Chicago. I spare you my agony upon being called out in full view of the justice, police, reporters, and public. I was accused of disorderly conduct. Seven policemen swore that they had chased me for over three hours. They said I drove over four children, and dogs without number; that I lost my hat, and went bareheaded, giving an Indian war-whoop every fifteen seconds; that several runaways occurred in consequence of my furious driving and yelling; and that, when finally caught, I fought and kicked so that they had to club me severely before I would submit and go to the lock-up.

"I was fined $100, and was called a hardened reprobate by the corpulent old hypocrite who tried me. I gave him a check for the amount, which a policeman went out with, and when he came back, I was released.

"You see, all this happened on account of that infernal *Sunday Bullpen.* I want you to go to the office and stop the cursed thing. If I ever can find that fellow Johnson, or Jackson, I'll mellow his countenance just as sure as my name's Timothy Brown—

see if I don't! Dern his everlasting skin, teeth, eyes, and toe-nails!"

"What did Mrs. Brown say when you returned?" asked I, as Brown concluded his lugubrious narration with a ponderous sigh.

"What did she say? Ker-r-i-s-t! Wh-e-e-w!" And this was all I could get out of Brown as to what was said by his martyred helpmeet.

I comforted poor old Brown as well as I could; but I did not tell him that there was a very material difference between "three drachms" and "three drams" of whisky. Some other time I shall tell him; and, meanwhile, I invoke the prayers of all kindly souls in his behalf, and to shield him from the righteous indignation of that deeply injured and austere matron Mrs. Timothy Brown.

MILL ON THE PRAIRIE.

I.

MAN who was around town much during a certain week, must have noticed that, during the fore part of the week, there was a good deal of talk about Duffy and Bussy; and during the latter part of the week, a good deal of talk about Bussy and Duffy.

Bussy and Duffy are not names remarkable for resonance, symmetry, or style. They are not the kind that usually go down to posterity. They go down the stream of time, it is true, but they will go down, as some ships go down—that is, to the bottom.

During the fore part of the week, Duffy was a great man. There were odds in favor of the popular notion that Mr. Duffy was a greater man than Mr. Bussy. These odds took a tangible form—somewhat like $100 to $75. That is, stamps had it that Duffy was the heavier sockdollager of the two sockdollagers.

It was observable that, after Wednesday, the weathercocks of public opinion, which had hitherto all set persistently Duffy wards, all pointed rigidly Bussy-wards, as if they had never pointed otherwise in all their lives. How the currents of general esti-

mation all thus reversed their direction, and set the vanes to pointing contrariwise, is a matter worthy of description—of speculation—of research.

II.

On a certain Wednesday morning of that notable week—week ever notable as the Bussy-Duffy week—many people came out of the mist and centred about the grounds where a certain railroad has not yet erected large and surpassing passenger and ticket buildings. Variety was observable among this crowd. Many looked as if fresh from the arms of sleep. A diffused redness of eyes bore witness to vigils, and mayhap of undue stimulant. There was a noticeable prevalence of breadth of chest. There was likewise a fashionable style of countenance, in the which there were evidences of knuckle inundations that had carried away nose-bridges. Underjaw was there in force. There was likewise much large mouth, somewhat of an open carpet-sack order.

One who looked over this crowd, that had trickled from out the surrounding mist, could not but reflect upon the vast amount of indignant, and deceived, and outraged wifehood, that existed here and there all over Chicago. What remonstrances must have poured from wifely lips when masculine marriedness timidly asserted its intention of going to the prize-fight! What suspicions must have grown in virtuous bosoms when *pater familias* arose at the unseasonable hour of six A. M., and asserted that urgent business required an early advent into town!

One prominent atom of social respectability told his astounded partner that he was obliged to go out

on an early train to "inspect a mill." Oh, woman! even the question of Bussy *versus* Duffy could not be discussed without exposing you to man's deceit and machinations.

Large professional and otherwise respectability had assembled in the crowd, and with its high noses and soft, slender hands, toned down the tendency to flatness in snouts, and to bony hugeness in fists, of the dominant majority, One moving among the crowd, and familiar with the faces of noted characters, could readily discover Brothers Moody and Farwell, Reverends Hatfield and Ryder, Judges Van Buren and Wilson, and many other prominent philanthropists, clergymen and judges, as among the more noted of those who, from motives of delicacy or lack of time, had concluded not to be present.

Nearly all the crowd, being in no particular hurry, determined to wait and ride out on the cars, in place of going a-foot.

III.

And it came to happen that, about high twelve or a little thereafter, some thousand or more people, on this particular Wednesday, formed themselves into a hollow square, which, by measurement with a tape-line, from a reporter with a note-book, in one corner, to a gentleman with a broken nose, in the next corner, was four and twenty feet. Dense to extreme were the living walls of this square. Looking from the centre outwards, there seemed four floors of human heads—floors which began somewhere in an inextricable jumble of legs and boots, and rose gradually outward, like an inclined plane. Somewhat resembled these four walls the approaching sides of a hopper in a grist mill—hence, perhaps,

why the central operations of the former are called a "mill." So evenly rose these walls or floors of heads, and so dense were they, that, with but little caulking, they would have shed water like a roof.

Close adjoining was a hay-stack. Sheltered under its lee was an object at which a small crowd stared curiously. It bore some resemblance to a man—a sick man. Eyes of a dull, milky color; countenance ashen; and bones of jaw and cheek seeming on the point of bursting through the skin. As if agueish or suffering, the figure lay with its knees drawn up to its chin, and hugged an old overcoat about its form, as if to accumulate a little warmth. A heavy fur cap was drawn over its head; and it rested limp and nerveless, chewing straws abstractedly, as if life were an unwelcome reality. Poor devil!

A little later, and over the heads of the hollow square there comes a-wobbling what looks on its passage like a dead cat flung vigorously upward by the tail. It is an old fur cap, as is seen when it lights. An irregular commotion, cleaving its way through a corner of the hollow square, like a slightly submerged log being pushed up stream. Tremendous hi-hi's, and there is evacuated centreward the limping figure of the hay-stack. His head reveals hair close-cropped, coming down to a triangular point on his forehead, like a colossal saw-tooth. Ears immense, mouth an enormous gash. He shambles across to his corner in a gait which is a mixture of limp in both feet and a dog-trot. Mainly dog-trot, however; for his head bowing awkward acknowledgments to chorused hi-hi's, his slouched shoulders and thrust out arms make him resemble a dog essaying a trot on his hind legs. He seats himself. It is the agueish invalid of the hay-stack. It

is the then less renowned, but now the more renowned Bussy.

More semblance of dead cat flopping into ring, more convolutions and wriggles in human wall, more hi-hi's, and the then more renowned, but now less renowned, Duffy. Not a beauty is Mr. Duffy, any more than his *vis-a-vis*, Mr. Bussy. But a difference, nevertheless. Less slouch, less mouth, less ears. A long face, short upper lip, prominent nose, some front teeth somewhere lost on some former similarity, close-cropped hair, mild gray eyes, a skin with a dash of color in it, and a semi-anxious, semi-equable expression—such, Duffy.

Adjoining to and hovering about Mr. Duffy, a Colossus, like an elephant reared to the perpendicular, and clad fashionably. In the vast shoulders, bull-neck, little, cunning eyes, and small nose, one recognizes the giant bruiser, McCoole. Diagonally across, and doing the planetary about the invalid of the hay-stack, is a good looking, medium sized gentleman, in full suit of black, with plug hat and natty cane. His black hair is elaborately parted; his chest is round and full; his nose immense; his eyes small, black, and piercing; his countenance full, pleasant, and open. He looks like a foreman in a machine shop. It is Joe Coburn, who supposes himself the foremost mauler in existence. Some other lesser lights in parti-colored shirts, and the outlines of the picture are sufficiently complete.

IV.

They all feel sorry for poor Bussy. He looks like an old man in feeble health. He sits bent forward, with his clasped fingers holding his knees. Duffy

sits erect, calmly surveying the crowd, and curiously his opponent. Bussy looks furtively at Duffy and the crowd, like a penned dog reconnoitering for a hole through which, with dropped tail, he may escape imagined turpentine, tin kettles, and maltreatment.

There is a peeling of old coats. Then old pants follow suit. Then knitted vests, ragged undershirts, and multifarious underwear; and Bussy and Duffy stand in spiked shoes and tight-fitting drawers. Bussy still slouched, Duffy erect.

Some body says, "Time." In a fraction of a second two figures, naked to the hips, confront each other in the centre of the four-cornered "ring." The agueish figure of the invalid of the hay-stack has suddenly become transformed. The slouch has left his shoulders. Well balanced on his legs, he stands with expanded chest, and head well thrown back. All over his arms and breast appear knobs of muscle. Poised like a statue, he seems to have suddenly become the impersonation of power. A smile just lifts his upper lip enough to disclose a row of white, even teeth. Into his dull, milky eyes there seems flowing a white, sinister light.

Duffy, the favorite, stands easily. His body is round, his limbs slender. He seems more like a grayhound than a bulldog—built more for the chase than for conflict. With his longer arms and taller form, he seems to possess an advantage over his shorter opponent.

Their eyes are fastened each upon the other. The naked arms work unceasingly, and the two bodies move about as if seeking some vulnerable approach. A moment later and two arms shoot forward like lightning; then a clinch, a fierce tugging and inter-

twining, and the two forms go down together. Two men rush from each of two corners; two pick up and carry one-half of the struggling mass to one corner, and two take the remainder to the other. Seated each upon the knee of his second, the panting contestants gaze eagerly at each other. Two bright-red spots have suddenly flashed upon the ashen forehead of Bussy. Duffy sits unmarked and calmly complacent. The battle is opened. In thirty seconds it will be resumed.

V.

Thirty minutes have passed. Upon Duffy there are no marks save here and there upon his body red spots, which look as if blistered. Bussy's left eye is entirely closed. A dark, pulpy mass overhangs it like a cliff. Blood trickles from his cheek bones, his mouth, and neck.

Despite this, Bussy is not hideous—not even repellant. As he faces his antagonist, his single eye blazes with a determination that transfigures him. He is no more a pummeled, unsightly bruiser, but a hero. Amidst the foam and blood on his swollen lips, there plays a smile, a reflex of endurance, which lightens and softens his whole face like a halo.

Hereabouts lies the savage fascination of the scene. Curious as it may seem, there is just a touch of the sublime about that battered, swollen face, with its blazing eye, and lambent smile touching up the distorted and foam-colored lips.

Absorbed in the antagonism of the contest, the spectators feel no pity for the tremendous punishment. It may even be believed that the men do not

feel it themselves at the moment. In the excitement, the fierce struggles, the alternating hopes and fears, pain is forgotten.

While there was a dash of the sublime, there was a touch of the pitiful. It was at the moment when, torn from each other's grasp and seated upon the knees of their seconds, each turned panting to see how the other stood the battle; and one could read the plainly expressed hope that the terrific struggle which had just ended had also finished the endurance of the other. Each time, before the veil of blood was wiped away from the eye of Bussy, he would interrogate the condition of his opponent for signs of exhaustion. And now many times during the hard struggle did Duffy scan with eager anxiety the opposite corner for some evidence that the contest was about ended !

VI.

All this is about a couple of unknown Celtic scalawags, who, a month before, were nameless, and whom respectability, a fortnight after, had forgotten. And yet these two Celtic nobodies were for an hour transfigured into glowing heroes. To all of which the many very respectable gentlemen present —not the roughs, thieves, or bruisers—will bear willing or unwilling witness.

P. S.—The writer wishes to add that an attempt to get up a chicken-match, out of the fowls of the above alluded to prize fight, was not a success.

GOING TO THE MATINEE.

I TOOK a walk around, the other afternoon, to a *matinée*, at one of the popular places of amusement. It makes no particular difference which one. Two *matinées* are a good deal like two peas. After you get in, you can't tell them apart.

I went around early to get a seat. Found several hundred young women and several men, who had gone around early for the same reason. The entrance was densely packed with a crowd whose tail extended out into the street.

I reached there just at the same moment that did a sweet young girl with a very white-and-pink complexion, a "follow-me-fellers" over her shoulder, and, on her lips, carnation. She gazed at the dense crowd before her, and then remarked to a gentleman with a dyed moustache, "Watch me go through there, will you, hoss?"

The lovely creature squared herself, lowered her head, advanced her elbows—and went in. I availed myself of the opportunity, and followed in her wake.

It was delightful, especially the remarks we heard. One superb being proposed to mash the nose of my conductress. Another exquisite thing announced her intention to "go for" my leader. Another gentle angel wanted to know, with a good deal of asperity, who the h—ll she was crowding?

As we progressed slowly ahead, all the women who were at the rear of the crowd fell in behind us, and pushed forward. The mass then presented the singular spectacle of a solid body, through whose centre there ran a current. So soon as the head of this current reached the door, the sides of the mass began to form currents towards the street. These two currents, meeting at the street, joined, and began to flow down the middle again, toward the door. Three times did I find myself at the door, and as often in the street. The currents were resistless; the jam was tremendous.

By and by the door opened and we went in. There was some tall running. The exhibition afforded of pedal extremities was like a picture in some modern flash publication. They were quite as numerous, and a good deal more of them were shown. Red flannel under-skirts are still worn, but very short.

The agility and other things displayed by the ladies in getting over the backs of seats, and locating themselves in the best places, were singularly wonderful.

After awhile we got seats—that is, about half of us. The other half of us stood up. Among those who stood up were about thirty engaging gentlemen with dyed moustaches and modest faces. These gentlemen arranged themselves around the outer aisles in a position fronting the ladies.

They appeared to be young men of great wealth. They had immense diamonds, and watch-chains of fabulous dimensions. Evidently they were, some of them, from the Lake Superior mining country, for I heard them talk about "coppering" something. Another of the aristocratic youths was evidently a

theological student, for he said something about having had a "call."

It was about an hour and a half before the play began. The interim was occupied by the ladies in a discussion of their own little affairs, and in criticisms upon each other. There was a tremendous clatter, in which one could hear nothing distinctly, unless addressed to him. I caught scraps of remarks, to-wit:

"Is them diamonds on ——"

"You bet they ain't. Where——"

"Where d'ye suppose she got her good clothes, if she——"

"Oh my! just look at that hat——"

"Painted, of course——"

"Lives on Fourth Avenue, with——"

"Jim thinks I'm out on the West side——"

"Went to the office and told John I was going out to——"

"Wouldn't have Mr. Johnson know I'm here for——"

"See that feller making signs to me with——

"Keeps a faro-bank on Dearborn——"

"If you please, ma'am, just keep your elbow out——"

"The h—ll you say——"

"Couldn't meet you last night, because my husband sus——"

'At eight o'clock to-morrow night, on the corner of State and——"

"My ! what singular ladies these Chicago——"

"Ain't it jolly? Our folks don't suspect——"

"Billy's gone back on——"

"Come around to-morrow evening. John is going to——"

And thus the concert went on, mingled with ten thousand allusions to dry goods, laces, poplin, illusion, and other things which were Greek or Chaldaic to unsophisticated person, who, like myself, had never served an apprenticeship in a dry-goods establishment.

The aristocratic young men with dyed moustaches were particularly modest. No one of them whom I saw ever stared more than one woman out of countenance——at a time. Some of the women didn't stare out of countenance worth a cent. It was about an even thing when some of the latter and the youths with the dyed moustaches got to looking at each other. Whichever yielded first, usually did so with a modest wink at the other.

As a whole I was very much impressed with the *matinée.* The ladies were remarkably beautiful. They were dressed in a manner gorgeous beyond all description. Their elbows were of a universal sharpness, of which I have patterns of one hundred and eighteen different ones on my body. They were as modest in their conversation as in their dress. The bearing of many of them was as modest as their conversation. They were calculated to impress a beholder very highly.

The perfumery was elegant. I recognized twenty-seven different kinds of French extracts; eleven varieties of old Bourbon; ninety-four of Trix; sixteen of onions; besides a variety of others, such as cloves, sherry, cardamon, lager, tobacco, cheese; and exclusive of seventeen other species whose character I could not recognize.

The *matinées* are fine things. There should be more of them. They cultivate feminine muscle. They develop woman's love of the drama, her powers of

observation, and numerous other qualities too numerous to mention. I did not observe any husbands present with *their* wives. Nor did I notice any wives present with *their* husbands.

In fine, the *matinée* is a *res magna*. There should be one every afternoon. It should be some time after noon. The longer the better.

THE OLD MAN'S SMOKE.

THE OLD MAN'S SMOKE, ETC.

IN a family up town there is an individual known among his more intimate friends as the "Old Man." The Old Man is "rising" of seven years old, and is a regular old patriarch in the way of knowing things. The other day Madame, who is the Old Man's maternal relative, came down stairs. As Madame stepped into the room, the Old Man had just lighted a cigar, and was essaying his maiden smoke. He sat upon the sofa, with his legs crossed like an old veteran. His parental relative's broad-brimmed hat covered his head, and he held his cigar gracefully between his first and second fingers.

Madame, being sensible, did not faint, or "go for" her slipper, but took a book and sat down to watch operations. The Old Man had watched for her appearance dubiously; but her unconcern reassured him, and he queried, after a vast puff of smoke, and with immense nonchalance, "What's your opinion of rats?"

And the Old Man was happy. He discussed the weather with Madame as if he were an old gentleman who had called in to chat over the affairs of the neighborhood. Madame replied indifferently, as if absorbed in her book, but all the while keeping the corner of an eye upon the veteran on the sofa.

The Old Man progressed swimmingly. Pussy was called up, and disgusted with the phenomenon

of an unexpected quart of smoke in her eyes and nostrils. "Bob," a female kitchen mechanic, was invited in by the Old Man to witness how he could "smoke through his nose." He hauled up a chair and raised his ten-inch legs clear to the top of the back, did this Old Man. And all the time he smoked with the coolness of a Turk.

Life opened up roseately before the Old Man. A future revealed itself through the smoke, which was half cigar and half meerschaum. A cigar was to be smoked every morning after breakfast. A negotiation was effected with Madame wherewith to buy a cigar at recess. In the evening a pipe. A pipe which he was to color. A beautiful, white pipe, which was to be purchased by the sale of a ball, two colored buttons, and a kite-string. Never was there such a future or such a pipe.

And in thus dreaming, and planning, and chatting, the Old Man smoked—now sending a current from his nostrils, now driving it out with a furious blast, and anon puffing it forth in detached cloudlets.

The cigar was smoked to the very lip, and then the Old Man thought he would try a pipe. Taking down the meerschaum, he scraped it out scientifically with his jackknife, filled it, and resumed his seat on the sofa, and lifted his ten-inch legs to the chair-back. During all this time the Old Man's face was as serene, his smile as genial, and his talk as agreeable, as if earth were affording its highest enjoyments.

It was an ancient pipe, with much nicotine lurking in its tubular communications. Occasionally some of the nicotine invaded the Old Man's tongue, whereat he grimaced somewhat—nothing more.

The meerschaum was half smoked out. Once or twice, in the course of absorbing converse, it went out, but was at once relighted with many a resonant puff. The pipe was half smoked, and then there came a single, pearly drop of perspiration creeping out from the Old Man's hair upon his forehead. A moment later another stole from some covert and stood upon his chin. About this moment something seemed suddenly to strike the Old Man. A cheerful remark was abruptly broken off in the centre, and the Old Man suddenly stopped as if to reflect upon something unexpected—somewhat as if he had just remembered that his note was over-due, or he had suddenly recollected that his two children had died five minutes before, or that he was to be hanged in three minutes, and had entirely overlooked the fact.

He took down his legs from the chair, laid aside the broadbrim, and started to put up the pipe.

"Why don't you finish your smoke?" inquired the Madame.

"I—b'lieve—I've—smoked—'nuff," replied the Old Man, as he walked with an uneven step to put up the pipe. When he came back, the drops of perspiration upon the chin and forehead were reinforced by hosts of others. A waxy whiteness had taken possession of the approaches to the Old Man's mouth. He stared vaguely, as if looking through a mist.

Two minutes later, all there was of the veteran on the sofa was a limp figure, white as snow, with head bound in wet towels, and an attendant with a slop dish. A little later, and the Old Man lay white and still, with fixed eyes, and a scarcely perceptible breathing. It was hours before the Old Man left

his bed, and when he did, he moved about as do all very old men who find the weight of years a burden.

The Old Man has not yet traded his ball, buttons and kite-string for a meerschaum.

WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO—1881.

A WALK WITH A STRANGER.

IT was one of those charming days of summer which prevails in the metropolis of Great Britain. The smoke from a million chimneys came out upon the air, and, then, intoxicated with the balmy environment, sank languidly into the arms of the white fog that had risen during the night like a white-robed Venus from the sea.

There was falling a gentle rain. It was an English summer rain; fierce in its rush, cold as an iceberg, persevering and penetrating. It rained down on an umbrella and up into it; it was in the faces of the pedestrians whichever way they moved; it rained from the interior of the busses outward; and left no opening unsearched.

There came from out the rain into my office the dripping figure of a man. He was tall, thin, somewhat stoop-shouldered, and dripping from his ragged attire as if he had just been hoisted from a horse-pond. His hat was slouch in style, venerable as to age, worn, much battered, and running off water like a roof. His hair was long and grizzled; he had a heavy moustache of the same hue, a goat-beard of great length; and on his cheeks a stubly growth of hair, so stiff that it looked as if he had piled his face preparatory to some building operations.

"You are from the States?" he asked.

"Yes, I have the honor to hail from that locality. How much do you want?"

I recognized him at once as one of the several thousand Americans in London who are adrift in the world; and who are always in search of funds to return to the neighborhood of the setting sun.

"Whatever you please. I have been stopping down at the country place of the Duke of Cork, and I came up here expecting to find a remittance at my bankers, but it was not there. Something's gone wrong, sure. My agent advised me that he had just concluded a sale at $2,000 a front foot for 500 lots in Chicago."

"Oh, you are from Chicago, then?"

"Yes, sir, I'm from Chicago. Do you know Chicago."

I answered cautiously that I was a little acquainted with that city, having once been through it some years ago. Every one of these American wanderers has a local habitation, which is usually one unknown in detail to the person of whom he solicits assistance. Thus I cunningly veiled my knowledge of the Garden City. It was not a busy moment with me just then. Bismarck was quiet. There were no war-clouds on the horizon of the czar. Dillon was in jail, and Parnell, for the instant, was not shaking his shillelah under the nose of the British lion. Having a little leisure, I determined to spend it in unmasking this pretender.

"So you are from Chicago?" I continued. "Do you know the place pretty well?"

"Know her! Mebbe I don't know Chicago! Why I know that ere town as well as if I had been her father!"

"How long since you were there?"

"It's a matter of a dozen years or so since I left. I was in command of a gunboat along with Farragut and——"

"Yes I know. All Americans like yourself who are hard up, left the States in command of a gunboat or something of the sort; but that doesn't matter just now."

"It's a fact stranger."

"All right; I know it's a fact. But that is of no account. Sit down over that tin boiler so you can drip off without creating a flood on the floor. Now tell me something about that wonderful city?"

"I lived a leetle out of town on the perrary, near a tavern called the 'Bull's Head.' You know where that is, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do."

"Don't know the 'Bull's Head' tavern! Why that's one of the fust taverns in Chicago!"

"Never heard of it. I know the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific."

"The which?"

I repeated the names of these establishments.

"You've got me there, stranger! I never heard of them."

"Are you sure you have ever been in Chicago?"

"'Sure?' You becher your life! I was born there, and I know every inch of her!"

"All right, then. Tell me something more of the town."

"I know the city like a knife. And besides that, everybody there knows me. I was ticket collector for Wood's Museum. You know Wood's Museum, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do."

"Don't know Wood's Museum !" he said in a tone of indignant astonishment.

"No sir, I don't positively."

"Of course you don't know Crosby's Opera house !"

"No sir."

"Nor the court-house with the jail under it !"

"No sir."

"Nor Arlington's ministrels !"

"No sir."

"Nor Jim Robinson's circus !"

"No sir."

"Nor the two big skating rinks !"

"No sir."

"Nor the velocipede schools !"

"No sir."

"Nor the big church opposite the court-house !"

"Not much !"

And thus he continued for half an hour naming places and men without limit. He was unmistakably a fraud of the first water. I let him run on as he spoke of a millionaire named Honoré who owned thousands of acres close to the city limits, of somebody named Walker who was wealthier even than Honoré ; of vast lines of horse-car stables that stood opposite the supposititious 'Bull's Head' tavern ; and of a thousand other things, equally astonishing and apochryphal. I was amused with his audacity, his invention, his evident belief that I was a ninny who could be taken in by his professions in regard to a city of which he evidently knew not even a brick or the color of its mud.

"One thing you must know," he said at length, "and that is the beautiful, smooth, noiseless wooden

pavements which have been laid down in the city, and which are the very best thing——"

This was too much. This brazen lie was more than I could stand. I arose, opened the door, and said:

"There! that will do! Now you get out! You are the biggest liar I ever met in all my travels. Get right out; if you open your mouth ever so little I will hand you over to that policeman. Git!"

He gazed at me with a furious look in his glaring eyes; but the sight of the policeman was too much for him, and he departed without a word.

I relate this incident for the benefit of those of my countrymen who may be abroad, and who may —as they will almost certainly—be exposed to the solicitations of pertinacious mendicants claiming to be Americans in need. It is not often that the American visitor is in a situation, as I was, to expose the character of these people. Being a resident of Chicago, and knowing the city as thoroughly as the farm on which I first saw the light, I was able to convict this pretended resident of Chicago of being a fraud without the smallest difficulty.

But my position was a peculiar one, for the reason that these beggars, in approaching an American visitor, as a rule, take the pains to post themselves in advance as to the residence of those whom they propose to victimize, so that they are prepared to locate their pretended residence in some other locality.*

We used to have great old times in this London office. Occasionally an Englishman would drop in

*For the benefit of those not familiar with Chicago, or its early history, it may be stated that all the places, persons and things mentioned by the caller were noted in the Chicago of a dozen or fifteen years ago.

to get some information on American affairs; and if there were any of the Chicago gang around he was sure to get all the information he could carry away—and generally a good deal more.

One day there happened to call in a staid old chap who was in business in the city, and who had never been out of London, or at least had never been so far away but that he could get home to sleep the same night. There was also in the office at the same moment a young and robust liar connected with the Board of Trade, in Chicago, and who had run in to see a Chicago paper, and get the latest news in regard to the latest "corner."

Two women called in one day and asked me if I could tell them the whereabouts of the husband of one of them who had eloped to America with some other woman. He had changed his name, but to what she did not know. She expected that I would be able to recognize him from the description she gave of his personal appearance.

"Would you kindly tell me," said the English caller, "if you ever knew in the States a man named Johnson?"

"What sort of a looking man was he?" broke in Young Chicago.

"I cawn't say 'ow he would look at the present time. I 'aven't seen 'im for twenty years. He was my brother, and he went away to the States, and we 'aven't 'eard from 'im since."

"Seems to me I knew a man named Johnson in Chicago," said Young Chicago, in a m- sing sort of a way. "Was he an Englishman?"

"Yes," answered the ether, in an interested tone.

"What was his first name?"

"Tummas."

"Tummas? Tummas? I'm not exactly sure, but it seems to me that the Johnson I knew had that sort of a handle to his name."

"I beg pardon!"

"I say that I think that the first name of the Johnson I knew is Tummas. Do you think he had a strawberry mark on his right arm?"

"I beg pardon!"

"I mean did he have any mark that you would know him by?"

"I fancy not."

And thus the conversation went on for a time, until finally the Englishman said:

Do you live in Chicago?" pronouncing the "a" in the name of the place so as to correspond with the sound of "a" in *at*.

"Yes, sir; you bet your boots!"

"I beg pardon!"

"Yes, sir, I live in Chicago every time—that is to say, I live in that wonderful city."

"And where is Chicago? Is it near New York?"

"Yes, it is near New York; that is to say, too near for the comfort of New York."

"I beg pardon!"

"What I mean is, that Chicago, although a thousand miles from New York, is still so near that city that the trade of New York is gradually dropping off, its streets are becoming pasturage for stray cows and pigs, and the most of its once happy residents have become paupers. Why, they take up a collection every Sabbath in the churches of our city for the poor of New York, those who have been made paupers owing to the rivalry of Chicago."

"Now, really!"

"Fact, sir. Oh, Chicago is a buster, I tell you!"

"I beg pardon!"

"Chicago is the greatest city in this world, or any other one; that is what I'm trying to tell you. Why, did you never hear of Chicago?"

"Well, now really, I cawn't say that I 'ave. And 'ow large is it?"

"How large? That's something nobody knows. It grows so fast that they can't take any census. Four years ago they commenced to take the census. They appointed four thousand men who had orders to commence at the centre of the city and work outwards towards the suburbs in every direction. They all went to work, but the city has grown so fast that they have never been able to catch up with the outskirts."

"God bless me! How extraordinary!"

"Yes, sir! Most of them are now so far from home that they send in their returns by mail; several have died, and not one of them has seen his family for over two years. And then the rate at which new buildings grow up is something astonishing! You have heard of the great fire, haven't you?"

"The great fire in London, do you mean?"

"No; the great fire in Chicago."

"Really, I cawn't say I 'ave."

"Well, sir, there was a fire there a few years ago, and in one night it burned up every blessed building in the city, and the wind blew all the ashes away, so that when you looked over the ground the next morning, you couldn't see anything but holes in the ground where there had once been cellars. A good many took these holes and inverted them, and used

them for shops for business till they could get lumber to build something else."

"Dear me! Really? And how did the people live?"

"Well, sir, that is something quite providential. There is a big lake close to the city, and the fire was so tremendous hot that it converted the lake into boiling water, which cooked all the fish, so that for the next two months the people subsisted on boiled trout and catfish."

"Really? How very extraordinary!"

"You can bet your pile on that!"

"I beg pardon!"

"I mean that such is the fact. Well, sir, it was a sight to see that city built up! There wasn't room for all that wanted to build at the same time, so that a good many built their basements, excavations and all, out of town, on the prairie, and then moved them into their places in town on rollers."

"Ow! Really?"

"Yes! Everything was favorable to building operations that winter. The water in the lake kept at the boiling point for two or three months, and the masons used the hot water to mix the mortar with. People utilized everything. Before the fire the number of rats in Chicago was simply incredible, and they had holes which ran under and through the streets in every possible direction. The thoroughfares of the city were so crowded that it was impossible to haul water for building operations. Now, what do you think was done? They just drew out these rat-holes, screwed them together, and used them as pipes for bringing water from the lake to the various points where it was needed."

The Englishman endeavored to say something, but the words froze in his throat.

"In a couple of months," continued the board-of-trade man, "all the burned city was rebuilt. You never saw anything like it, nor any other man. Everything was of the finest marble, with mansard roofs, iron dogs on the front steps, and Steinway grands in the parlors. All this was done before the people had got the smell of the fire out of their clothes."

The Englishman still said nothing, but sat with bulging eyes and stared at the speaker.

"A curious thing about Chicago," said the veracious narrator, "is the way in which we have raised the grade of the city. When the aborigenes, some fifteen years ago, occupied the site of Chicago, it was considerably below the level of the lake. This sort of thing wouldn't do you know, because we must have drainage. Well, sir, they didn't have the least bit of trouble. They saw that the wagons from the country were constantly bringing in mud, and thus slowly raising the height of the streets. They have depended on that ever since. The streets are never cleaned; and the consequence is that all the time the site of the city has been growing higher, and the surrounding country lower, until now, when it is the fact that Chicago stands on a hill some sixty feet above the lake. We now have a natural drainage in every direction, so that city is one of the best-drained, and the very cleanest city in the world."

"The listener was still stolid and silent with his eyes glued on the other.

"It's a great city, you can bet your boots! Why, I've gone down town by a vacant lot, on some

street, in the morning, and when I went back at night by the same route, there would be a marble-front on the lot, and there would be lights in the parlor, and people dancing to music as if they had lived there half a century. We've got a fire department which is so perfect that by means of electricity, an engine always gets notice of a fire some ten minutes before it breaks out, and is thus able to get on the ground, hitch to a plug, and have a couple of axmen on the roof by the time the thing commences! They have an ingenious way of keeping a member of the fire department clean. There is a pole down which they slide when they are called from their beds for a fire. This pole is lubricated with the very finest French toilette soap, which is taken off on the hands and faces of the men as they descend. When they get to the fire, they are washed off by the hose, and in this way, they are receiving constant and thorough ablutions. Over there, the hotels are so large that guests who live in one wing when they are in a hurry to communicate with some one in another wing, always gain time by sending their matter through the mails. In every house, there is a small electrical apparatus which communicates with everywhere. By touching the different buttons, you can order a horse and buggy from the stable, a mustard plaster from the druggist, a prescription from the doctor, a clean shave, a bath and a shampoo from the barber."

Here there was a deep groan from the Englishman, and then he fell heavily to the floor. The board-of-trade man loosened his necktie, and then went off to hunt up the coroner.

I have not seen him since; and thus was obliged to bury the Englishman at my own expense.

It is just twenty-five years hence; that is to say, it is the year 1906. There have been some changes in the map of the world since the date when Garfield was assassinated, and Ireland was in the throes of land revolution.

Since that time, the land question has been settled in Ireland by the removal *en masse* to the United States, and the location of the greater portion of the inhabitants in the city of Chicago. Germany, too, has undergone a change. The Brandenburg dynasty is still on the throne; and the grandson of Bismarck has just been appointed to a high position in the diplomatic service after having run off with the wife of the secretary of the interior. But Germany is but sparsely settled, the majority of its people having emigrated to the United States, and settled in Chicago.

Chicago has sustained many very important changes. It is, as it was a quarter of a century ago, divided into three main parts; or rather into two parts and a fraction. One of the main parts is occupied by the Irish element, the other by the Germans, while in the fractional portion are to be found a few of the original American contingent. The Germans occupy all the North side out to, and beyond what was formerly known as Evanston. They have also extended west and south till they now fill up the region north of what was once known as Madison street. South of what was known as Madison street lies the Irish section. The former residents of the "Green Isle" and their descendants occupy all the country to the west and south. The native elements hold the narrow strip between the lake and the South branch—such was its ancient name—and after leaving the river at about what used to be Twenty-sec-

ond street, the west line dividing the Irish and the Americans is along the old ground once occupied by the Chicago and Rock Island railway.

That portion of the city occupied by the Germans is now known as Teutonia; that which is held by the Irish is called Hibernia; and that small section pertaining to the American residents is designated as the "First Ward."

What was Madison street has been widened into a boulevard of great width, and, as said, forms the dividing line between Teutonia and Hibernia. On either side of this boulevard for a distance of one thousand feet there are no houses. The vacant space on the north side is planted, in season, with cabbages; that on the south side with potatoes. In the centre of this boulevard, and running its entire length, is a wall of solid masonry sixty feet in height for the purpose of preventing excursions from one side, or country, into the other.

The form of the municipal government is now essentially changed. It provides that there shall be always two mayors and the one twenty-fifth of a third one; and that one of the whole mayors shall be from Teutonia, and the other whole one from Hibernia; and the fractional one from First Ward. The character of the common council is also very materially altered. There are two bodies and a fractional one corresponding to the mayoral formation and who legislate for the entire city.

A provision in the new Constitution parcels out all the municipal offices between Hibernia and Teutonia, it being arranged so that each side shall have two-thirds of all the offices. To meet the demands of a situation in which there are four thirds, the bodies are allowed to create new offices *ad libitum*.

It has also been decided that there shall be an equitable division of the work of serving the country. Under this system, a citizen who gives his time to his country as an official, is exempted from the payment of all taxes. As a result, First Ward, having no officials, has to pay for the support of the municipal government. For the purposes of government, the city is divided into two parts, to-wit, official and taxable. Hibernia and Teutonia constitute the former, First Ward the latter.

The old form of public schools has been abandoned, except in First Ward. In Teutonia, there are only gymnasiums and Kindergarten schools. In Hibernia there are only parochial establishments for the education of children, and grand colleges under religious supervision, and which are supported by public taxation—in First Ward. There are twelve hundred cathedrals in Hibernia, and not a single church of any kind in Teutonia.

All the Jews have been run out of Teutonia, and all the landlords out of Hibernia.

Every occupant of a house in Hibernia has it not only rent free, but he receives a bonus for living in it. Those who own property have formed a league for the purpose of getting a reduction in the amount of the bonus which they have to pay the occupants of their houses. They have some representatives in the legislative body who are known as "obstructives." Many of them are in prison, and there is a determination on the part of the government of Hibernia to put them down at any cost.

The chief industry among the Hibernians is in the management of distilleries; that of the Teutonians, the manipulation of breweries.

North of the wall the German language only is taught in all educational establishments; south of it, the single language taught and spoken is the Celtic. In First Ward, German and Celtic are taught in the public schools—such being the law; English may be used, but not in any of the official transaction. All public documents are filed in duplicate, one in German and one in Celtic. There are two newspapers outside of the First Ward; one is *The Green Banner*, which is devoted to the support of the platform of more offices for the Hibernians, and the other, *The Yellow Standard*, which supports the platform of more offices for the Teutonians. There are several newspapers in First Ward devoted to the proposition that taxation for municipal purposes should not exceed one-half the current earnings of each taxpayer, and that a municipal debt should not be in excess of five hundred per cent of the actual value of all the real and personal property subject to taxation.

First Ward contains the main business portion of the city, and constitutes, as already said, the taxable department of the municipality. Every resident of this part is taxed on what business he does do; and rather more on what he doesn't do. When a street needs paving, or repaving, in Teutonia or Hibernia, an estimate is made of the cost, and then the amount is assessed against the street frontage of First Ward. Everything is subject to taxation in this portion of the city. A building is taxed so much for its height, so much for its depth and breadth, so much for the distance it goes into the ground, and so much for the distance it sticks out. There is an extra assessment if a building is above a certain size, and something extra if it falls below.

There is a tax on some dogs, and one on no dogs. A man with a large family pays a certain amount; and a man without any family is assessed according to the size of the family which the assessor thinks he should have. A man pays a tax on his property; then he mortgages it to raise money to pay his taxes, and then he is assessed on the original value of his property, and likewise on the amount of the mortgage.

Assessments for taxation are made by two assessors, one from Hibernia, and one from Teutonia. The highest assessment is the one which is adopted. In order to stimulate the assessors, it is enacted that the one who makes the lowest assessment gets no pay for his labor, while the one who makes the highest returns receives a bonus of ten per cent. on the valuation which he brings in, and which is added to the tax and collected by the same process.

Every resident of First Ward, and being tainted with a descent from a family which has lived in the United States more than thirty years, is, together with his descendants, forever debarred from holding any office to which there is attached any profit or emolument. If he have an ancestry of less than thirty years' residence in the country, and cannot speak English well, and is perfect in German, or Celtic, then, if he reside in First Ward, he is allowed a rebate of one per cent. in his assessments both on taxable property and for campaign purposes.

It would be of great interest to go more into details as to the Chicago of 1906, or twenty-five years hence. Enough has been said to give people an idea of the growth of our great city, and to what a

glorious future it will reach within this very limited period.

I met an old settler the other night, in a beer saloon, on the West side. The veteran was *vis a vis* with a glass of lager. There was an expression of ennui in his face. He seemed as he were wearied, digusted about something ; and had not quite made up his mind what to do about it.

"Hello, Brown, old boy. What is the matter with you? You look as if you had a fit of the dumps, and didn't care if the world does come to an end on the fifteenth proximo."

He looked at me with a sort of a faded, lack-lustre expression that was painful. I had known him for years as one of the very liveliest of the old boys within the city limits ; one who was on hand on all occasions irrespective of the hour of the day or night, whether in midsummer or midwinter, regardless of whether the thermometer was ambitiously climbing among the hundreds or skulking down below the nothings. Besides all that, he is well fixed ; he has a fine stone-front on the South side ; he had a large and accomplished family, and is reputed to have a bank account of no mean dimensions. What could be the matter with a man having all these attachments, a good constitution, and a head which no amount of all-night business could swell beyond its natural dimensions ?

"Well, that's just what's the matter," said the old boy as he languidly motioned me to take a seat by the table. "Here, you ! twzei lager ! The fact of it is that I am sick. I'm going to emigrate !"

"'Going to emigrate?' What in the name of blazes do you mean by that ?"

"Just what I say. I'm going to pull out o' this town just as sure as my name is Brown, and that mighty soon, too, I tell you that!"

"Well, now go ahead and unload. Something is up when you begin to talk in that sort of style. Let us have it. What is it?"

"Well, then, the fact is that I'm tired of Chicago."

"What! you tired of Chicago! You, the man that has been here since the Pottowatomies vacated, who are one of the foundations of the city, who has done more to build it up than half the rest of the people here, who has got plenty of money and all that sort of thing! What, you of all the others?"

"Yes sir, it's me that's talking in that strain. The fact is Chicago isn't any more any place for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, the town has outgrown me; it's gone so fast that I haven't been able to keep up with it. I'm just as much out of place here as a lobster in boiling water."

"Well, now old horse, consider that this is a hall, and that you have hired it, are behind the desk, and that you have the floor all to yourself. Let us hear from you."

"What I complain of, is that it isn't the old town. It used to be a place where you could have some rational amusement. Now what can you do? Nothing! Don't you remember when we used to get the boys together and start out with a couple of good rat dogs, and then take the town from midnight till sunrise, takin' a drink every time the dogs caught a rat? Of course you remember."

"It seems to me," said I, "that you are going a little back of my time."

"O, bother! You were there the same as I was! Where can you find any more of that kind of fun? There are no rats, and no saloons open if there were any rats. They are changing everything. Where, for instance, is the old gang that used to get together under the old Tremont afore they raised her out of the mud, and discuss Chicago, swapping lies and corner lots, until broad day light, and then every man going off home a couple of thousand dollars richer —in real estate—than he was when they came together? No more of that now. You can't set around with a jackknife, and a piece of board, and whittle, and lie, and take in a greeny from the east with a couple of acres of unimproved real estate. No, sir; you can't! Why all our industries are gone!"

"What industries do you mean?"

"Why all the industries which we used to follow. There is no more of them industries, and there is no money to be made in a legitimate way. Why, I tell you, it was a mighty poor day, fifteen or twenty years ago, when a smart man couldn't make from five to fifty thousand dollars a day! There's many a forenoon when I have whittled out more money than you can shake a stick at, just by swapping a lot down town for one the other side of the street a little further up, and when me and the other fellow made a small fortune by the exchange. That was a business that *was* a business! All the capital needed was a corner lot somewhere, and a credit at the nearest bar. Business! Why, with such a capital a man was independently rich. It may not have been the case that his actual, available assets were so very enormous, providing he had been sold out by the sheriff; but there were all the possibilities of the

situation, all the benefits dreamed of and hoped for, and these were always up among the millions. There's many a time I've gone to bed on an empty stomach; but I was a millionaire all the same, or at least was to be the next day.

"Now, what are people doing for a living? Just downright slavery; that's it, and nothing else! The old business is busted higher than a kite! The time has come when a corner lot excites no speculation or curiosity, except on the part of the tax assessor. You can't do any more with a corner lot now, than you can fly by gumming a goose quill under your arm. Unimproved real estate is dropped down until an acre of it is hardly a good collateral for a cocktail. To do business in these times, you have got to have something besides a jackknife, a strip of shingle, and sixty front feet of dirt on some future boulevard. You have got to have a big balance at some of the marble-front banks; you have got to have your name in one of the books of some of these spying commercial agencies, with a lot of figgers and letters after it; you have got to work sixteen hours a day for a year to get ten per cent. on your money, and then you don't get it!"

"Don't you think Chicago, with its present wonderful business and improvements is an advance on the old Chicago?"

"Indeed I don't! I'm sick of the present condition of things. Where can you go now, and drop into a cosy lunch-house, where you can put your feet up on a chair, spit all over the floor, and feel as much at home as though you were the proprietor of the shebang? What fun do I have down at that fancy stone dungeon where I live? Not a bit! When I was rich only in prospective increase in

real estate, I lived in a one story cottage, two rooms deep, with the old woman—I beg her pardon, with Mrs. De Jimson Brown—and the four brats, we was happy, I can tell you! There wasn't one tooth-brush to the dozen of us; we just saved napkins by not having any, and by wiping our mouths off on our sleeves; and when we had any slops we didn't have to pile 'em up in a dry-goods box in the alley, but we just dumped them out back on the prairie. We weren't troubled with sewer-gas, or any such nonsense. The latch-string always hung outside, and there was almost always somebody a pullin' at it, too, you bet! The boys used to drop in whenever they had a mind to. They'd just walk in without knocking, help themselves to a chair, or turn over a bucket if there wasn't a chair handy, and make themselves at home. We'd light up some pipes, put our feet on the window-sills, and be comfortable. In them days the old girl was around with a quarter section of her hair flying one way, mebbe with an old slipper on one foot and a broken down shoe, or, as like as not, nothing on the other. She didn't mind pipes in them days, indeed she didn't! She'd sit around with the rest of us and talk hoss and real estate as glib as though she was in the business. And every once in a while she'd let up for a minit or two to spank a youngun, or swab off its nose with the skirt of her dress, or something of the sort, and then go right on with the hoss talk as if nothing had happened. Now, you know Mrs. De Jimpson Brown pretty near as well as I do. Is it your conscientious opinion that one of them old chums, with his breeches in his boots, the yaller mud all over him up to his eyebrows, and his coat slung over his arm, could walk into the front room down there on the avenue,

put his feet up on the window-sill, pull out a black pipe, light it by scratching a match on the seat of his trousers, and then 'get away with it' if Mrs. De J. B. was in that neighborhood?"

Had I been disposed to interfere in a family matter, I might have very conscientiously responded in the negative. But I said nothing, merely trying to put on a look which might be construed to mean sympathy, acquiescence, or almost anything else. I knew too much of that awful matron to say anything which might possibly at sometime be repeated to her; hence I preserved a diplomatic silence.

"Oh, but I am just sick of the whole business! My gals have been to Yurroop, and since they've come back, I'm too vulgar for anything, I am! Instead of havin' her hair a-flying over one shoulder or the other, as she used to, the old woman now wears it in semibreves over her forred, and close down to her eyes, and then at night she takes it off and lays it away in a box. She is whitewashed like a new town-pump, and washes her face with a dry rag. When I want to pull a pipe, I've got to go out in the back yard. We don't have any more social games of draw in the front room, or in any other room, for the matter of that. There's always a lot of thin-legged galoots hanging around the house evenings, and I've no more show there than a sick rat among a half acre of tarriers. Oh, I'm used up with this new-fangled city! Marble fronts everywhere! Silk curtains, mahogany furniture, and not a single circus, where you can go and have some fun with the boys! I want some of the old times. I want to go out agin after midnight and hoop up the rats for drinks! I want to fall off a sidewalk, muddy my clothes, and go home a-howlin', and have

Mrs. De Jimpson Brown pull off my boots, and put me in my little bed! That's what I want!"

"And that's just the sort of thing you hadn't better harness on to at the present time." I responded warningly.

"Don't I know that? Don't I? Oh, no! Mebbe I don't!'"

And then he went out, and very soon I followed both him and his example.

ARMY AND OTHER SKETCHES.

THE ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

A BOHEMIAN AMONG THE REBELS.

ONE sunny afternoon in September of 1861, I was sauntering by the Planters' Hotel, in St. Louis, when I suddenly found myself face to face with a short, broad-shouldered officer, wearing the uniform of a brigadier-general, and moving forward at a tremendous gait.

"Hallo, General!"

"Hallo, W—!"

"Where you falling back to at this pace? This beats the time you made getting out of Wilson's creek."

"Fremont's just ordered me up the country. I'll be off in five minutes. Come along with us. Train leaves at 3:30. Just time for a little toddy."

We went inside, had a "little toddy" mixed, and then the general touched my glass and said:

"How!"

And, at the same time, I touched his glass and remarked:

"How!"

And then the toddy was transferred.

I went down to Barnum's, packed up a blanket, a clean collar, a bottle of whisky, a tooth-brush, and, just a moment before train time, was deposited at the depot of the North Missouri railroad.

General Sturgis was already there. Two Ohio regiments of infantry were embarked on freight cars.

Sturgis introduced me to such of the staff as I did not know. We all took seats in an aristocratic caboose, and in a little while were whirling toward St. Charles, on the Missouri river.

And thus began a journey of whose termination I then had as little knowledge as I now have of the state of the weather on the next anniversary of our glorious independence.

We stopped at Mexico awhile, a week, maybe. Then we went up to Macon City. We were after some bushwhackers whom we didn't catch. Price was closing in on Mulligan at Lexington, and Sturgis had gone up from St. Louis to try and keep the bushwhackers of north-eastern Missouri from going to Price's assistance.

The gentlemanly cut-throat whom we were after got off one night, and when the fact was discovered he was miles away, heading for Lexington. As we were infantry and he was mounted, it was not deemed advisable to chase him.

Courier with news to Fremont.

Courier back in a day or two with orders to go to Mulligan's relief.

And then we incontinently started for Lexington.

We took the cars to Utica, on the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad. There we left the road and started across the country to Lexington. The distance was about 50 miles.

We left at Utica Colonel John Groesbeck, with one-half of his regiment to guard our rear. With the other half of his regiment, and the whole of the

other regiment, we started to relieve Mulligan, besieged by something over 20,000 men.

To accomplish all this, we had 1,200 men who had never heard anything more warlike than a Chinese firecracker. We had of six and twelve pounders, none; or any other kind of cannon We had of light and heavy cavalry, dragoons, and other mounted men, none. Sturgis had a horse, and I had a mule. We were the only mounted men in an expedition having for its object the penetration of an unknown and hostile country, and the rout or capture of 20,000 rebels.

But Fremont so ordered, and on we went.

We pushed on like a drove of calves. The Buckeyes were spoiling for a fight the first day. One or two of them got a fight. They upset a bee-gum and stole the honey, and got stung. Sturgis halted the column long enough to cane a couple of the bee thieves, to put their officers under arrest, and to d—n vigorously all thieving sons of ——, Dutch or otherwise. And then we moved on.

That night, when all was still, there came through the air, from the south, a slight pulsation. It was like a faint tapping in the distance. In the bustle of starting in the morning, the pulsation was no longer heard. An hour after starting it was again heard faintly. It grew from a pulsation into a faint sound. Then it grew distinguishable. It finally resolved itself into the roar of a gun.

We were 35 miles from Lexington, and yet the sound of the gun came across the prairie, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, with startling clearness.

Sturgis brightened up. "So long as we hear that gun," said he, "it's a sign that Mulligan holds out."

Some of the Buckeyes heard it, and were not so near spoiling for a fight as on the day previous.

It was on Tuesday, September 17th, that we thus pushed on within sound of the heavy gun. Nothing of particular import happened. Occasionally a butternut, on a lean horse, met us. He was always a Union man. Was always looking for stray horses. The first one or two of these gentlemen were permitted to depart. The rest were invited to stay. To secure their compliance, they were dismounted and requested to fall into the ranks.

That night, no occurrence of note. The next morning, we were up and away at dawn. The heavy detonations of the gun still continued to time our march and our anticipations. Soon after daylight, we saw before us, across the prairie, a dense line of timber. It marked, as our involuntary prisoners told us, the "bottom" lands of the Missouri river.

On that Wednesday morning I had eaten only a moderate breakfast. I had reason afterward to regret that I had not eaten a heartier one.

Just before we reached the line of timber, we saw a man watching us from the road in advance. Two or three men mounted on the horses of our prisoners, quietly made a detour, headed the gentleman off and, soon after, brought him back. He said he lived at a little town named Richmond, just in advance of us. He took General Sturgis aside, and communicated something to him. Then the man was ordered to follow us, and we went on.

"See here," said the general. "We are in a pocket. This man tells me that from Richmond to Lexington it is seven miles, and all the way through the bottom. He says the rebels know of our

coming, and some 5,000 men are in ambush along the road. If we can fight our way through 5,000 men with 1,200 green troops, we shall reach the river. The rebels have all the boats, and have cannon. We can't get across if we ever get to the bank."

Just about then the head of the column entered the timber. As it did so, the tinkle of a cow-bell broke the stillness to our left, and a little way in the wood. Another was almost instantly heard from some point beyond it, and then a third coming faintly from the same direction. This direction was toward Lexington. Our approach was evidently being signaled to the party in ambush. The hollow clamor of these bells seemed to have in them something inexpressibly portentous of evil.

We soon reached Richmond. A halt was ordered, and the citizens shortly before captured, invited Sturgis to his house to take some champagne. He went, and so did I. Two or three other good fellows joined the procession. The champagne was excellent for that section, and plenty of it. Very soon we had from one to two quarts each snugly put away under our waistbands.

About this time Sturgis concluded he could not whip 5,000 veterans with 1,200 green volunteers, and cross a wide river without boats whose passage was disputed by cannon. Thereupon he concluded to take his little force, march to the right, and go up to Kansas City.

Meanwhile I had held some interesting converse with our entertainer, the result whereof became soon evident. I approached the general:

"General, I believe, if you don't object. I will go on to Lexington."

"On to Lexington? On to h—l, you mean!"

"No, *Sir;* not h—l, but Lexington, I'm a newspaper correspondent,—a non-combatant you know. I want to see the fight."

"Well, old Price'll hang you for a spy in twenty minutes."

But I would not listen to the sage advice of the somewhat offended cavalryman. Finally, telling me to go to the devil, if I was determined to, he bade me a gruff farewell. He marched up the river toward Kansas City.

Accompanied by my friend of the champagne bottles, I pushed toward Lexington.

My hospitable friend had kindly exchanged my mule for a horse. We were both well mounted, and we went down the "bottom" road "howling."

Nearly or quite two quarts of champagne were boiling through my brain, whose result was a desire to gallop like the wind, and to yell "like the d—l" at intervals of about ten seconds.

We soon reached a butternut picket, at a little doggery or grocery by the roadside. The rate at which we were riding, the direction of our route, and the amount of yelling which we were perpetrating would have passed us through any rebel picket from Bull Run to Fort Smith.

With a wild cheer for the Plutonian regions, we dashed through the picket and on toward Lexington. Despite the excitement and the rate of speed, I had time to notice that every tree and fallen log, along the road, was occupied by a butternut, with a shotgun or a squirrel-rifle. Sturgis would have had as much "show" among these gentlemen as a rat-terrier in a hornet's nest.

The rapidity of the ride cooled me somewhat, and when we reached the river I was in a condition to take observations. Opposite, on high bluffs, was Lexington. There seemed a vigorous Fourth of July celebration in operation. There was a frequent explosion of cannon, and an incessant rattle of small arms.

The ferry-boat, with steam up, was waiting at the bank. We went aboard, and soon after steamed to the other shore.

The streets were full of people. They were almost without exception, sunburnt, butternnt men, who carried double-barrelled shot-guns, or a rifle, and had revolvers, or horse-pistols, and bowie-knives buckled on their waists.

My companion and myself pushed through the crowd to the headquarters of Price. They were up stairs, in a building on the main street. A single sentinel, armed with a United States musket and a cavalry sabre, stood at the street entrance.

Bidding me wait his return, my companion, upon mentioning that he wished to see General Price, was permitted to pass in without difficulty. In a few minutes he returned, and we ascended the stairs in company. Entering a door at the left, I found myself in a spacious room, near the street, and in which was seated an elderly gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, and with gray vest and pantaloons. About him were grouped a half-dozen men, most of whom wore sabres and revolvers, and some sort of gray or brown uniform.

My companion led me up to the elderly gentleman, and said:

"General Price, this is the *prisoner* I spoke about."

The old man looked at me keenly, and said:

"Who are you?"

"Well, general, I am not, as I suppose, a prisoner. I came here of my free will. I am the correspondent of the ——. I have come voluntarily to your camp, trusting to your well-known chivalry, and relying upon my character as the member of a non-combatant profession."

"What is your name?"

I gave it.

"Your residence?"

I told him.

"You came with General Sturgis from St. Louis?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many men has he?"

"Pardon me if I decline to answer."

"Which way is he going?"

"You'll excuse me, General, but I can give you no information whatever as to General Sturgis."

"Ah! Now are you sure that you are not sent here by General Sturgis to find out *my* forces?"

"I can only assure you, sir, upon my honor, that I have come simply as a correspondent, and that I have no intention whatever of playing the spy, either in your favor or that of the Federals."

There was something in the looks of Price that satisfied me that he did not believe me. He was about to speak again, when one of his staff inquired:

"You say your name is ——? "

"Yes, sir."

"Were you at the battle of Wilson's Creek?"

"Yes."

"Did you write the account of the battle which was copied afterward in the *St. Louis Republican*?"

"I did."

The speaker turned to General Price.

"General," said he, "I will say this much for the gentleman. That account was a particularly fair one, and seemed to be written by a man disposed to do justice to both sides."

General Price reflected a few moments, and then whispered aside with some of his officers. Finally he said:

"Major Savery, you will take charge of this man, and be careful to treat him like a gentleman."

He bowed courteously and moved to another part of the room. Major Savery, a man with a huge crimson sash worn from his shoulder, a revolver, and a cavalry sabre, led me into the street. I found that he was the provost marshal. He led me across the street, and then up stairs, into a front room. The door was guarded by a man with a crimson sash, a revolver, a carbine, a sabre.

"There," said the major, "you can look out of the window and see the fight. Make yourself comfortable. I must look around.

He went out.

I went to the window. The college, the boarding house and grounds occupied by Mulligan were all visible. I could see the smoke of the batteries, hear the crack of small arms, and see the Confederates swarming in the ravines and the timber. I could see the hospital with its yellow flag, and could, in fine, overlook the fight very much as if it were a picture.

Mulligan had already been cut off from water for two days. I thought he must be terribly thirsty, which reminded me of the fact that I was in the same condition. It was close upon night, and I had had nothing to eat since daylight, or to drink save

feverish champagne. I appealed to the guard to get me something. He could not leave his post.

Darkness came, and with it some members of the provost guard. They had heard my story from Savery, and they regarded me very favorably.

I think that, in those days, I could swear, and talk horse equal to the average. Therefore, despite my aristocratic paper collar of four days' age, I "took" with these "boys." They surrounded me. We told rough stories, played seven-up, discussed the political situation, and I was unanimously voted a "h—l of a fellow," as somebody worded it.

My popularity was at high tide, when the door was opened, and a lusty nigger shot in like a battering ram. He was evidently moving under the propulsive suasion of a powerful kick. He picked himself up with a howl of terror, looked wildly around, and saw me. His black face lightened with a gleam of satisfaction, and he said:

"Hullo, cap'en, is you here too?"

I stared vacantly at the grinning face. To me it had no more elements which I could recognize than the sooty bottom of a potato-skillet.

"Whar you from, boy?" asked one of the guards.

"I'se from de fort."

"Captured?"

"Yis."

"Do you know this man?" continued the questioner, pointing to me.

"Know him? Of course I does. He's capin of de ban'."

My late admirers understood it. After all, I was one of Mulligan's men, had got out some way, communicated with Sturgis, and was on my way back. My popularity was ruined. They began to look

angrily at me. I was a d—d Yankee, as one man expressed it. They left me.

As for me, I took a good look at the grinning nigner, got my right foot ready for a kick, which I calculated should be the most tremendous kick of moddern or ancient times ; hesitated a moment whether I should plant it on the shins, or a broader part of the imbecile African, and then—I walked away, feeling the utter impossibility of any kick propelled by a human leg being able to do justice to the subject.

The night was anything but pleasant. It was the time of year when the days, in that latitude, are pleasant, but the nights nipping and uncomfortable. While I was *en rapport* with the swart brigands of the provost-guard, and before the irrepressible African had interrupted my understanding with my rebel friends, one of them had borrowed my coat wherewith to make himself a pillow. He had forgotten to return it. And thus, in my shirt-sleeves, I shivered in the fireless room the weary hours of the interminable night.

There was a dirty quilt in one corner. Upon this the African curled himself like a huge ball of ink, and snored like a wheezy locomotive. At intervals of half an hour or so, the windows of the room rattled, and the air was shattered by the heavy roar of the rebel gun—the same that we heard in approaching the city.

I was hungry, frozen and discouraged. I could get nothing to eat. The only drink attainable was an atrocious compound of hell-fire and stench, known as peach brandy. I had tasted it, and it scorched along its passage like a rivulet of molten lead.

When the negro had announced me as captain of the band, the guards seemed to think me a desperate character. The next man who was put on guard inside the door was a butternut, who had an immense sabre, with a steel scabbard, a home-made bowie-knife, a pair of revolvers, and a double-barreled shot-gun. He kept his eyes constantly upon me, and his finger on the trigger of his gun.

A little before midnight the door opened, and there entered a man six feet four, mainly legs, bearded, sun-browned, with a torn, slouch hat, and fingers with long, dirty talons. He glared savagely at me for a moment, and then said:

"Stranger, d'ye want a little draw poker?"

I informed him in the blandest of tones that I would be delighted, but I was "strapped," and that I couldn't play if the bet was limited to a single shirt-button. He went away muttering.

A little later the door opened, and there staggered in a heavy-set ruffian, in an advanced state of intoxication. He carried in his right hand an immense horse-pistol, upon whose nipple I caught the red gleam of the cap. He lurched into the room and fixed, or tried to fix, his bloodshot eyes upon my figure.

"Lemme guard these Yankee sonabishes," said he, "I want to shoot Yankee sonabish, by G—d."

He stood swaying upon his feet, and trying to cover me with his pistol. The guard made no remark, but as the pistol was not cocked, I felt no immediate alarm.

The room had been a barber's shop, and there remained a single chair, into which, after vainly trying to get a bead on me, he staggered. He almost instantly fell into a drunken slumber, during which

he muttered in broken sentences, and gave utterance to half articulate oaths and blasphemies.

He slept but a few moments, and then roused into wakefulness. He stared wildly at the wall, then his lowering, bloody eyes slowly wandered about the room till they fell on me.

"Yankee son-of-a-bish—shoot you, by G—d."

This time he fumbled with the hammer of his pistol, and succeeded in cocking it. Again he essayed to cover me with its muzzle, which looked larger to me than the opening of a barrel. But his nerveless hand could not obey the demands of the ruffianly soul, and again he gave up the attempt, and elapsed into a partial insensibility.

A half-dozen times during the night did he awake, and menance me with his pistol. He was on the verge of *delirium tremens.* When asleep, his mutterings, his imprecations, his savage blasphemies, were inexpressibly terrible. Toward morning some of his comrades entered, gave him a tin dipper full of brandy, and a moment later he fell into a stupor from which he did not recover till after daylight.

There were no other interruptions of note during the night, save that occasionally some swart skeleton in butternut would open the door, gaze in curiously for a moment or two, and, after paying me the inevitable compliment of calling me a "Yankee son of a —," would go away.

Daylight came after a month or six weeks, or some similarly approximate eternal period. Soon after reappeared Major Savery. With him came one of his lieutenants, Charles Martin.

I related my experiences of the night. Savery was sympathetic. The African, having slept over it,

took another look at me by daylight, and concluded I was not "Cap'en of de ban'."

I cultivated Martin assiduously. I was rewarded at noon by being released on parole, and by being invited around by Martin, who was a native of the place, to dinner.

He had a charming home, a beautiful and intelligent wife, and was himself the biggest desperado on the Missouri river. He was not over five feet two in height, and yet, as I have since learned, he killed before the war, a half-dozen men in broils and single-handed fights.

He took a fancy to me, for some reason, and we were inseperable during my stay in the Confederate lines. He professed, and I believe entertained, a liking for me, and yet he tried, in a quiet way, to kill me, on two occasions. I occupied a bed at his house, and he slept in an adjoining room. The second night we came in late, and both retired. I had been in bed a half hour or so, when feeling feverish, I rose quietly and went to the wash-stand to bathe my face. The stand sat against the wall next to his room; and, in moving the pitcher, I made a slight noise. Instantly it flashed over me that he might think I was listening against the wall; and the next moment, in swift silence, I hurried back to the bed, noislessly entered, and drew up the clothes. I had but just done so, when the door of Martin's room opened without sound, and I saw him thrust out his head and his right arm, in the hand of which was a revolver. He turned quickly to the place where I had made a noise a moment before, but there was nobody there. He glanced at the bed. I was there, and snoring.

The next night we fell to discussing the battle of Wilson's Creek. He said the federal force was 20,000. I said that it was less than 6,000.

"Then I lie, do I?" he remarked in the quietest way imaginable. At the same moment he was stabbing with the point of his sabre into the sill of a window; but, as he asked the question I saw him "gather himself."

Had I said yes, the next stab with his sabre would have been directly into my breast. Despite his nonchalance and calmness there were a dozen murders in a glance which I caught of his eye, as he unconcernedly asked me the question.

I am not writing now an account of the defence made by the gallant Mulligan. I have done this before, and the affair has become a matter of history. Suffice it that I remained till the Sunday after the surrender, which took place on Friday. In company with Martin, during the progress of the fight, I visited the rebel lines, and for once was in front, in place of behind, federal bullets.

I will only add, in relation to my further experience, that, during my stay, I received only the most courteous treatment, after the first night of my capture. I was afforded every facility for writing up my accounts, and when I left, on Sunday, I was bidden a cordial good-bye by General Price, and was presented with a horse by my courteous little friend, Charley Martin. I recrossed to Utica, took the cars to St. Louis, and was the first to announce to the public the details of the siege of Lexington.

PAP FULLER'S GAME OF POKER.

WHEN the present President, U. S. Grant, of the United States was engaged in the task of trying to capture Vicksburg, there was a good deal of spare time for almost any thing. The particular time of which I speak was in February of 1863, when the Federal army, or armies, lay on the river above and opposite the Confederate city.

General Grant did not, apparently, know what to do, and all the rest of the army was pretty much in the same nonplussed condition. Having nothing to do except to do nothing, every one resorted to some means to kill time. To capture the man with the hour-glass was as much a subject of planning and campaigning as the capture of the rebel city.

Accordingly, there sprang into existence no end of pastimes. When the weather permitted, there was base ball, quoits, and horse racing. Occasionally somebody got drunk by way of variety.

I think that a gentleman, Frank Blair, who ran for Vice President of the United States, last fall, could afford some statistics of high interest with reference to this class of pastimes.

But out-door amusement was not to be depended on. When it did not rain, which it did nearly all the time, it was so muddy that land locomotion was largely of the wading style of progress. Therefore,

everybody staid in his tent, or on the boats, and got rid of time after the most available process.

A fine little amusement, and a favorite one, was one known as draw-poker—called, for short, among its more familiar friends, "draw." Everybody "drawed" who had $5 of his own money, or who could negotiate a loan to that amount from an accommodating friend. But there were a few capitalists who hung about the steamboats. They were chiefly cotton-buyers, who were excluded by Grant's rigid orders from going beyond the lines. They had money in plenty, and were always regarded as a valuable accession to a "little game of draw, just for amusement, you know."

Other valuable adjucts to the same beautiful little game were the higher officers, who always seemed to have plenty of greenbacks; quartermasters, whose resources, considering their small salaries, were amazing; paymasters, who were always plethoric; and some Kentuckians, who were down there watching the progress of events, and passionately fond of whiskey, "draw," and moderately non-committal on the question of the negro.

On the steamer Thomas E. Tutt, which lay four or five miles above Vicksburg, poker was the fashionable amusement. It was the supply-boat of Gen. Steele's command, and was often the headquarters of the general himself. One of his quartermasters was Captain, otherwise and familiarly known as "Pap" Fuller. "Pap" was from Illinois; and if the old gentleman loved anything in the world it was a "nice little game of draw, just to kill time." When I went to my state-room, at three A. M., I left him indulging in draw. When I got up next morning I found him in the same business, and trying to

"raise" somebody "out" "before the draw," "on two little pair."

The captain had accompanied Curtis in his march through Arkansas, and, it was said, he had played draw the entire trip. In any case, he reached Helena several thousands ahead; and this substantial capital was being increased before Vicksburg, until there occurred the incident I am about to relate.

One day an arrival from Memphis discharged, among other things, a couple of travelers who announced themselves as cotton-dealers. They got on board the Tutt, and very soon, by their plausible manners, made the acquaintance of the regular habitués of that dilapidated old steamer.

They had plenty of money, and knew nothing of any game of cards. The former was proved by their depositing, in the safe of the boat, some bulky packages of greenbacks; and the latter was established by their own assertions. Nevertheless, they took a decided interest in the game of "draw." They sat about the tables, looked into the players' hands, congratulated the winners, and sympathized with the losers.

A man who can learn anything can learn poker, after having seen it played for a week or two. Nobody was very much surprised, therefore, to discover, after a fortnight, that both of the new-comers had become participants in the game.

Both were cautious awkward, and small players. A "five-cent" game was most to their liking, and anyone could "run them off" with a two-dollar bet. But they improved slowly, although they lost constantly. Gradually they progressed from a five-cent game up to the regular game of a dollar "blind."

Both seemed to like to play at the same table with Pap Fuller. They lost their money with a good grace, and just the proper amount of chagrin over their bad luck and their lack of knowledge of so beautiful a game.

Quite unexpectedly, one night, their luck began to change. They had astounding luck. They won, between them, something like $250. It was very singular, as Pap Fuller observed. He was the principal loser.

"It's d—d singular," remarked that usually lucky veteran. "I never held such hands in my life! Curse me if they didn't scoop me every time!"

The next night it was the same, only more so. The two greenhorns were fearfully lucky. The game broke up at breakfast. Pap Fuller was some $300 out.

I found the old gentleman, a couple of hours later, sitting dejectedly in his state-room. A tumbler of whisky cheered his solitude.

"See here," said the captain, with a most lugubrious shake of the head, "I'm cussed if I see into this 'ere little arrangement. Nobody ever beat old Pap Fuller in that style afore, especially two green uns never done it. The old man is playin' out, I reckon." And he concluded his oration with a profound sigh.

All that day Pap was invisible, save to one or two. I called at his state-room once or twice. He occupied precisely the same position. He muttered to himself constantly. "Every time I had 'threes' one on 'em or the tother had a 'flush.' Ef I had two little pair, one or tother of 'em was sure to lay over me—*especially one or tother on 'em had the deal!*

Green are they? Well, now, p'r'aps, and then again, p'r'aps *not*. Pap, you're a cussed old idiot."

In this sort of way the captain delivered himself, talking sometimes to me and sometimes to himself.

And so the day wore away. Night came, and with it, poker. Then, and not till then, did Pap emerge from his den.

I looked curiously at the old man. He seemed somewhat subdued and humiliated. He took his seat at the table. The two strangers were already in place.

The game began, and the captain lost. At midnight he had lost $400. The two cotton-buyers were the "big" winners.

"See here, boys," said Pap, "I'm losing a good deal of money. Let's change the ante and see if it will change the luck."

"How much?" queried one of the cotton-buyers.

"Well, let's make the 'blind' $25."

I was astounded. The cotton-buyers objected, but I detected a gleam of satisfaction in the eyes of both, despite their objections. I feared they would yield —and they did.

My first impression was that old Pap had become insane, or utterly reckless. Nevertheless, there was a tightening of his lips that indicated something. I placed myself behind him to watch his hand. I expected something, I knew not what.

His manner of discarding surprised me. Every time the deal was with one of the cotton buyers, Fuller would get a small pair. When the hands were "helped" there came to him "threes." Instead of keeping the pair, he began to discard it, keeping an ace and king whenever he had them.

Several times he could have made a "full" had he kept his "pair." I began to think he was mad. He lost, but not much. Occasionally he would "call" a hand, but generally, with an anathema on his luck, he threw up his cards. I only saw that he was holding an ace and king when he could get them, and throwing away good pairs.

By-and-by it happened that he got a pair of jacks, an ace, king, and another. He discarded the jacks, held the ace and king, and called for three cards. To my unbounded astonishment, when the hands were helped, he received three kings.

He now held four kings, with an ace, the highest hand in the game! In a moment the whole policy of the wary old rat flashed over me.

He led off by betting $10. The next man "went out." The next was one of the cotton dealers. He raised the captain $25. The next man was the other dealer, and he, after some pretended anxiety, "went $50 better." The next man passed out. To his left was Pap.

The veteran's face seemed to express infinite dissatisfaction over the heavy betting. He hesitated, and then "saw" the $50 "better."

The first cotton man deliberated awile, and then raised the pile $100. No. 2 was astounded at such heavy betting, thought of laying down, but finally "went over" his friend. Again Pap called the man on his right.

In this way the betting went on. Fuller always called the last man, and the other going a little higher each time. In a few minutes the amount on the table reached the respectable sum of $1,700.

Up to this point the bets had been by fifties and hundreds. At this juncture the captain reached in-

to his inside vest pocket, and pulled out an enormous roll of bills.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm going to make a spoon or spoil a horn. I raise that last $2,000;" so saying he laid four $500 bills on the piles.

The cotton dealers seemed suddenly taken aback. They shot suspicious glances at the cast-iron visage of old Pap, but it was as void of expression as the face of an anvil. They studied, hesitated, and shifted about uneasily. Finally one of them went up to the safe of the boat and brought out their pile. It was just large enough for one of them to call. He "called" Fuller, and the other "went out."

The cotton dealer had four tens. The captain exhibited his four kings and raked down the enormous pile of greenbacks.

The cotton-dealers turned decidedly pale, and sat speechless and stupefied. Soon after, without a word, they withdrew to their state-rooms.

"You see, my boy," said Pap, as he poured me out a little "commissary," "I made up my mind them fellows were sharp. Nobody ever beat me in a square 'game' as they've beat me for the last week."

"That is so."

"So I studied the thing out. I wasn't going to squeal. You seen how I worked it. I just held on to an ace and king, knowing that bimeby the rest would come along. Bimeby they did come. Them cussed fools had put up the keards, and they thought I had a king 'full' with jacks. But you see I didn't. Oh, no, I guess not."

And the captain proceeded to arrange, and lay away, in an iron chest, his winnings, which amounted to something over $5,000.

"I'm more'n even with 'em, I reckon," said the veteran, with a satisfactory shake of his grizzly head.

The next day, the two sharpers borrowed enough of old Pap to pay their fare to St. Louis. They left in the next boat, and were never again seen in the vicinity of the Tutt or Pap Fuller.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. FRED. STEELE.

IT was in 1861 that I became acquainted with the gallant gentleman whose name heads these recollections. It was in July. At that time, Lyon, at the head of a small force, composed of three-months' volunteers—some "Missouri Dutchmen," as they were popularly termed—was crossing Missouri, from Booneville to Springfield.

One night, just before dark, Lyon's little command reached the Osage Crossing, where we met another force, consisting of some Kansas cavalry and a battalion of regular infantry, under command of Major Sturgis. To our eyes there was nothing ever half so warlike and redoubtable as this squadron of Kansas cavalry, as it was drawn up in line to receive us. With their carbines slung over their shoulders, and their long steel sabres, the men seemed, to our unsophisticated vision to be invincible. A sentiment akin to pity percolated through my thoughts as I thought of the rebels who should be doomed to meet these heroes.

That evening was occupied, after the camp had been established, in visiting the new-comers. Being a member of that gallant band known as "Bohemians," I had the privilege of going where and doing about as I pleased. Therefore, when the colonel,

who did me the honor to share with me his tent, mess, and bottle, went over to pay his respects to Major Sturgis, I was invited to grace the occasion.

Never, perhaps, was there a more representative military crowd than was embodied in the majority of those gathered that evening in Major Sturgis' tent. There were the genial "Sam. Sturgis,"—so termed by his familiars of the regular army,—Capt. Gordon Granger, Capt. Dan. Heuston, Capt. Totten, Capt. Fred. Steele, Lieuts. Sokalski, Sullivan, and others,—many of whom have since achieved a world-wide reputation; and of whom some, alas! have passed forever beyond the domain of convivial gatherings.

At that time, as every one knows, a regular army officer was something for the mass to look up to. I well remember the momentary daze which came over me as I was introduced to so many luminaries that had risen in the orient of West Point. It speaks volumes, likewise, for the suavity of these gentlemen, to state that, although ununiformed and introdvced as plain Mr. ——, and without any allusion being made to my profession, not one of these men, during the evening, forgot or mispronounced my name, or ignored my presence, in the lively and prolonged conversation which ensued. Such an example of politeness, let me add, is not uncommon among the older army officers, although it is unfrequent among no small number of their successors.

I met, on that evening, two events—if I may so term them—which I had never met before, and which I am certain never to forget. One of these "events"—may his shade pardon me!—was Capt. Fred. Steele; and the other "event" was the

elixir vitæ, the nectar of the regular army,—whisky toddy.

Introductions were no more than ended when Sturgis remarked:

"Orderly, get out the materials. Gentlemen, I want you to taste some of Steele's toddy. He is the best toddy-maker in the world!"

The delicate, slender, light-featured Capt. Steele came modestly forward, and, almost blushing under the encomiums of his chief, went to work. How carefully and artistically he labored! So much of the pure sugar, so much water, so much rye; a drop more or less, a grain too many or little, were ruin—were a catastrophe worse than a daub of house-paint in the face of Correggio's Magdalene. The ingredients mixed with a precision greater than that of a druggist who puts up a prescription wherein a single additional grain makes the whole a deadly poison,—then came the quaffing. The small, white hand of Steele passed around the tin cups, and then, with a gutteral "How!" each man inverted his measure just above his lower lip.

Ye gods! *io triumphe!*—I shall never forget the delicious sensation which stole through my system, like slow-moving, electric flashes, as the concoction ran down my throat. The brew of Steele is absolutely indescribable.

Accedant capiti cornua, Bacchus eris,

But, in that tent on the Osage, one needed not to put on horns to become Bacchus; he, the rather, swallowed a "horn" of Steele's concoction, and straightway became a god.

Such are my first recollections of Steele. He struck me then for his finished elegance of manner.

As toddy succeeded toddy, voices grew louder, and bursts of laughter rang out wide through the forest. Steele alone did not become boisterous. His pale cheeks simply became delicately tinted, as if from a touch of rouge; his blue eyes lighted up, as if from inspiration; and his thin voice became stronger, but not louder, as the wassail grew fast and furious.

Steele was never demonstrative. And so the coolness with which he faced the iron and leaden storm at Wilson's Creek was not recognized as a trait requiring universal panegyric or immediate promotion.

The next time I saw him was at Helena, in November of 1862. He was in command of the post. Wishing facilities for getting about, I called at his headquarters. I wrote my request on a card, and sent it in by an orderly. He returned almost instantly with a request to come in. A shaking of hands, and then an adjournment to a small room adjoining, in which was a sideboard, and on which was a row of gleaming decanters. Close by was sugar; and soon there came water! Steele, although then a major-general, had not forgotten his cunning. He mixed as dextrously as when a captain; and I could not taste the slightest depreciation in the character of his production.

It was but a little later that Sherman's force decended the Mississippi river and debarked on the Yazoo bottom. I accompanied General Steele on the steamer "Continental." We overtook Christmas, or Christmas overtook us, on our way down. The grand old anniversary was celebrated in due form. I retired soon after dark to escape what I knew would prove an all-night symposium. For hours, sleep was chased away by a jollity that found vent

in song, anecdote, and laughter. The next morning saw a humbled crowd among those who, toward noon, crept painfully from their berths. Steele alone was an exception. Up betimes in the morning, his eye was as clear, his voice as free from huskiness, and his hand as firm as though the preceding night had been one of profound repose.

And here, as I approached the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, let me diverge to state something which I do not think was ever before published. On the night that we reached Johnson's Landing, on the Yazoo, a party of us gathered in the "texas" of a steamer, to while away the evening with a game of cards. One of the players was Colonel John B. Wyman, whose name will meet with universal recognition. Who the other players were, does not matter.

All that evening Wyman was abstracted and uneasy. When playing, he played badly and carelessly, as if his mind were on some other subject. Between the deals he would rise and pace the narrow room, with bowed head and preoccupied air.

"What is it, colonel?" I asked.

"I don't know, myself. I think I shall fight tomorrow. My boys have never had a brush yet. I want them to do well."

"They will, of course!"

"Oh, yes, I'll bet they will! But, Christ! how uneasy I am. I wish I could hear from home. My wife ——" and here his voice sank into a mutter which was indistinguishable.

And so till midnight. As we were about to part for the night, I said:

"Colonel, if you take your boys on the bluff tomorrow, it will give you a star."

"Yes, I know; but something will happen, I am sure."

And then, with a preoccupied air, he added, as if to himself, "If I could only hear from home—from my wife——"

And I heard no more. The next morning, in a preliminary movement, he was shot through the lungs. In less than twenty-four hours after we parted, I saw him again—this time a corpse.

Just before dark Steele moved his command, on the extreme federal left, into position, in front of the rebel lines. We pushed out along a high levee, and then the command deployed off to the left and lay down. It was as dark as Erebus, and cold as the lowermost of Dante's hells. An assault had been ordered at daylight next morning. As we were under the rebel guns, no fires could be lighted.

Just before daybreak, Steele's orderly built a little fire behind the gnarled roots of an immense cedar, and proceeded to boil some coffee. Around the tiny blaze were gathered General Steele; Hovey, of the Illinois Normal School; Thayer, of Nebraska; and myself.

A day or two before I had picked up a copy of Andrew's Ovid, near some deserted house. As we gathered about the fire, Steele noticed the end of the book protruding from my haversack. He pulled it out and opened it. Turning by chance to the account of the nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda, he read aloud, giving a line in Latin, and then rendering it in English. At length he came to the passage:

"pennisque fugacem
Pegason et fratrem, matris de sanguine."

Here he seemed to have some doubt as to the precise meaning of a word. Then occurred a discussion

which was classical and profound, and might have continued indefinitely had not Hovey given an opinion, which, owing to his Normal School precedents, was acquiesced in as being beyond appeal.

I relate this little incident simply to show Steele's complete indifference to danger. Not half a mile away lay a line of rebel rifle pits which were to be stormed. Just beyond them rose heights bristling with heavy guns, every one of which commanded our camp. An attack was expected to be made within a few minutes, and which everybody knew must be a failure. And yet, at this precise moment, Steele was as cool and unruffled as if the next move were to be to breakfast instead of battle. When the moment came for attack, Steele moved forward along a road swept by rebel guns as coolly as if he were leading his company at dress parade.

I might relate any number of instances of Steele's behavior in battle, every one of which would prove him a man who, if not absolutely insensible to fear, never allowed the shadow of apprehension to dwell upon his face. Once, on the march from Jackson, to Vicksburg, I saw him enter a store alone which was filled with a maddened crowd of Federal soldiers, who were drunk to desperation, and who presented their loaded muskets at the breasts of their own officers. With only a small revolver in his hand, he dashed into the centre of the howling mass, and in three minutes he had driven every ruffian into the street. There was a murderous glare in his eye, and a compression of his lips, which carried a meaning that no one of the plundering horde could misunderstand.

Of his charges on the 19th of May, at Vicksburg, and his subsequent military career, I need not speak.

In every instance he showed himself impervious to danger.

As a commander, Steele was better calculated to lead a corps under somebody else, than he was to have charge of an independent department. He preferred to execute rather than to plan. It left him a leisure on his hands which he could devote to social intercourse and intellectual cultivation.

I believe he was not married at the time of his death. He was always an ardent admirer of women, but mainly in the old, chivalrous way. Full of anecdote and reminiscence, he yet never made the frailities of woman the theme of such relation. In all his acts he treated the sex with a courtly, respectful tenderness.

His hospitality was unbounded, providing his guests possessed geniality. His mess was always a crowded one, most of whom were invited participants. Any man who was cultivated was always sure of finding himself welcome.

The intelligence of his death will cause a wide and profound sorrow. Those who know him well entertain a respect for his memory second to that felt for no illustrious man whom the country has lost since the beginning of the rebellion.

I will close these recollections with a sketch which I once made of the appearance of Gen. Steele, at a time, in 1863, when I was in daily intercourse with him.

* * * Like a Geneva watch, he presents but little surface. His merits, the fine machinery and exquisite balance, are all within. A small and well-knit man of 38; with a hand delicate and white as a lady's; light complexion, only preserved from effeminacy by a flowing beard; eyes of light blue,

and a full, compact forehead; dress neat, elegant, with a touch of velvet about the cuff and collar; always free from dust, and as clean as if stepping out for a dress-parade at his *alma mater*—West Point—such are the outer peculiarities of General Steele. Without ever being over-dressed, he is, I think, the best dressed and best mounted man in the army. His prevailing trait is quietness,—a gentlemanly sort of repose,—which he carries with him undisturbed, whether doing the honors of the table to his friends, or directing the movements of a storming party, amidst the roar of fiercest battle. Few soldiers among volunteers love, but all respect him. As a strict, unyielding disciplinarian, he frequently excites their dislike; but his unruffled calmness when surrounded by the surging waves of battle; his pre-eminent skill in guiding their movements; and the lightning-like rapidity with which he adapts himself to the new combinations created in a conflict—compel their admiration, and have won their highest respect.

He chats with you unconcernedly up to the very moment he enters a battle; and, the instant it is over, resumes his sociability, and discourses upon general subjects as if the affair through which he had passed were of as little account as washing his hands for dinner.

SOME PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

IN the latter part of 1862, for several months, I was in Washington. At that time almost everybody of note was at the front; but now and then the capital was enlivened by the presence of some one who was worth taking a second look at.

I was standing one day in front of the Metropolitan, in company with a son of Dr. Tom Edwards.

"Do you see that little cuss coming along yonder?" inquired my companion, as he pointed up the avenue.

Following the line of his index finger, there appeared what I, at first, took to be a boy. It was an individual scarcely more than four feet nine, and slender in proportion. He approached us at a tearing gait for such an infant. His slender legs were alternately planting a delicate patent leather boot on the sidewalk in what was the double-quick of going on a walk. A little cane kept time, like a pendulum made of astraw, to the swift movement of his extremities. A little eye-glass bestrode a rather large nose; a low-crowned hat was on a small head.

All this I took in as he approached us. The next moment he shot by us like an infant hurricane. I had but just time to notice that he had the Federal eagles on his shoulders, that he was, although

whiskerless, wrinkled up to about forty-five, and that he marched with the upper portion of his body bent forward, while his eyes were fixed immovably upon the ground, at the regulation distance of fifteen paces to the front, as if he were deeply preoccupied:

"Can't say I do know him. I should say he is a very old young man, or a very young old man. Who is he, any how?"

"That's Prince Salm Salm."

"Oh!"

"Yes. A fighter, too, he is! I saw him at Bull Run. I was running away one way on foot, when I met him running away the other way on a horse. I just ketched his bridle, and says I, 'Look here, capten, we want that horse for the artillery!' He jumped off without a word and struck out on exactly the same gait that I had just been falling back on. I slid into his saddle and kept on falling back till I got to Washington."

The next time I saw the noble infant, he was gorgeous in Federal uniform. On his right arm, and towering a full head above him, was a royal dame, who, although not really tall, rose to a Juno-like stature, when contrasted with her slender protector. Her eyes were large, liquid, and filled with a sort of oriental languor. They were a blue-black, and seemed to express infinite tranquillity and self-possession. Her hair was very heavy, of a very dark brown, and was carried back in bands after a style which I can not describe, but which gave force to the character of her head without detracting from the womanly softness of her face. Her lips were full, her mouth handsomely cut, her complexion a mixture, as if it were the results of combining the

more delicate light and shadow of the blonde and brunette with the least possible predominance of the latter. Her dress was very rich, and yet in no respect gaudy. Her movement was erect and elastic, her bearing a compromise between haughtiness and gentleness, with a perceptible dash of both.

In age, she was about twenty-four; and in appearance, she was a woman whom a man would first glance at wonderingly, and then turn to look at admiringly. Such was the Princess Salm Salm, as I then, and frequently after, saw her, arm in arm, on Pennsylvania Avenue, with her diminutive husband.

One night, Washington was ablaze with excitement. General Corcoran had returned from a Southern prison, and there was to be a reception, a serenade, and speeches, at Willard's. At the appointed time, I sauntered down to the hotel, in front of a balcony, from whence the speaking was expected. I placed my back against a vacant tree, and, thus luxuriously situated, I awaited the coming of events. I had barely arranged myself when I was staggered by a tremendous blow on my shoulder. My first idea was that I had been struck by a falling chimney, and then, upon looking around, I saw a quasi acquaintance, an office-seeking Goliath, named Captain Payson, withdrawing a hand, the shape and size of a ham, from my shoulder.

It was a way Payson had of attracting one's attention. He was a man who would awaken a sleeping child by firing a 200-pound cannon near its ear, or knock a man's brain s out in attempting to brush a fly from his forehead.

"I want to introduce a friend," said he. I glanced up. By his side stood a gentleman of about forty-five years of age, tall, elegantly formed, with light hair, a complexion evidently once fresh, but now approaching somewhat the color of sole-leather, and seamed with a thousand infinitesimal wrinkles, as if they had been ploughed with the point of a cambric needle. His eyes were a mild gray, his features, regular and mobile, and his bearing erect and dignified.

"Gentlemen, know each other, Mr. Blank, Colonel Charles Edward Lester," and Payson drew out this name till it seemed as long as an average clothes-line.

"Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold," said the stranger in a sonorous, musical voice, and with an unmoved countenance; "all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a drink *extempore?*"

Piloted equally by the captain and the colonel, I crossed the street, and threaded a devious route to some secluded retreat, where prohibitory liquor law was supposed to have no jurisdiction. We "smiled" and "smiled again," and then commenced my acquaintance with the author of the "Glory and Shame of England," and who proved one of the most remarkable, in many respects, men whom I have ever known.

We returned to the sidewalk in front of Willard's. Just then, Colonel Mulligan came forward on the balcony and began to speak.

Lester listened a few moments, and then remarked:

"By heavens! There's more electricity in that man's oratory than in that of any other man I have ever listened to."

A little later, I had the pleasure of making these two men acquainted. Mulligan was a warm admirer of Lester's principal work. They fraternized at once; and one of the most brilliant interchanges of thought I ever listened to followed, but which came to an abrupt termination, in about five minutes, by the sudden recollection of the author that it had been as much as ten minutes since he had taken a drink.

Mulligan would not go; Lester would. And so they parted—mutually pleased, and mutually disappointed.

Lester was, or is, the finest conversationalist whom I have ever heard, and, if he will pardon the additional compliment, the most incorrigible bummer. For three months, I impoverished myself in paying for his whisky, simply to hear him talk. He was equally firm on two points; one of these was, to never refuse an invitation to a drink, and the other was never to pay for one.

The latter reason was founded upon adequate pecuniary premises.

No subject was foreign to his abilities. Once Consul at Genoa, and an extensive traveler, he appeared to know all men and all places. He seemed as familiar with authors as ordinary men are with the alphabet.

It was a custom of mine, on Sunday morning, if the day promised to be fair, to purchase a quart of whisky, hire a carriage, find the colonel, and drive somewhere in the charming vicinity of Kalorama. Some green and shady spot would be selected, the hack turned loose, the bottle conveniently arranged, so as to lie equally within "striking distance" of

both, and then would begin an entertainment which I shall never forget.

My part was little more than to listen, to sometimes suggest a topic, to oftener repress emotions which sprang into active life under his influence.

His style varied with the subject of his conversation. Now, he was calm, equable, dignified; again, his words rushed forth, a torrent of fiery enthusiasm; or he spoke in a low voice, broken with sobs, while his face was bathed with tears.

Where or how he lived in Washington, I never knew or inquired. He was to be found at certain hours about Williard's, awaiting an invitation to drink. He spoke often of his family with pride, and never of his wife save with a profound respect. He rarely mentioned the latter unless it was to couple her with some *apropos* poetical quotation, in which the tender utterances of Milton's Adam to Eve always bore a prominent part.

One day I suddenly left Washington. The last I saw of my friend, the author, the diplomat, the poet, philosopher, statesman, gentleman, and (then) bummer, he was sitting in the reading-room at Willard's, with an expression on his face of intellectual grandeur, of dignity, of benevolence, and of—unquenchable thirst.

SOME REMEMBERED FACES.

LOOKING backward, through an experience of a quarter of a century or more, I discover here and there faces which, framed in diverse events, stand out with the distinctness of fresh and well-executed pictures.

I suppose that my experience, in this respect, is not singular; and that others, as well as myself, can, with a retrospective glance, discover these marked faces, which, in some instances, are wholly dissociated from time or events.

One sees them as he might a portrait suspended in air, or in a vacuum, and entirely bereft of surroundings.

At other times, these faces are inseparably interwoven or framed with incidents. Now, it is the smoke of a battle; again, it appears in the green of a prairie; in the white surroundings of a tent; in an illuminated border of angry countenances and flashing eyes. Sometimes, as I have said, the face alone remains; and I know neither, when, where, nor under what circumstances I saw it.

Let me try to present copies of two or three of these portraits. I can not answer for the fidelity of these presentations. To embody and reproduce what is but an attenuated memory is a work which is perplexing, unsubstantial, and, in its results, unsatisfactory.

Once, during the war, I was in the wheel-house of an iron-clad gun-boat, on the Cumberland river, About six hundred yards in front of us was a Confederate battery. Looking through the small orifice in the cuirassed wheel-house, I could see only a dense white smoke which lay in banks about the square prow of our vessel. At short intervals I could see a broad flash of red flame rive its way through this white surrounding like a vast sheet of lightning shattering some mass of clouds.

A rumbling and massive roar accompanied these flashes, and the clumsy iron boat shuddered under the recoil of the guns.

Incessantly from out the mass of vapor that enveloped us there came fierce hissings which passed and left upon the air a vibration like an echo. At times, this hiss would suddenly terminate, and the depths of the drifting masses, about us, for a brief instant, would become suddenly roseate, as if illuminated by a flash of red fire.

My companion, the pilot, seemed little moved by these surroundings. He listened to the signals from below, and labored to hold the boat immovable against the current. He was a tall man, with an ordinary, pleasant face, upon which there rested only an expression of sober earnestness.

Suddenly there was a savage hiss from out the smoke, then the turret in which we stood seemed shattered as by the fall upon it of a thousand tons of rock. There was an explosion that rent my ear with deafening violence, and I was dashed violently backward. At the same moment, a jet of some warm fluid struck me across the face.

Involuntarily, I turned to my companion, and then

I saw framed one of those faces which I have never forgotten.

His hands still grasped the wheel, and he stood bare-headed and erect. His lips were just parted, as if he was about to speak; his heavy hair seemed dashed away from his brow, and his gray eyes looked straight into mine, with a sad, wondering expression. There was in his glance something infinitely solemn, and yet expectant—a mingling of what seemed surprise and appeal.

For three or four seconds I looked at this face, over which there was moving something that was like the shadow of rigidity. His lips parted more and more, his jaw began to settle slowly down, and then he sank like a mass of gelatine to the floor.

A splinter had torn open his breast, and he was dead before his hands were unclasped from the wheel.

The hair thrown back, the pleading and wondering interrogation of his glance, the awful shadow of fixedness that stole across his face, and the slow dropping of his jaw, form one of the portraits which I see and contemplate even yet with a chill of horror, as I review these memorable faces of the past.

Shortly after the battle of Shiloh, in wandering from point to point within the federal lines, I found myself belated, at dark, at the little town of Monterey, a few miles west of Corinth. In questioning a surgeon as to the location of a point I wished to find, there resulted a quasi-acquaintance, which ended in my being cordially invited to spend the night at his quarters. We remained in a sort of field-dispensary until long after taps, and then I was shown a place to sleep, in a tent a short distance away.

The night was calm, and the regiments were buried in profound repose. Not a sound broke the stillness as I wrapped myself in a blanket and composed myself to slumber. I was lingering in that delightful region which divides the domain of wakefulness from that of sleep, when there came through the still air a voice which said: "Oh, Lord!" It was apparently a thin, childish tone, weakened as if by suffering, and yet penetrating in its clearness.

At intervals of ten minutes, perhaps, the same voice rang out the same "Oh, Lord!" upon the stillness. Sleep seemed to follow it away through the darkness. Hour after hour passed, and still I lay awake, listening to this monotonous cry. It did not seem one of terror. It appeared rather one inspired by loneliness, by suffering, and by the absence of hope. It was suggestive of the tired moan of a weary child, which wishes for, yet suffers, and is too exhausted to rest.

There was a tone in it as if pleading for relief, and which, so thin, so weak, so boyish, it suggested only the relief to be found on the bosom of a mother. And thus, pleading, calling, with a hint of querulousness, the plaint was heard until the darkness began to dissolve into the misty gray of dawn.

Fainter came the voice as the hours moved on, until, at daybreak, it had passed into an incoherent utterance, and then ceased altogether.

Soon after, I arose, passed out, and found myself just opposite a large hospital tent, which lay in the direction of the voice which had timed so sadly the weary hours of the night.

Crossing over, I pushed aside the flap, and entered. Rows of cots were upon either side, some occupied

and some empty. In response to my inquiry, a soldier directed me to a cot on the further side.

"He's gone," said my sententious informant.

And here, upon this cot, I found another of those faces which I see yet with the same distinctness that I saw it then.

A slender form was outlined from beneath the blanket. The shoulders and head were only visible. It was not a poetical face. The hair was unkempt, the forehead low, and the contour of the head not striking. But the face was small, wasted, and boyish. The lids were half unclosed, and revealed blue eyes that were fixed and staring. The cheeks were small and childish, the mouth delicate, while over the forehead, cheeks, and chin had fastened itself that awful rigidity which so completely effaces the elastic expressions of life.

The characteristic of the face that most interested me, was its youthfulness. It was so little, so weak. It seemed to belong to one who should have been pillowed in a cradle, rather than to have been sent out into the great world to grapple alone with death.

Whose child it was that thus met death face to face, and, unassisted, and unsupported, carried on the terrible struggle, and was vanquished, I never knew. I have only a knowledge of a pale, thin young face, that lay with its blue eyes staring unmeaningly into vacancy.

Other faces present themselves to this retrospect. There is an ineffably sad face, womanly, pale, with dark eyes that look without seeing, masses of heavy black hair carefully arranged, compressed lips, with a settled expression of despair, which I have seen, but when and where I know not. It is not the face

of a picture, but of a woman whom I have somewhere met, whose sorrow has always commanded my profound sympathy, and whose rare, sad beauty yet preserves for itself a warm admiration.

There are other faces, fixed and intensified as they are when in the presence of mortal peril. Here is one of a blue-eyed baby, and there another of a loutish boy, or some laughing girl, or the corrugated front of some paralytic octogenarian.

He who recalls these portraits, who studies their traits, will be surprised to find how much more lasting are sorrowful than sunny faces. He will find that there are a dozen faces in his mental gallery that scowl, are suffering, are flushed with painful emotions, are staring in death, that sadden, where there is one that smiles, and to recall which, and examine, is a task of pleasure.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

THE incident I am about to relate is one which, during the sublime convulsions of a great war, would escape notice. It is a little occurrence; and yet it contains volumes of meaning with reference to one of the most gallant men who, during the late war, drew his sword in the cause of the government.

It was in the month of April, 1863, that I was connected with a metropolitan newspaper as its western correspondent. At the precise time of which I am about to write, Grant had run the Vicksburg batteries, and had crossed a portion of his army just below Grand Gulf. The advance, under Osterhaus, had repulsed the confederates in front of Port Gibson, and had reached Black river on its northward march. Here Osterhaus had been joined by General Grant; and a halt of two or three days was determined upon, in order to allow a concentration of the Federal forces, who reached all the way from Richmond, nearly opposite Vicksburg, around by Perkins' plantation, Grand Gulf, Bruinsburg and Port Gibson, to Grant's headquarters at Black river. When these forces were concentrated, it was intended to resume the march around Vicksburg *via* Jackson, the capital of Mississippi.

I accompanied the advance, and reached Black river at the same time as did the commander-in-chief. Upon arrival there, I found myself wofully in need of a change of clothing. My baggage was all upon the boat at the Federal landing opposite Vicksburg. When the expedition had started to move below Vicksburg, there was a universal disbelief in its success. I shared this opinion ; and, anticipating a defeat, and possibly the necessity of a hasty retreat, I had moved in light marching order ; that is, I limited myself to the single suit of clothes which I wore, and the necessary paraphernalia of a Bohemian. The march to Black river occupied some time ; the route was dirty ; it had rained frequently; and, there being but few tents with the advance, —the baggage being left at the river,—I found myself looking more like a chimney-sweep than a respectable journalist. Having learned that the army would remain certainly as many as three days at its position on Black river, I determined to return to the landing opposite Vicksburg, and rehabilitate myself in a shape conducive, at least, to cleanliness.

These particulars are unimportant, save as they may serve to recall the Federal movements, likewise as they may indirectly bear upon the position in which I soon after found myself.

To reach the Vicksburg landing, I had a ride of forty miles to Grand Gulf ; then a trip by steamer to the other side of the Mississippi, at Perkins' plantation; and then a ride of thirty miles more to the landing. I calculated thas the trip would occupy a day and a half each way ; and I should, therefore. be able to return to headquarters on Black river within three days, or before the Federal army recommenced its advance,

The weather had been rainy; after which there followed a close, oppressive heat. I made the forty miles a little after noon of the morning of my departure; caught the tug at Grand Gulf; and leaving the landing at the other side long before daylight the next day, I reached the Federal boats opposite Vicksburg about ten o'clock in the morning. I made the necessary changes; and, mounted upon a fresh horse, which was supplied me by a friendly quartermaster, I commenced my return soon after noon. The roads were in excellent order, my beast a superior animal, and I had no fears as to my ability to regain Perkins' plantation in time to catch the down-boat in the evening.

As I have said, the weather was oppressively warm. There was not a breath of air stirring, and everything seemed weighed down by the heat, as if it were possessed of enormous gravity. My ride of the day before and of the morning of my return, was, considering the heat, of extraordinary length. I was somewhat fatigued when I started back; and this feeling soon after was succeeded by one of a serious and most unpleasant nature. I found that, upon the slightest turning of my head from one side to the other, I would lose the power to balance myself, and could only prevent myself from falling from my horse by instinctively grasping the pommel of the saddle.

I had passed through Richmond when these symptoms attacked me, and I was too far on my journey to think of returning to the Vicksburg landing. An oppressive premonition seized me, and I feared that, in a little while, I would become totally blind and helpless.

The route over which I moved was that which had been taken by the Federal forces; but it was entirely deserted. The rear of our army had passed; and the few houses which presented themselves at long intervals were as silent as graves. The cotton-gins were heaps of smouldering ruins; and the negro cabins and the plantation houses stood with opened doors and shattered windows. There was nowhere a sign of life, save here and there a broken-down mule, and an alligator sunning itself upon some log in the bayous. The paunches and horned-skulls of beeves, the skins and entrails of swine, broken cracker-boxes, dead camp-fires, innumerable foot-paths, and deep ruts cut by the loaded wagons, marked the route of the passing army. But all life had disappeared with it. There was not even the defiant bark of the usually omnipresent dogs of the negroes. No cattle lowed from the ricks; no horses or mules cropped the springing grass. Everywhere were only desolation, solitude, destruction. Dead mules, bloated enormously, and with legs thrust out rigidly outward, appeared at intervals. Intolerable stenches from decaying animal matter poisoned the air, and loaded each breath with a deadly nausea. There was nothing beautiful, save the clear sunlight, and the long hedges decorated with an infinite variety of gorgeous flowers.

As may easily be understood, the absence of all life, the constant presence of death, the decay, the ruin and desolation, the sickening odors, all consipired to add strength to the illness which possessed me. The death about me constantly suggested death ; and the odors of rottenness the decay which seemed destined to make me its prey. I grew worse each instant. The air seemed to come from a blast

furnace,—a combination of parching heat and nauseating stench. My tendency to fall from my horse became each moment greater, and my eyes were filled with millions of black, elongated specks, which impeded my vision, and which, increasing constantly in size, promised soon to become an unbroken veil of darkness. I felt that I was rapidly becoming blind; and my mind, fast losing coherence, reasoned scarcely at all, but instead, became the abode of numberless dire apprehensions. I had, however, sense enough to know that my safety, if existing anywhere, lay in advance. I therefore clung tenaciously to the mane of my horse, and spurred desperately forward. Racking pains run along my spine, an immense weight seemed to lie upon my brain.

It was some hours after I left Richmond; and the bayou, whose course I was following, and its levees, seemed interminable. I was fast verging upon a state of complete unconsciousness, when I saw dimly a house, at whose front was a score of horses. A few orderlies in blue moved among them, and some cavalrymen were warming coffee over a fire kindled among the shrubbery. On the long piazza, which ran around the house, was seated a group of Federal officers. My horse, of its own accord, turned in through a gap in the hedge, and, coming up to the portico, stopped. My head swam for an instant, as if whirled by machinery, and then I fell forward insensible.

My next recollection is, that I was seated on my horse and moving forward. Upon each side of me rode an orderly, by whom I was sustained in my saddle. From behind came the clanking of sabres, as if from an escort. In front of me rode three or

four officers, one of whom I recognized, by his star, to be a general. I noticed that he was slightly built, with light hair, and a smooth, boyish face. I had an opportunity to observe these particulars, for the reason that, at short intervals, he turned towards me with a compassionate air, as if to satisfy himself of my condition. Once or twice he addressed me; but I was so dizzy, confused and pained that I evidently could not answer him satisfactorily.

For what seemed an age, this slow journey continued. After a while we crossed the bayou to our left, and, after a long time spent in floundering through some low grounds across which the road led, we came into a clearing, and just before us ran the broad, sluggish Mississippi. I had a dim consciousness, from the charred ruins of what had once been a house, and from other features, that we were at Perkins' plantation.

Some blankets were spread under a tree, and I was assisted from my horse and laid upon them. The officer with the star on his shoulder seated himself in a camp chair close by me, and found time, when not giving directions about encamping, to inquire as to my condition, my name and destination. The first of these required no answer. As to the others, I could tell nothing, except to give utterance to incoherent utterings. My thoughts possessed some little clearness, but my tongue refused to interpret them.

Soon after, a small, white tent was raised near me. I was offered some coffee; but the mere oder nauseated me, and it was taken away; and then I was supported into the tent. In one end was a cot, upon which were blankets, and clean, white sheets. I was assisted to undress, and placed in the bed; and, in a

little while, between slumber and illness, I sank into unconsciousness.

The quiet, the rest, with perhaps the fact that my attack had culminated and spent its force, restored me. I awoke at dawn without a particle of the feeling which possessed me the day before. It required some time to recall my wandering thoughts so as to take in the seemingly interminable events of the previous day, and to explain the unwonted comforts of my position and surroundings. Slowly I gathered up the raveled, broken, knotted threads of remembrance; and then, hastily dressing, I went into the open air.

There was just sufficient light to render objects indistinctly visible. All over the clearing were camp-fires, some of which yet flickered feebly, while others were smouldering beds of white ashes. All around these fires lay soldiers in their blankets, and near them were long lines of stacked muskets. Close by the tent was a score or more of horses, some lying down, and some standing with drooping heads, as if asleep. Near them lay saddles and blankets, and among them, here and there, were sabres whose steel scabbards reflected a gleam from some adjacent camp-fire. Directly in front of the tent, and beneath a group of trees, slumbered four or five men, whose uniforms, revealed from beneath their blankets, showed them to be officers. With his head pillowed upon his saddle, I recognized the tender, compassionate, boyish face of my conductor of the day before. His countenance lay upturned, and, while its predominant expression was that of serenity, there yet seemed to rest upon it a shadow, as if of a coming fate.

I have but little more to relate. A half an hour after, a bugle near the tent sounded *revellè*, and the sleeping hosts awoke to life and activity. Soon after, and not till then, did I know to whom I was indebted for what I must always believe to be a care which preserved my life, nor did he know who was the suffering civilian whom he had found alone, friendless, and almost dying. The former was General T. E. G. Ransom. He had cared for me without knowing anything save that I was suffering and needed assistance. He had delayed his march to accommodate my weakness; and he had given up his own bed, and slept on the ground, without shelter, that he might administer to the comfort of an unknown sufferer.

I never met that boyish face and slight form again in life. Once after, I joined a cortege which moved to a cemetery of the Garden City; and the wailing dirges of the band were but a faint reflex of the sorrow that filled my soul at the thought that the most gallant, tender, chivalrous soul of the age had taken forever its leave of earth.

A DESPARADO WHO WOULD NOT STAY KILLED.

IN the early part of 1862, there was a jolly and eager crowd gathered in room 45, St. Charles Hotel, Cairo, Illinois. All, or nearly all, of them were Bohemians, who represented the majority of the newspapers of prominence in the North. There were the sedate and puritanical-looking Richardson, of the *New York Tribune;* the foppish exquisite, Carroll, of the *Louisville Journal;* the grave-visaged Matteson, of the *Chicago Post;* the precise and somewhat elegant Whitlaw Reid, of the *Cincinnati Gazette;* the acidulated and undersized "Mack," of the *Cincinnati Commercial;* the bluff and rotund Bodman, of the *Chicago Tribune;* the saintly-looking Nathan Shepherd, of the *New York World;* the jaundiced, but gentlemanly Coffin, of the *Boston Journal;* the tall and slender Lovie, of *Frank Leslie;* Meissner, of the *Chicago Times;* "Galway," of the *New York Times;* Simplot, of *Harper's;* and some others whose names do not occur to me.

Whenever a newspaper man registered at the St. Charles, he was assigned to 45, regardless of the number already there. As there was but two beds in the room ; and as the beds, by the utmost stretch, would never accommodate more than three respectively ; and as there were always from ten to twenty

in the room,—it ever happened that there was a margin of Bohemians who slept on the tables, or sought the comforts of such slumber as could be wooed from a bed of flooring and a pillow constructed of a carpet-bag, or the hollow of a saddle. But it was all right. He who slept on the floor the last night would retire early the next night, taking the middle of whichever bed was vacant; for among the rules of the fraternity was one that all things except tooth-brushes were in common, and he who first gained possession of anything held it, for the time, by an inalienable right.

I recall these things, not because they are precisely pertinent to what I am about to relate, but because one who dates any occurrence from Room 45 can not resist going over the whole ground. All about the room has a more or less intimate relation with the history of the rebellion, and is full of personal interest, whether one recalls the immaculate Reid, dilating upon his intimacy with the family of one who has since risen to the highest judicial honors in the gift of the Republic; or Richardson, gravely expounding Buckle's History of Civilization; or Meissner, going to bed at midday with his boots on; or Carroll, arraying himself, at two o' clock in the morning, in faultless linen, and stimulating himself with a cup of hot tea, in order to write a letter; or little "Mack," swearing like a seven-foot pirate.

There was another character there,—a slender, wiry, handsome, fresh-cheeked young man, known as Carson. He was from Chicago, was a scout in the service of Grant, and a correspondent of a newspaper. He was one of the finest-looking and bravest young fellows that I ever knew.

When news was scarce, the Bohemians would sometimes accompany Carson on his scouting expeditions. At first he had no trouble about volunteers; but later there grew apace an unwillingness to scout with the young dare-devil, as it was found that scouting, under his lead, meant hard riding, hard knocks, and no account of odds in numbers. Hence, the eagerness to escape the tedium of no war news, finally resulted in recreations at billiards, economical draw-poker, and universal growling.

One afternoon Carson burst into the room with a haste that promised something of unusual importance.

"Now, boys," said he, in a cheery voice, "who's in for a little fun?"

"Fun, h—ll!" growled the little gentleman from Cincinnati, as he rubbed carefully that portion of the human frame which usually comes in contact with the saddle. "I've had enough of your d—d fun to last *me* till after Lent!"

Carson proceeded to buckle on his sabre, to sling a carbine over his shoulder, and to examine the caps of his navy revolver. "Come, boys, it's only a little scout over into Missouri,—a short ride, not much danger, and plenty of fun. Come, now, who'll go?"

"Not any for me!"

"I've had a piece of that!"

"I'll see you about it in the fall!"

"Go to thunder with your plenty of fun!"

"One charge of buckshot in my blanket now!"

Such were the remarks that greeted Carson's invitation, with a score of others that I have forgotten. The only one who said nothing was myself. I had but lately reached Cairo, and having never been out

with him, I had a strong desire to go. Accordingly, I announced my intention. It was greeted with a roar of laughter and ironical sympathy and congratulation.

"Bully youth!"

"Good-bye, old fellow! Where do you want your remains sent?"

"Don't get ahead of Carson in a charge, will you?"

And so on. Nevertheless, I persisted in my determination, and, an hour later, we had been ferried over to Bird's Point, had passed through Dick Oglesby's command, and were hurrying on our way, at a gallop, through the mud and water of an execrable road that led through the timber across the Mississippi "bottom." Besides Carson and myself, there were two soldiers. All of us were well mounted, and, save myself, all were armed with sabre, revolver, and carbine. The mud soon grew so deep that a gallop became impossible. We therefore fell into a walk, and it was now, for the first time, that I was put in possession of the object of the expedition. I will give the substance of what Carson told me, using my own, instead of his vigorous language.

The vast, swampy region opposite Cairo, in Missouri, was occupied by Jeff Thompson. He was nowhere when sought for, and everywhere when not wanted. He committed no great amount of damage, save that he kept Cairo, the base of our future operations down the Mississippi and up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, infested with spies, who accurately informed the rebel commanders at Columbus, and in eastern Kentucky, of Grant's probable intentions.

On that morning a noted bushwhacker, whose person and habits were well known in Cairo, had been seen near Grant's headquarters. A search had been made for him, but he had suddenly disappeared. Some information of his haunts had been communicated to Grant, and Carson had been started across the river, with the hope that he might be intercepted at a certain point, a settlement some twelve miles from Bird's Point.

As I was further informed, this man was a noted desperado, and was the hero of a hundred personal fights, in which he was generally the victor. He had killed a half-dozen men outright, and had maimed and mortally injured many others, until he had become the terror of the region which he inhabited. Several attempts had been made to kill him, but, in nearly every case, with a disatrous result to those attempting it. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He had been "cut to pieces" in a half-dozen fights, and yet, in a week or two, he was around again, as well, as quarrelsome, and as dangerous as ever.

It was related that a man whom he had a quarrel with, had waylaid him one night, and had discharged a heavy load of buckshot into him. The assassin fled as he saw his opponent fall heavily from his horse. His horror may be imagined when, the next time he ventured into town and into the village grocery, he found his enemy at the bar, and taking a drink with the gusto of a man uninjured by buckshot or bullets. At another time, he was found dead drunk upon an immense hollow log, a short distance into the country. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and so a fire was kindled in the log, just beneath him, and he was left to his fate. He

lay there and broiled until, as was asserted, one whole side of him "was burnt to a cinder;" and yet, a few weeks afterwards, he was around, apparently as hearty as ever.

These and a dozen similar incidents were related by Carson, and the effect was very far from making me pleased with the prospect. Nevertheless, it was too late to retreat, and I kept on hoping the best, yet fearing the worst.

The settlement which we were approaching, was the one in which resided this desperado. It was supposed that he had gone home to spend the night, and that we should find him there at any time before daylight the next morning, when he would probably leave for the headquarters of Thompson.

By Carson's orders, we made a wide detour, and thereby avoided the little town where our prey was waiting. Carson was thoroughly acquainted with the country; and so well did he conduct us that, without meeting a human being, or passing a house, we reached, about nine o'clock, a road that led into the town, and which road was exactly opposite the one by which we had left Bird's Point. In other words, the town was between us and Cairo, and we were upon the road that led from the town to the point supposed to be occupied by Jeff. Thompson. Our man would approach along this road, and hence we were sure of meeting him, if the supposition were correct that he would spend the night with his family.

We moved up to within a mile of the settlement, and then halted at a deserted log-house. The horses were hitched behind the building, without having their bridles or saddles taken off; and every disposition was made for instant movement. We took

turns in watching the road, while the ones not on duty wrapped themselves in blankets and slept.

Daylight came without there having occurred any thing of note. We waited until sunrise, and then mounted and moved toward the town. Carson swore savagely under the impression that our man had taken some other route.

The road led up a gentle ascent to a broad table-land, upon which the little settlement was located. We proceeded at a walk until we reached the brow of the ascent, and the place became visible.

It was a collection of a dozen or so rough houses, built around a square. Three horses were hitched in front of a small building. The moment Carson caught sight of the animals, he exclaimed:

"There's his horse, by G—!"

At the same instant, he drove his spurs into his beast, and shot forward like an arrow. Just then, three men issued from the building, and, attracted by the clatter of hoofs, they turned towards us, and then, with incredible quickness, they threw the reins over their horses' necks, and leaped into the saddles. One of them swerved to the left, another to the right, and the third went like the wind on the road to Cairo.

Carson seemed to only see this man, and followed directly after him. I followed Carson.

I happened to be well-mounted, and had no difficulty in keeping within sight of the chase. The animal ridden by the man whom we were pursuing was a splendid beast; but its muddy appearance and rough coat indicated a long journey. However, both Carson and myself gained on the rider, slowly, but perceptibly.

The road ran across a table-land, and then descended gently for a long distance, till it reached the muddy "bottom."

We had not descended more than half the road to the bottom, when Carson had gained upon the pursued until he was within thirty paces. At this instant he called in a resolute voice:

"Halt!"

For a reply, the man wheeled in his saddle, and fired a shot from a revolver. I heard the whiz of of the bullet as it went over my head.

The next moment, I saw a puff of smoke from Carson's pistol. There was a sharp report, and, at the same instant, I saw the butternut coat of the pursued give a sudden flap in the centre of his back, accompanied by the rise of a little cloud of dust.

But the bushwacker rode on. Carson was closing with him rapidly, and I was some ten or fifteen paces in the rear of the latter.

I saw Carson return his revolver to his belt, and draw his sabre. His horse's head now lapped the flanks of the other. He brought his sabre to a charge.

"Halt ! will you?" he thundered.

The man rode on. In an instant Carson drove his sabre forward. It entered somewhere near the right shoulder-blade, and passed completely through the body. The next moment, the man reeled wildly, and then, with a vain effort to grasp the mane of his horse, he tumbled heavily to the ground.

A minute later, we had checked our horses, and had reined up beside the fallen man. He lay on his face; blood reddened his lips; his eyes rolled fear-

fully; and he gasped as if throttled by a strong hand.

"It's all up with him this time," said Carson, as he dismounted. "However, I'll make sure, and put him out of his misery." He pulled out his revolver, and, holding it a couple of inches away from, and directly over, the prostrate man's heart, he fired. There was a quick convulsion of the frame, and the bearded, fierce-looking spy, with his long, unkempt hair, lay motionless.

Carson searched the body, and found a paper concealed in the lining of his slouch-hat. Upon it was some highly important information concerning our forces, and contemplated movements.

Leaving the still rebel where he had fallen, we continued our route to Cairo, knowing that the body would be attended to by friends who would follow to learn the result of the pursuit.

* * * * * * * * *

About five weeks later, I was at the landing when the ferry-boat came over from Bird's Point. Some butternut suits attracted my attention, and, upon looking closer, I saw a squad of a half-dozen bushwhackers, who were marched ashore, under guard of some Federal soldiers. I looked curiously at them as they passed. One of them was a burly, uncouth-looking ruffian. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes bloodshot; but, despite this, I recognized in an instant, in the peculiar countenance, the bushy beard, and long hair, the desperado whom Carson had sabred, and twice shot through the body. He appeared but little the worse for his treatment; and, so far as I know, he is yet alive, and as impervious as ever to steel, fire or revolver.

I have only to add that this account is substantially a true one, as may be proved by scores who were in Cairo in 1862.

AMONG THE GUERRILLAS.

THERE were a good many very respectable men who took a deep interest in the late war. Among them were some—in fact, no small number—who demonstrated their interest not by shouldering a musket, or buckling on a sabre, but by gathering up such articles of value as were scattered in the crash of things, and the universal spilling, overflowing, and confusion that prevailed wherever there were any operations.

Among these there was a class who may be termed gleaners. They followed in the track of the opposing forces, and carefully raked up any little thing which might prove to be of value. Those gentlemen who charged themselves with the pleasing task of gathering up abandoned plantations, were among those gleaners. Some of them got rich by it. A good many of them did not.

Messrs. John Marsh, and George McLeland resolved some time during the closing years of the war, to go into the gleaning business. Both were and are Illinoisans. The former is fat and a little lame. The other is immensely thin and a good deal deaf. Both were rich, but both wanted more. Thereupon each of them had their respective checks cashed for a few thousand dollars. Putting a clean shirt apiece in their carpet-sacks, they bade adieu

to their weeping families and embarked on a steamer at Rock Island, and started southward.

Of the tremendous perils which these two gleaners experienced in getting to Helena, it would be harrowing to speak in detail. The number of times they weren't shot at by prowling bushwhackers, secreted behind wood-piles, on the levees, was beyond computation. Probably several hundred would be a very low estimate.

Both laid low, and were prepared for vigorous dodging in case of an attack. McLeland usually occupied a horizontal position, with his head pointing to one shore, and his feet to the other, under the belief that he thus presented the smallest possible mark for a rebel rifleman. Mr. John Marsh, who was about as thick when lying as when standing, was unpleasantly situated. He proposed to his companions that he (Marsh) ought to have two-thirds of the profits, as he, owing to his size, ran two-thirds of the danger.

To which McLeland, being stingy as well as thin, declined to accede. And thereupon arose a slight coolness between the whilom friends.

Beautiful Helena was at length reached, and soon after, a corpulent traveler, with a carpet-sack and a slight limp, and an enormously tall man with a carpet-sack and a sole-leather countenance, might have been seen ascending the romantic levee in search of quarters.

A week later, the same two individuals were installed as lessees of a thriving, productive, and admirably situated plantation.

And now began the business. Contrabands by the score were obtained from the depot, in the proportion of three obese negresses, eleven children, clad

at the rate of one shirt to the dozen, five dogs, and one lame mule, to each able-bodied negro. Thus, the getting together say twenty able-bodied Africans involved the assembling of almost a thousand other things, including old negroes and pickaninies, feather-beds and dodger kettles, and other traps and paraphernalia without limit, and sufficient to start a good-sized city.

Messrs. Marsh and McLeland being philanthropic, were kindly disposed to all these arrivals. They opened primary schools, in which the young niggers were taught not to chew tobacco, and encouraged to stand on their heads, or to execute a break-down.

All the old aunties of the settlement came in for much good instruction from these kindly old men. They were put under a gentle course of instruction, whose main feature was their duty to get back to Helena by the first conveyance, in order not to produce a scarcity in the provender of bacon and meal laid in by Messrs. Marsh and McLeland. With the delightful tractability of the docile African, the good old aunties heard and concluded to—stay, which they did.

And thus things went on under the new rule. The crop was put in. Save an occasional accident, in which the bulky Marsh sat down on a young darkey, to the great discomfort of the latter, or the lengthy McLeland broke his head in trying to get into a negro shanty, the world went well with them. The cotton came in green beauty, and already had the gleaners figured up the number of bales, the profits thereon, and the pecuniary results, which were divided in imagination.

But a crisis was approaching these two good men with the swift noiselessness of a prowling tiger.

Their plantations were outside the lines. With infinite difficulty had each of them broken himself to riding a mule. McLeland had the best luck in the operation. His length of legs enabled him to stand over a mule as the Colossus of Rhodes bestrode the passing ships. When he wished to ride he widened his lower extremities and the mule was backed under by a nigger; then he lowered himself a trifle, drew up his knees to his chin, and was mounted. When the mule was refractory and began to plunge, then the rider simply lowered his feet till they touched the ground. And then the mule walked off.

Mr. John Marsh had more difficulty. No small mule could carry him, and no large mule would carry him. Thereupon he was reduced to an ancient animal which was too stiff to rear, and too old to kick. Him he mounted, after many attempts. In time, by holding tight to the mane, he could retain his position. Experience made him bold, and he finally became a most daring rider. If the mule did not lower his head and stop suddenly, he would ride from Helena to the plantation without once falling off.

One gentle afternoon the two companions mounted their prancing steeds and started for the plantation. They passed the pickets at a tremendous rate, and entered the open country.

Each had in his belt some thousands of dollars in greenbacks.

They were armed to the teeth. McLeland had a formidable jack-knife, while about the waist of Marsh was buckled a revolver, three inches in length,

and which had been loaded only some two years previous. Thus armed, what cared they for the fact that a force of guerrillas had been seen, the day before, but a few miles away? Marsh wouldn't have given a cent over a thousand dollars to have been safe in his Illinois home. McLeland wouldn't have raised the amount over 100 per cent. to have been in the same place.

And thus darkly musing, they rode valorously on, keeping a vigilant out-look over their shoulders.

And now the crisis was upon them.

It took the shape of a squad of butternuts who suddenly reined up before them and menaced them with huge horse-pistols and colossal shot-guns.

McLeland saw them, lowered his feet to the ground, backed from off his mule, and prepared for instantaneous fight. Marsh tried to get off his mule in order to flee into Hepsidam, or anywhere else, but there being no nigger handy, he was unable to dismount without assistance. A butternut planted himself before McLeland, and cut off his retreat.

They were penned!

"Hand over!" came in stern accents from the ruffianly leader.

After much searching in various pockets, Marsh found a plug of tobacco, which he sorrowfully passed to the brigand. Then he sought long and earnestly, and fished out a pocket-comb. "Take it," said he, in a sad tone, "'tis all I have. I am now a broken, ruined old man!"

'You be d—d!" roared the ruffian. "Come, out with yer stamps!"

Again did the sorrowing Marsh investigate his clothes. Infinite search produced a shirt-button, a dirty collar, and a hymn-book. "There, unfeeling

wretch, is me all! Take them, and let me go away and die!"

"Look here, old hoss, if you don't shell out some greenbacks, I'll——"

Just then there was heard the clank of sabres and the clatter of horses' feet.

"Yanks, by G—! Skedaddle, boys;" and so saying the butternuts drove the spurs into their horses, and, in a twinkling, had disappeared in the timber.

"What's the matter?" inquired McLeland, whose deaf ears had not taken in a word of the conversation.

Robbers," was the reply roared into his organ of hearing.

"Robbers! Oh Lord! Robbers!" and just then he caught sight of an approaching dust, in which could be seen the outlines of horses and riders. "Robbers," he roared; "there they come again! Oh dear!" He looked wildly about for a refuge. A little way off he saw a shanty about which were grouped some Africans. Hope awoke in his breast. Fiercely he tugged at his clothing. He tore open his vest, he unbuckled his money belt, he flew to the negroes, and throwing them the belt, he said:

"Men and brethren, keep this for me till the robbers pass." They seized upon it and said, "Thanks, masser."

And then he strode back, and awaited with calm resignation the approach of the robbers. They came up.

They were a company of Federal scouts in search of guerrillas. Their leader was the friend of Mr. Marsh and Mr. McLeland. They were rejoiced to see him. They told him their heart-rending adventure.

And then the Federals pushed on the trail of the guerrillas. And then Mr. McLeland went and claimed his money belt from the faithful Africans.

The faithful Africans were not where he left them.

Nor at any other place which he has been able to discover from that day to the present time.

A broken-hearted old man, named McLeland, or something like it, now passes a sad existence at the lovely village of Geneseo, in this State.

He has a mournful experience to relate of cotton worms, of failure in cotton planting, and of the loss of $10,000 which he had in a money-belt.

Mr. John Marsh has country quarters at Elgin. He is still portly, a little lame, and given to relating the miraculous adventures which he once passed through in cotton planting below Helena.

UNCLE JAMES AND THE BULL.

HAVING successfully exhibed all the various suits of clothing in my family party, and finding my finances getting low, in consequence of responding to the appeals for pecuniary aid of the gentlemanly landlord with whom I resided, I concluded to hunt a cheaper locality. When one leaves Niagara or Saratoga, after a lengthened sojourn, his most natural destination is a poor-house.

But it was not in search of a poor-house that I came hitherward. I am not disposed to slander Vermont hospitality with any such remark.

If a man who has been stopping a few weeks at Niagara or Saratoga can not get admittance to a poor-house, the next best thing he can do is to "take" the bankrupt act. A receipted hotel-bill from either of these places will be accepted by any bankrupt-commissioner as final evidence of remediless poverty. It ought to procure his discharge without further difficulty.

To get to Vermont from Saratoga, one goes to Whitehall, and thence to Rutland. Between the two places, the Vermont line is crossed. I knew we had crossed it by the coming on the train of a stranger who sat down by me, and commenced an acquaintance by inquiring where I was going, how long I was going to stay, where I came from, what

TROT BETWEEN UNCLE JAMES, GAD AND BULL.

the price of butter was when I left, and whether I knew Deacon Doggett, who lived out in Illinois.

From Rutland to Burlington, one passes a few handsome villages and some rocks. There is a great variety of the latter. They are piled up to immense heights. A little timber is scattered over them, and some grass grows here and there among the crevices. Here these crevices are fenced in, and are called pastures. All the cattle that pasture on these crevices are rigged out with brakes, without which they could not get down the hills.

My present stopping-place is at the foot of the Green Mountains, a few miles east of Burlington. The country is primitive, and there are some rocks here. The inhabitants are distinguished for longevity, hospitality, radicalism, asthma, the use of patent medicines, and for being pervaded with an insane idea that this portion of Vermont is the location of the original Eden.

A man of note in this vicinity has from 50 to 100 cows, 600 acres of land, a span of No. 1 horses, two fancy sheep, and a sugar-orchard. A man who has all these may run for the Assembly if he pleases, or be a deacon in the Church.

Real estate hereabouts is mostly rocks set up on edge, with grassy crevices for the cows. A Vermont cow understands herself. She can climb rocks like a squirrel, and she gets fat and gives twelve quarts of milk from feed that is not visible to any thing less than a microscope of forty diameters.

Uncle James, with whom I am stopping, has a bull and the phthisic. Yesterday the bull got in the orchard, and Uncle James, accompanied by his phthisic and a big gad, went down to drive the bull out.

Now, what I am about to demonstrate is, that, in a race, it depends a good deal upon who is ahead.

I sat at the window and timed the little dash. At the send-off, the bull led Uncle James and the gad about two lengths. Up to the first quarter, the gait was moderate. Uncle James steadily gained on the bull, until, at the first quarter, the gad just lapped the bull from head to tail.

At this precise point, they disappeared behind the rise of ground, the bull just neck and neck with the gad, Uncle James one length behind the bull.

The second and third quarters of the track were hidden behind the rise of ground. The fourth quarter, or home-stretch, was plainly visible from where I sat; and I awaited their appearance with thrilling anxiety.

In about five minutes, they rounded the turn and emerged on the home-stretch. *Uncle James was ahead.* The bull was about eighteen inches behind, *and gaining.* The gad was nowhere visible.

The gait was terriffic. Uncle James had his head over one shoulder. The bull had his head close to the ground. Uncle James' gait was a mixture of trot, lope, and stumble. The bull was on a clean gallop, with his tail as straight up as a liberty pole.

It was a beautiful burst of speed. Nothing like it was ever seen. They neared the come-out at a three-minute gait. It was almost a dead heat. As Uncle James went over the wire—a stone wall—the bull's horns were neatly interwoven with his coat-tails. Uncle James won by a bare length, which he measured on the other side of the fence. In comparing the merits of the two, I should state that, while the bull has the most wind, Uncle James has the most bottom.

SUMMARY.—Race around the orchard; single-dash,—best one in two:

Uncle James,	1
Bull,	2
Gad,	Distanced
First quarter,	3½ minutes
Second and third quarters,	Unknown
Fourth quarter,	1 min. 28 sec.

You see we have our little amusements here as well as you do in Chicago.

The other day a party of us went up on Mansfield mountain. This mountain is a swelling in the Green Mountains, and is a place of fashionable resort from Boston. Almost every young lady whom I saw up in the mountain wore spectacles, and quoted Emerson when she was about to ask a servant for some more beans.

To go up Mansfield mountain, you take a vehicle as far as you can, and then ride a horse the remainder of the way. The vehicular part of the route is pleasant, especially if you have good company. Good company as I understand it, means somebody of the opposite sex.

The horse part of the journey is not so pleasant. An equestrian riding up the outside of the walls of the court-house in Chicago, would be somewhat like riding a horse up Mansfield mountain—only less so. Of the two, the mountain is the steeper, and the ascent more dangerous and difficult.

A man who rides up, and doesn't anathematize himself for being a jackass for undertaking the trip, has no proper appreciation of himself or his surroundings.

After what seems a couple of weeks or so, one gets to the top. Then, if one has an overcoat and a fur collar, the affair becomes pleasant. Seated by a

good fire, in the cozy hotel at the summit, with a good cigar and a bottle of ale, one can enjoy himself as well as though he were at home.

If one admires them, he can go out, stand in the wind, and catch cold and views of the surrounding country. The view one gets is fine, but imperfect owing to the fact that Chicago is not visible.

There was a good deal of Boston company at the hotel. The ladies wore spectacles and thick shoes, and spent their time, when in-doors, in disputing over woman's mission, and, when out-doors, in chipping the rocks for geological specimens. Sometimes they varied these occupations by grim metaphysical flirtations with attendant gentlemen.

Coming down the mountain is the same as going up, except that you see a bottomless abyss over your horse's head, whereas in going up you saw it over his tail. A fall either way would amount to the same thing in the end.

People who live at a distance, and can not go up Mansfield mountain, can experience the same sensation by riding a horse along a narrow gutter on a six-story house. There is no more danger in the effort, and it is less expensive.

Vermont is a fine state in the way of rocks, cheese factories, pretty girls, and antique old gentlemen of ninety. One house where I visited had four generations living in it. Some other houses have five. As near as I can learn, they don't die in this vicinity. When a man gets to be a hundred or so, they bury him alive.

The productions of the state are various. Blooded sheep, costing originally $2 per head, are sold often for $2,500. The maple-sugar here is different from what we get in Chicago. So are the milk, and the

butter, and the cheese. Making cheese is a staple business. There is usually a cheese-factory at every four corners, with a pretty woman or two slopping around in the whey.

Occasionally one sees some rocks. Upon these rocks there are some more rocks, and some others upon them. Upon the whole of them, there are, usually, some rocks. Sometimes one finds upon the top of all this pile some more rocks.

They have a breed of animals here known as k*a*ows. The k*a*ow has horns and a tail, and gives milk without water in it. The k*a*ow is a very useful animal.

Almost all the old people hereabouts have a second growth of hair and a third set of teeth. They are experimenting upon two or three specimens, to see how long they will live. Two of them are yet hale and active, but they are so old that every body has forgotten how old they are. One of them lost a beloved grandchild of 101, who went West on a pleasure trip, and got snapped up by a western fever.

There are a good many other things that I would like to describe. None of the girls chew gum. They give a man more at a meal here than one gets in a week at a first-class hotel any where else. A square meal here includes warm biscuits, cold bread, pork and beans, butter, cheese, four kinds of sauce, three kinds of cake, "punkin" pie, apple pie, "punkin" pie, grape pie, "punkin" pie, and "punkin" pie. Their "punkin" pie beats the world. Besides these articles, there are half a dozen others, all equally good.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ALLATOONA.

THE battle of Allatoona has never been written up as it deserves. The few historians who have arisen since the close of the war have dished it in a paragraph, in which were contained a few statistics as to forces, the length and result of the battle, and a compliment to the endurance and pluck of the Federal commander. And yet, this battle of Allatoona, considered with reference to the numbers engaged, its duration, and the interest involved, was one of the most—if not *the* most—desperate, bloody, and gallant conflicts of the whole war.

It is not my intention to write an extended account of the battle; it is merely proposed, in the present article, to embody a few salient recollections of some of the men and the incidents of that terrific fight.

The soul, the inspiration, of Allatoona, was General Corse. On that occasion, he shot upward to an altitude which, for many generations, will permit his being a conspicuous figure among the heroes of the war.

When I first became acquainted with Corse, there was little or nothing in his appearance, position, or surroundings, to indicate that he would attain distinction. He was a major of the 6th Iowa, of which regiment John A. McDowell, brother of General

McDowell, was colonel. The regiment was somewhere in central Missouri, engaged in guarding some insignificant bridge. There was no glory in present duties, and no brighter outlook in the direction of the future.

Corse struck me then as being dissatisfied. Lately defeated as a candidate for a prominent political position in Iowa, he had gone into the field to relieve the pain of defeat. And now, guarding a railway bridge, and subject to the dilatory policy and inefficiency of Fremont, there seemed little prospect of bettering his fortunes.

Chafing, and discontented, he was driven back upon himself. The result was a species of religious outbreak. Corse, McDowell, and other officers, formed themselves into a sort of Calvinistic organization. The chaplain prayed night and morning. McDowell prayed at the table. If Corse did not pray in public, he possibly did in secret.

I remained with the regiment a while, but, finally, tired of its forced inaction, and not suited with the austerity that took possession of every face, and indisposed to listen to McDowell's homilies on temperance and morality, I left.

The next time I saw Corse was a week or two later, at Jefferson City. A steady diet of prayer, preaching, and Puritanical observances had been too much for him. He was going home on sick leave. I accompanied him to St. Louis, and thence up the railway that led to Burlington. His trouble seemed as much mental as physical. He suffered intense pain, and was so worn out and racked that, when I parted with him at Galesburg, I thought it scarcely probable that he would live to reach home.

And yet the slight figure possessed more vitality than I supposed. When I next saw him, it was in April of the following year, 1862. He had then been assigned to staff duty, and was inspector general, I believe, with Pope, a little above Pittsburg Landing. He had lost his austerity, was bright, active, and elastic. He had secured something to do, and his vast ambition was gratified with the prospect of a promotion.

From this period until the taking of Vicksburg, I saw him at intervals. He became attached to Sherman, and being intrusted with some independent military operations connected with the disposition of Johnston, in the rear of Vicksburg, he so acquitted himself that Sherman recommended him for promotion, and he was made a brigadier-general.

When Hood marched around Sherman's flank, at Atlanta, he meant mischief. He threw himself at once upon the latter's communications, and cut the railroad between Kenesaw and Allatoona. At the latter place were a million rations. To have destroyed these would have annihilated Sherman. From station to station, was signaled the news of Hood's movement, and Corse, who was at Rome, was ordered to Allatoona with all his disposable force. Cars were broken and unavailable, so that he was able to embark but 700 men. With these, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, he threw himself into Allatoona. And then the Confederate forces closed in upon him from every side. With less than 1,500 men, he occupied an insecure position, attacked by ten times his own number, and knowing that upon his efforts depended the safety of Sherman's whole army, and the entire value of the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

Every thing conspired to his isolation. The absence of cars from Rome prevented his bringing up but a portion of his division. After his arrival, he attempted to signal to Sherman, who was on Kenesaw, twenty miles distant, his strength. He ordered the message: "Corse is here with a portion of his brigade, and must have reinforcements," to be sent. The flagman had gotten as far as: "Corse is here with—," when a rebel shell cut his flagstaff in pieces, and then he ingloriously fled. Sherman interpreted this as meaning, "Corse is here with his division." Therefore, he regarded the situation of Allatoona as comparatively safe, although he pushed forward Cox to menace Hood, and to assist in the defence.

It was at one o'clock in the morning that the Confederates commenced their attack. There was a cessation a little after daylight, for the sending in of a demand for a surrender, whose tenor and whose gallant reply have become historical. And then the battle was renewed. Allatoona was a small island, against which dashed overwhelming and angry tides. In a little time, the heavy, surging columns of grey, had gradually driven in the advanced and slender forces of Corse, until there remained to him only a small work, near the summit, which commanded the supplies, and against which the maddened enemy now bent all his energies to capture.

The little earth-work, with its outlying ditch, became a red-hot volcano, and a slaughter-pen. It commanded the approaches of an assaulting party, and it was commanded by Confederate artillery. It was red with the flashes of its guns, and the blood of its defenders. It rained death like some vast and infernal engine; and it was a huge furnace which

roasted to cinders its contents. It was deadly alike to friend and enemy.

Extending southwest of this fort was a ridge, from which projected numerous wooden spurs. Forming behind these spurs, the columns of the Confederate Young would deploy on the ridge, and hurl themselves against the defences. It was the most accesible, and yet the most defensible, position.

On the north and east sides of the fort the precipitous, broken country rendered an assault in great force impossible. Hence, the key of the position was the point of the works facing the ridge on the southwest. At this point were the main assaults; and here were exerted the most strenuous efforts of the defenders.

A short distance in front of the fort, and across the brow of this ridge, was a ditch, waist-deep, perhaps. Into this ditch were thrown as many men as could be spared without weakening the other positions.

From one o'clock in the morning, save the half hour or so occupied in delivering and returning the demand for a surrender, the enemy deluged the heights with shot and shell. When the smoke lifted during the advance ot the flag of truce, the grey columns could be seen at every point of the compass, moving into position, and closing up their cordon about the hill.

If the sparse few who saw these hosts, grew discouraged, and concluded that defense was useless, they were scarcely to be blamed. They were outnumbered, ten to one, and many believed that a resistance would only provoke exasperation, and result in a massacre.

The commander had therefore, to struggle not only against numerical superiority, but against a feeling of discouragement, that took possession of many of the men. As noon approached, and the attacks of the Confederates had reduced the Federal force to less than a single regiment, the discouragement of his men changed into despair, and Corse found the position beset by new difficulties. He feared that there might be soldiers who would regard surrender as a righteous alternative to a continued defense, which promised no more than speedy capture and massacre by the men whom the tenacity of the defence had driven to madness. To guard against any such attempt as to run up a white flag, he made himself omnipresent. He encouraged with electric words those who clung to their positions; he drove laggards into the ditches with savage imprecations; and he menaced with a cocked revolver any one who ventured to hint that further resistance was useless. He moved ceaselessly from point to point, and was the genius who ruled the whirlwind that raged around the crests of Allatoona.

In a little ditch facing the ridge to the southwest, lay a portion of the 39th Iowa infantry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel James Redfield. He was a good man to whom to intrust the key of the fortress. He had long courted a fight. He was anxious for distinction, and had often requested an opportunity to display his merits. He was gratified at Allatoona. He was given the post of danger and of honor. And gallantly did this other son of the Hawkeye State perform his task. Scorning the protection of the ditch, he placed himself on the rise of ground behind it, whence he could overlook his men. It was in full view of the assaulting forces,

and he became the target of a thousand muzzles. He moved about in the iron tempest, and amidst the scorching flashes of shell and gun, like an incarnation of invulnerability and command. When the serried masses of grey came up the crest, he was a grand central figure in the background. His waving sword, fierce oaths, and blazing eye rallied the energies of his men, and stimulated them to fresh exertions. His leg was broken, so that it dragged like some foreign body, and yet he refused to leave. They brought him a chair, and he planted himself squarely in his old position. Bullet after bullet struck him, but he never left his post. His words of cheer grew fainter, his oaths less forcible, his command less imperative. When the smoke from one of the terrible assaults rolled up, he was dead.

A new danger now menaced the Federal commander. The muskets of his men began to burst at the muzzle, and there was danger that, in a little time, further defence would become impossible. In this emergency, he gathered all the wounded who were able to lift a gun, and, selecting those rifles which had burst, he placed them in the hands of the wounded, with the bayonets pointing outward. Here was an *abattis* of steel, feeble, it is true, but one which enabled him to utilize every element of strength in the command.

About noon a bullet ploughed along Corse's temple, and stretched him senseless. Had it passed the hundredth part of an inch more to the left, it would have ended the attack on Allatoona. But even while senseless, the indomitable spirit still controlled the prostrate body. An order, "Cease firing," awoke him to sufficient consciousness to fear that surrender was intended, and to fiercely countermand it.

A little later, with head swathed in bandages, covered with blood, bare-headed, and blackened with powder, he was moving among the feeble remnants of his force, cursing, commanding, imploring a resistance to death.

The men fought doggedly and despairingly on. There was not a man of them that expected any thing but death. The ditches became filled with dead, whose pale faces, rigid features, and ghastly wounds tended to fill the souls of the survivors with fresh despair. The Confederates charged up to the very brink of the rifle-pits, and their dead, as well as those of the Federals, began to choke the slender excavation, and make its occupation a matter of more and more difficulty.

Seeing that the defenders of the southwest ridge were becoming weakened to an extent that would certainly prevent the repulse of another assault in force, Corse made preparations to assist them. A gun was dragged to an embrasure of the fort that commanded the ridge. The dead of the fort clogged his progress, and Corse removed them back, and piled them like a heap of cordwood, to make room for his single gun. Then the powder was cut loose from some fixed ammunition, and poured into the piece. A blanket was torn into square strips and wrapped around a quantity of minié balls. This improvised grape-shot was rammed home, and the gun sighted down the crest. With hand on lanyard, a sergeant named Croxton, who was badly wounded, knelt beside the piece awaiting the critical moment.

It was about four o'clock, when solid masses of grey once more came from behind a protecting spur of the ridge, and formed across it. In a moment

they were in order, and then, with shrill yells, they started toward the fort. It was the turning moment of the day. They were coming in force, and with a momentum that would have carried them over the slender obstructions of the ditch, and up to and into the fort.

It was just at this instant that the gun prepared by Corse, was discharged. Its deadly contents tore through the deep ranks like wind through chaff. They melted before the hot blast, and disappeared.

It was the last assault. The day was won.

In this battle Corse lost over fifty per cent. of his forces. Nearly one-half were killed outright, and but few remained unwounded. He killed, wounded, and captured more of the enemy than he had men in his own command.

For these reasons do I think the battle of Allatoona the most bloody, desperate, and gallant of the whole war.

THE REVELATIONS OF A WINDOW.

FOR three or four years I lived in a certain part of a certain city, whose name or location is unimportant to the purpose of this sketch. It does not matter to the philosophic observer where a thing occurred. He knows that human nature is so alike in its phenomena, that something which takes place among the Kamtschatkans is subject to the same laws and deductions that is a similar affair developed among the citizens of Chicago.

My place of business lay in one part of the city, and my residence at another; and so far apart were they that, in going from one to the other, I usually availed myself of a regular public conveyance. Owing to my confinement in the office, I invariably, when the weather permitted, rode outside. In this way, I always had plenty of fresh air, and an opportunity to engage in my favorite pursuit of studying faces.

At a certain part of the route, over which I passed every day, stood a two-story house. It was a structure of moderate pretensions, with blinds, and a piazza, which, in summer, was clambered over by luxurious vines. There were two windows below, and three above. Of these three in the second story, one was, I suspect, a "blind," for, during my three years' observation of the house, I never saw the

shutters of this particular window unclosed. There, then, remained four windows—two above and two below; and it is to what I saw in, about and through these windows that I wish to invite the attention and judgment of the reader.

The piazza was roofed over just above the first floor windows. In the summer time this piazza, towards evening, became a pleasant place in which to sit. The leafy vine shut out the heat, and the too curious observation of the public; and there were apertures between its branches, through which one, in passing, could obtain glimpses of those who might be sitting outside, or of the comfortable and well-furnished parlor within, when the shutters were open and the inside curtain not drawn down.

My observation of this house began one spring, soon after a new family had moved into it. What particularly attracted my attention was the fact that, among other members of a family, which included a deformed brother and an old lady who appeared to be the mother, were two young women, whose ages might have been respectively between eighteen and twenty-two years. Neither was remarkable for either beauty or plainness. They were both tall, slender; with rather fine eyes, regular features, and very heavy masses of dark, wavy hair. Of course these peculiarities only revealed themselves by degrees. It took some months for me to be able to distinguish them apart, and to become familiar with their features, form and other traits.

Sometimes I saw them seated on the portico, when I went up in the evening; but usually I saw them seated at the lower or upper windows. They were not always there when I passed, nor were they al-

ways together. Sometimes I would not see either for several days. At times one would be seated in the parlor below, or one or the other would be standing at the window above. In any case, I rarely ever had a view of them which lasted beyond a single glance, or, at most, for more than two or three seconds. The vehicle upon which I rode always moved rapidly, and hence there was but little time allowed for observation of any object along our route.

The reader now has before him the book from which he is about to read. This book consists of two young ladies, neither ugly nor handsome, of medium intelligence, and who, together or singly, once in two or three days, were visible at the window for a space which varied from one to three seconds. It is a very small volume from which to attempt to read much; but it will, perhaps, be found that there is a good deal more in it than there seems to be. Reading lives from faces is a species of short-hand process. It is full of delicate characters, each one of which expresses frequently a word, and often a whole sentence.

The first thing that attracted my attention was, that neither of the two young women appeared at the windows except when she was, so to speak, in full costume. They were never visible in the morning. Then the shutters were all closed. In the afternoon some of the lower shutters were usually open; and, seated in full view of the street, was one or the other, or sometimes both. At such times, their toilets were elaborate. Their abundant hair was artistically arranged, and their position such as to show to the best advantage both hair and dress.

There was something in the careful toilette and studied carelessness of their positions, which led to

the conclusion that they had arranged them to attract attention. That they were unmarried, was evident from a hundred things, but chiefly that I never detected them in *deshabillé* or gloved for household service. They were evidently unmarried, and were waiting and watching.

The object for which they thus waited and watched was apparent. Something in their positions and faces revealed the secret. The former was always suggestive of what I may term "adhesiveness." When together they seemed to incline towards each other with a movement that appeared full of affection, and which seemed to suggest the want of support. They seemed like two vines which had commenced twining about each other, and which by the very operation suggested the necessity of a stronger object upon which to twine. In short, there was something in their position with relation to each other which, while always attractive and interesting, unavoidably left the inference that there was wanting the element of strength to complete the group. The void which thus always appeared was one which only could be filled by the strength of manhood. No young man could gaze upon the picture without seeing in it something which powerfully suggested to him that he should become a part of it.

There was the same element of strength lacking in the positions assumed by either of them when she occupied the window alone. Of course, there was variety in her attitudes; but they all showed the same general character, and indicated the same result. She would sit, for instance, as if waiting. Her body would be thrown forward; her lips slightly parted, as if to welcome the comer, her head turned a little to one side, as if to catch the first foot-fall of

the expected one. Her eyes had, apparently, a languid, tender expression, as if the one who was coming were one who would be met with rapture. At other times, her attitude assumed the despondent. Her bowed head would rest in her hand; her half-closed eyes would gaze pensively into vacuity; and her whole expression would be that of profound dejection.

If the one position was suggestive of welcoming some one, the other was equally suggestive of disappointment at the arrival of no one. The latter seemed to possess an expression of infinite loneliness, Its inference was, that someone was lacking,—somebody was wanted to chase away the loneliness, to afford the bowed head a support other than the slender hands, and to win the melting eyes from the waste of tenderness which they were softly flashing into vacancy.

Was this nature or art? I will not undertake to say for the present. Suffice it, that in all their groupings, attitudes and expression, they suggested invariably that there was an absent element. That element was not that of woman. They seemed to develop all that was womanly. The missing, the completing element, suggested itself as one of strength, of manhood; of something which was the natural completement, and yet the exact opposite, of the various qualities which they so constantly developed.

It is probable that every young woman naturally expresses the same peculiar ideas that I gathered from these groups in the window; but, ordinarily, this is true only to a limited degree. In the case of the average of young woman, these suggestions are often scarcely understood by others; they are mysterious, tormenting, uncertain; but in the case of the

two of whom I write, the inference from their efforts was as plain as if written in a book.

As I have said, I have concluded that they were waiting and watching. Deftly and patiently they wove a shining web across the sashes. Now one labored at it, now the other, and then both. Its threads sparkled in the sunlight, and were reflected with a shimmer which was sometimes that of silver, or again one which was iridescent in the variety of its coloring. It was a parti-colored and altogether attractive web. One day a masculine fly fell into it; and the labor was rewarded.

I knew the fly was caught, because the labor at the web was discontinued; and I knew that nothing save death would turn a woman from her course when in pursuit of a husband. That they were not dead, I knew, for I continued to see them through the window.

It was some weeks before I caught sight of a slender, weak-eyed youth, with a large head, and whom I knew to be the fly that had ventured into the Circean web. But I knew that he—that is, some he—had become entangled. I discovered it through the window as easily as I had understood the process and objects of weaving the web. I knew it because the labor of weaving was discontinued. They came to the window as often as before; but the spirit which inspired the old groupings had gone. They now came and sat down the same as ordinary people. Neither expressed the action of waiting or expectation in the turn of her head or the poise of her body. They sat down carelessly. They stared through the windows at the passers-by precisely the same as they would had the people been so many cattle.

I readily discerned to whose share the victim had fallen. It was she who suddenly passed from a condition of pensive watching into one of common-place indifference. Hitherto she had always appeared as if expecting some one from the vacuity into which she gazed. All at once, she was found gazing straight into the street, or looking at her sister, as if the question of twining had become obsolete. Her hair lost its elaborate arrangement; her dress was now as often calico as silk,—as often thrown on loosely as it once had been fitted with the nicest care.

It was some time before the victim was visible. I first noticed him leaning disconsolately against the window, and looking abstractedly at nothing. He was always alone. He never seemed to form a part of the tableau which had once so suggestively invited his presence. Sometimes he was sitting in a chair, and leaning very much forward. He appeared to be possessed of a sort of married look, which expressed itself in a sort of general settling down of his body towards his boots. He seemed to be gradually passing from a solid to a gelatinous condition. His abstracted air, his lonely look, his general appearance of "settling down," told the whole history of his experience. He had ventured in to make the third in the picture in the window. He had desired to supply its needed complement. He had offered himself as the oak about which the clinging vines might twine. He had presented himself as the element of strength which only seemed lacking in the grouping behind the sashes. As a third, as a complement, as an oak, as an element of strength, he was evidently a failure.

Some months rolled away, and, after a while, the abstracted, lonely face disappeared from the window. An interval occurred, and then there were some strips of crape hung on the door-knob. Somebody was evidently dead; but the closed shutters gave no opportunity to discover who was missing.

A week or so later, there was another picture at the window. It was composed of the same old figures as the one which had been there long before. But this time, one was robed in deepest black, and I saw that she was a widow.

My last observations in that direction revealed that the grouping at the window was still continued. This time, it was the same, only more effective than before. The frail, stricken form in black seemed the very impersonation of weakness. There was a suggestion, in every fold of the black robe, of a loneliness that needed companionship; a weakness that needed support; a drooping that required the assistance of a strong arm. There was the same vine mutely appealing for something whereon to twine. There was the same picture, suggesting the lack only of masculine strength to secure its perfection.

And then the two were so admirably arranged,—the one to contrast, to serve as a foil to, a suggestion for the other. The supreme weakness and woe revealed in the attitude and habiliments of the one, suggested the need of a companionship more vigorous, more strong, than were afforded by the other. Ever the expression of the unwidowed one appeared to be: "Come, strong arms, and aid me to sustain this pitiful woe which now leans against weak me, and overpowers my slender strength!"

And thus the glimpses through the window revealed themselves; and thus the glimpses at the

window may be revealing themselves at the very hour in which I write. The deft web-weavers may be still at their labors of stretching the woof of their enchantment across the sashes. The threads of the web may still shimmer in the sunlight, — may still reflect the rainbow in their coloring.

There are just such windows all over the world, behind which are being woven just such webs. There are thousands of silly masculine flies which will become entangled in them, and, after a while, will be tumbled out, the mere skin of their former selves. Wherever there are artful women, and weak young men, there are such groupings, such pictures, such suggestions and invitations, and such results.

A REVELATION OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE writer hereof is a clairvoyant. He can see ahead of him, or behind him, when there is nothing to obstruct his vision.

The other day, after a discussion with a young woman on progress, social science, nursing babies, Anna Dickinson, woman's rights, and a few other matters, such as usually form the staple of chit-chat between a young woman and a young man, he fell into a reverie on the vast progress being made by men and women. From a reverie he passed into a clairvoyant condition, in which he saw many things. Here is what he saw:

It was a century later than the great American rebellion. Social science had developed with enormous rapidity. Vast changes had occurred everywhere, but chiefly in the relations of the sexes. In short, the conditions which existed in the nineteenth century had become exactly reversed in the case of men and women. The former had stopped growth; the latter had progressed. At the exact moment when the writer, a fair-haired blond of twenty, appeared among these reverse social conditions, women and men had just exactly changed the positions which they formerly occupied.

Woman had progressed to the ballot, and had continued on until she had usurped the rights of governing. As she seized upon the right, she had deprived

man of it, and had gradually forced him downward, and repressed him, until he was confined exclusively to the family. Man had grown timid and modest; woman bold and outspoken. She occupied the counting-rooms; attended the saloons; ran the billiard-rooms, edited the newspapers, filled the public offices, and thronged the hall of the Chamber of Commerce. He attended the boarding-schools; was the domestic in the kitchen; nursed and reared the children; filled the subordinate departments in the public schools; opened and owned millinery shops; danced in the ballet, and in short, felt and acted like the women of the century before.

It was a pleasant summer day in July, 1971, that this story begins. The golden-haired blond of twenty who is writing this article found himself on that particular day in the city of Chicago. He seemed to know that he belonged to a previous age; but yet he seemed to belong to the period and the society of 1971. He lived at home with his parents. His father was a gentle, amiable man, who was possessed of every quiet grace and accomplishment. His mother was likewise remarkable. He was fortunate in his mother. She was a woman of wonderful vigor of body and intellect. She was a lawyer, and a rising woman of massive judgment, prodigious energy, and untiring perseverance. She commanded universal respect, and was in a fair way to be elevated to the bench.

The golden-haired young hero of this tale found himself sitting upon the shaded verandah of a palatial house on an avenue on the West Side. Green vines clambered over the piazza, and fluttered tremulously, as touched by a cool breeze. Half concealed by these umbrageous vines sat our sweet

young hero. Near him sat his gentle father, engaged in hemming a pocket handkerchief. Upon the lap of the son lay a book. Near him was a guitar. Through the open window was seen his piano, and attached to one of its legs a gold medal, and to another a cross of the Legion of Honor. It was a superb Chickering-Steinway, and had taken two prizes at the World's Fair.

In the eyes of our sweet young hero was a dreamy, far-away look. His glance seemed to be turned upon something immeasurably distant—some scene peopled with glorious visions. Anon, a smile brightened upon his pouting, cherry lips. Suddenly his charming reverie was broken by the voice of his father.

"My son," said the latter, "of what are you thinking so intently?"

A deep blush suffused the face of the golden-haired, and it was with downcast eyes and a trembling voice, which he vainly tried to render indifferent, that he answered:

"Oh, nothing, papa!"

An arch smile stole over the kindly face of the father, as he noted these evidences of emotion.

"Ah, my sweet child! you can not deceive your father. Come, now, confess: you were thinking of Barbara, the law student!"

Carnation stole over his cheeks, and it was with downcast eyes and averted face that he replied:

"Oh, papa! how can you?"

A moment later, and the blushing youth had flung his arms about his father's neck, and his face was hidden in his father's bosom. The low-breathed confession then whispered in the father's ear by the clinging, kneeling son, is too sacred for revelation.

Suffice it that it was the confession of love's first young dream. The father heard it all, and then, pressing a kiss upon the brow of his clinging child, he whispered:

"Have courage, my Jakie; all shall yet be well!"

With one strong, almost convulsive embrace, the young boy released his hold, and fled with the speed of an antelope to the quiet of his room. The old gentleman gazed a moment at his retiring form, and then, brushing a tear from his eye, murmured:

"Ah! sweet child! How like what I was once myself, in years agone!"

It was night. The mother of our blond hero had returned from her legal labors.

The family was gathered in the comfortable drawing room. The mother sat with her feet on the mantel, smoking a cigar, and perusing the twelfth evening edition of a Chicago paper. The father and son sat by the centre-table, engaged in embroidery.

"How does your suit succeed, my dear?" said the father, breaking a prolonged silence.

"Oh, badly," said the head of the family, as she threw down the paper with a gesture of vexation. "You see," she continued, "the sympathies of juries now-a-days are all with a man. If he applies for divorce, or sues for breach of promise, a feminine jury will always give him their verdict. Times are not what they were."

"Well, never mind," said the affectionate father. "Don't think of it. Read us the news in that delightful, moral and poetical family paper, the *Sunday Bulldozer*."

The mother complied. Taking up the newspaper, she read as follows:

"UNUSUAL CRUELTY TO A HUSBAND.—Bridget Stapleton was yesterday morning, at the police court, fined $50, and required to give bonds of $500, to keep the peace toward her husband. The latter testified that he had passed through a siege of abuse and cruelty, which had continued for nine years."

"THE CASE OF ALLEGED RAPE.—Mary Ann Lind, the young woman accused of having committed a rape upon the person of Jeremiah Elliott, a deaf mute, was arraigned at the police court yesterday morning. No evidence was taken, and the case was continued until Friday, in bail of $1,000."

"A TRIPLE SENTENCE.—Delilah Guyton, a habitual drunkard, and chronic husband-whipper, was yesterday morning sentenced by Justice Sturtevant to pay a fine of $10, to be imprisoned in the bridewell ten days, and to give $200 bail to keep the peace."

"Women are becoming sadly demoralized," said the mother of our golden-haired hero, as she folded up the paper. "Nothing now-a-days but husband-beating on the part of women, and applications for divorce on the part of suffering men. It is terrible! something should be done to elevate man, and make him less dependent upon woman. By-the-way, my dear, you are one of the directors of the Erring Man's Refuge; how does that institution prosper?"

"Not so well as we could wish," replied the father, with a sigh. "To be sure we are effecting something; but prosti——"

A shriek from his son arrested the father's remarks. Turning toward the golden-haired youth, he was seen to be in hysterics.

"It was your remark, sir," ejaculated the mother sternly to the weeping father. "You do not seem to consider his sensitive nature. Why will you use such terms as pro——?"

Another and a louder shriek from the son interrupted her remarks. Burnt feathers and hartshorn were applied, and in a little while the youth opened his beautiful blue eyes.

"Where am I, father?"

"Here, darling, in your father's arms," said the latter, as he chafed the palid brow of his golden haired son. He was soon after removed, sobbing, but quieted, to his bed; and then, returning to the parlor, the parents resumed the conversation.

"We can do but little," continued the father, as he took up his embroidery, "because our sex seem mad beyond remedy. For every fallen man that we take from the bagnio, there are a dozen who take his place. Abandoned men boldly walk the streets, haunt our places of amusement, and every where jostle decency and virtue. The love of display in men; their vanity; their confidence in women,—these are what lead men to ruin. I am sure I do not know where to look for the remedy."

And thus for hours the conversation flowed apace.

Another night passed, and another day came. It was towards sunset. The boulevards, avenues and promenades of Chicago were thronged with its multifarious populations. Fair men and brave women crowded the thoroughfares, fanned by the breezes that fluttered inland after dipping their wings in the cool waters of the lake.

It was a motley crowd that flowed along the channels of the city. Abandoned men, gorgeous in dress, bold in looks, and painted like tiger-lilies, thronged the streets. At the crossings, and gathered in knots here and there, were women, who expectorated tobacco juice, puffed out volumes of cigar smoke, in-

dulged in ribald conversation, and commented upon the faces and ankles of the passing gentlemen.

Adown a principal thoroughfare came a beautiful, golden-haired young man, dressed with exquisite taste. His countenance seemed the home of purity and modesty. He saw the bold glances of the women lounging at the street-corners, but he understood them not, save that they filled him with an indefinable terror and loathing.

As his resplendent figure passed, men turned enviously, and women admiringly, to notice him.

At a distance, dogging his footsteps like sleuth-hounds, came two ill-favored, female ruffians. Ever at such a distance behind the golden-haired vision of loveliness, came the two.

Twilight melted into night, and the beautiful young man seemed suddenly to awake from a delicious reverie, and to become aware that night had fallen. Looking about him with a glance of terror, he saw that he was standing upon Rush street bridge. Beyond him was the lake, and beneath him Chicago river. He turned to retrace his steps, when suddenly he felt himself clasped by rough, strong arms. A wild shriek for help rang out upon the startled air; and then he became enshrouded with blissful unconsciousness.

"Look alive, Semantha!" said one of the ruffians; "that yell'll bring the perlice. Ef Mother Kennedy gets after us, we're a goner."

So saying, they they lifted the inanimate form of the unconscious youth, and bore it rapidly towards a hack which had constantly followed them.

At the moment that the ruffianly-looking female driver stood holding the door, and as the two she-

wretches were about to thrust in the pallid victim, there came an interruption. There was a rush of swift footsteps and, a moment later, a stalwart young woman, with eyes blazing with wrath, stood upon the scene.

"Unhand him, scoundrels!" and, as she uttered this in thunder tones, she launched out from the shoulder with both hands, and the she-ruffians rolled in the dust. Lifting the inanimate body of the youth, she sprang into the carriage.

"Now, woman, devil! drive us to my father's. You know me! Woe be on your accursed head if you do not obey."

Cowed by her eye of fire, the driver climbed upon her seat, and drove rapidly away.

"It is I, Jakie darling. Do you not know me?"

Jakie unclosed his beautiful eyes. The glare of a passing street lamp flashed in the carriage window, and he saw that he was in the arms of his own BARBARA!

We draw a veil over the scene that followed. Suffice it that, moved by gratitude for his escape, and the passionate appeals of Barbara, the beautiful youth consented to name the happy day. It was fixed for that day fortnight. The maternal blessing was given, and gorgeous preparations were made for the bridal. Time rolled away, and, on the morning of the appointed day, the golden-haired young thing was arrayed in his bridal garments and surrounded by sympathetic bridesmen.

A stately woman advanced, hands were clasped, and the solemn words uttered which united indissolubly the lives of this strong woman and this beautiful, virtuous man.

The writer regrets being unable to state what followed, owing to his being recalled early the same evening from his clairvoyant condition. The last he remembers was being shown to the nuptial chamber by his benevolent father.

A LEAP YEAR ROMANCE.

"DO'ST love me, sweet one?"

The hot blood rushed tumultuously into my burning cheeks as I heard this impassioned inquiry. My long lashes involuntarily sank upon my cheeks. My heart drummed a fierce tattoo against my breast. My long, taper fingers worked convulsively with my watch-guard. My voice sank back into my throat, and my reply came like the low murmur of waters, as they flow modestly from the fountain-head into the garish light of day. And the reply? It was:

"You bet!"

She clasped me convulsively to her bosom. My head fell upon her shoulder. The next moment she tenderly lifted my averted face, and our lips met in a long, clinging kiss.

This was on the evening of February 5, 1868, in a house on the West Side. I was just nineteen. Born in wedlock, I had already entertained a veneration for that institution.

I was just nineteen. My soul was pervaded with new and bewitching sensations. Mysterious, and yet delicious, flushes wandered through my being, coming and going I knew not whither. They were like aromatic breezes in search of flowers to breathe upon, and finding them not. These flowers which

my soul lacked were the young buds of passion,—of love. The germs—both plumule and radical—were there, but undeveloped. Hence, nothing for the mysterious breezes to breathe upon,—to dally with,—to caress.

But, on that evening, these germs suddenly expanded. They budded into modest tenderness, and then blossomed.

She who spoke to me—whose magic awoke these sleeping forms, and covered my whole interior life with young and gorgeous blossoms—was a lady of twenty-one summers. She was a magnificent creature. Her luxurious chestnut hair was ruffled in front like a wave touched by a disturbing breeze. A magnificent water-fall rose from, and intensified the expression of, her organ of philoprogenitiveness. Her eyes were dark as night, and seemed to float in a humid tenderness. Her teeth were diaphanous pearls. Her mouth was wide, with voluptuous lips that unfolded like a scarlet revelation. They were lips as suggestive of what was within as is the red flag of the auctioneer.

Her shoulders were of an exquisite roundness. They were like ivory injected with rich, red blood. Her white bosom rose and fell, not with the angular regularity of a pair of bellows, but with graceful and wave-like undulations. Her slender waist might be clasped with one's interlocked fingers. Her ——, but I forbear, lest I become tedious.

We sat side by side on the sofa. Her arm had stolen about my waist, and had drawn me close—very close—to her. Her other hand wandered, like an ethereal and shapely materiality, caressingly through my young moustache. My head reclined upon her marble shoulder; my nostrils drank in an

almost imperceptible, but intoxicating perfume, that emanated from the warm pillow of alabaster. My senses were rocked with the undulations of the bosom. The perfume bewildered; the almost impalpable motion lulled; the touch of her fingers gave forth electric discharges that thrilled through my sensuous centres with a result that was half scorching and half ecstatic. I seemed sinking into an abyss, which yet, while an abyss, was pervaded with delicious intoxication. I did not appear to be falling, but rather, as it were, floating gently down toward something, I knew not what, and which half-invited and half-terrified me.

But suddenly something seemed to call me to myself,—to life,—to reality. With a superhuman effort I lifted myself from out the abyss into which I was was falling,—falling. I lifted myself up, as a man who, standing in a basket, should, to escape some deadly peril, suddenly put forth a giant's strength, and lift himself over a protecting wall.

I came back to life from some nameless terror, whose outlines I saw beyond me. I saw but outlines. What menaced me I knew not.

Raising my eyes suddenly to hers, I saw that their blaze was toned down with an ineffable tenderness. The richest of carnation glowed all over her cheeks and bosom. I was seized with a nameless terror.

Bidding my wildly-throbbing heart be still, I summoned steadiness to my voice, and said:

"Now that you have wrung a confession of love from my lips, WHEN WILL YOU MARRY ME?"

The soft light rolled away from her eyes, as mists disappear from the face of the sun. The blood fled from her cheeks. Her eyes dropped confusedly.

"Marry — you?" she stammered.

"Yes, my own, marry me. Let us, in this moment of bliss, name the happy day, as men who slightly drunken with strong tea, agree upon a time when they shall meet for an intoxication upon the fiery wines of France."

"Nay, but, love," she said, "let us not now discuss this. To-morrow, or next week, we will arrange definitely our future. Let us not, with base dates, derange the spell of love's first, young dream. What is time to us?"

"Miss," I replied, "this minute, — this fractional portion of the present second! Not to-morrow for me!"

"Ah, you distrust me!" she exclaimed in a reproachful voice.

"Not distrust," I said, "but — safety."

"You have no confidence in me, my love! Believe in me,— confide in me, — trust me! Let us defer what you speak of till another meeting."

Suddenly I tore myself from her grasp, and sprang into the centre of the room. All the dark perfidy of the woman rose before me; her sinister intentions flashed over me, like a revelation come by lightning.

"Fiend! monster!" I exclaimed, as I menaced her with uplifted finger,—"I know you! Begone from this abode of purity! Such as you have no place here! Avaunt! Quit my sight, ere I call upon heaven's thunderbolts to annihilate you in the midst of your wicked purpose!"

Paralyzed by my vehemence, she arose, and, without one look or word of farewell, left the house. I stood erect and flashing with haughty anger, till she had disappeared, and then I sank helpless and senseless to the floor.

It was hours before I recovered consciousness. Since that hour, I have been weak and stricken, but, nevertheless, grateful, like one who has faced, and then escaped, a deadly peril.

I write this for the benefit of my brethren. This year is one that menaces us with mortal wrongs. Only those who are warned may escape. Even those who are warned will need far more than ordinary resolution to secure their safety.

Ah! my brethren, let us be vigilant. For twelve months will we be exposed to the attacks of a foe, than which there is none more subtle, seductive, and dangerous. Let each man who listens to my words take warning, and prepare himself for a struggle whose issues involve more than death.

THE HORRORS OF MASONRY.

THE noble enterprising, and moral Christians who met in Chicago for the purpose of kicking over Masonry, have my profound sympathies. Why I thus sympathize with their efforts, I shall proceed to relate.

Out in a smiling little railway town there can be seen, to-day, the remnants of a man. He now, in his reduced condition, weighs only 220. Had not there happened to him the fearful event which I am about to narrate, he might now weigh as much as a ton, or as the editress of *The Agitator*.

It was two years ago that this citizen became possessed with the righteous idea that Masonry is a blight, a wilt, a blast. After carefully examining the matter, he felt himself called upon to undertake a crusade against the afflicting organization. After consulting with several of his friends, he concluded to join the order, get its secrets, and then annihilate it by revealing them.

Bidding a tearful farewell to his loving wife, and clasping her in a fond, it might be a last, embrace, he started on his pilgrimage.

Going boldly to a lodge-room, he knocked loudly at the door, and was bidden to enter. He went in.

At that precise moment, the air was rent, and the earth shaken by a terrific burst of thunder. His knees smote together, as this menacing roar tore

through his ear; but he pressed forward, nerved by a high sense of duty.

It was noon of the following day. The single street of the little village was lined with anxious faces. Every man, woman and child had turned out to discuss the fate of him who had gone the night before to discover and reveal the secrets of Masonry. His frenzied wife, clasping an infant in either arm, tearing her disheveled hair with her hands, ran hither and thither, like a maniac, in search of her loved and lost.

Since the time of his departure, he had not been seen or heard of. It was believed that he had fallen a victim to the fury of the conspirators whom he had undertaken to expose.

Gradually the women, and the children, and the men, gathered in front of the gloomy pile which was believed to contain the *penetralia* in which met the dread Masonic order. With upturned faces, and anxious hearts, they gazed at its closed shutters, each of which seemed the repository of some awful secret.

Suddenly the front doors opened, and then, propelled by a tremendous kick, there shot into the street a horrid form!

It was that of the lost husband; but, oh! how changed! He was neither naked nor clad, for upon his left foot was a slipper; upon his right, a stocking; around his neck, a noose with a dangling cord!

He came down the steps at a headlong pace. His eyes were bloodshot, and were lighted with a glance of mortal terror. As he reached the sidewalk he recovered himself, and looked wildly around.

Thus he stood for five minutes, and then a woman

covered her face with her apron, and the other women, a few minutes later, followed her example.

Then he gave a demoniacal yell, and charged through the crowd. Up the street he tore like a maddened bull, yelling at every jump, as though punched with a red-hot iron.

The entire population started in pursuit. He kept on for three days, and then run himself into the ground, and was captured. He was found to be an idiot. He asserted that his name was Solomon Abiff, and he wanted an acacia set out in his ear.

To-day this victim of Masonic cruelty wanders about, aimless and hopeless. He often mistakes some body else's wife for his own, and can not recognize his own children. He is a melancholy wreck, and his friends have determined, as a last resort, to secure him a consulship to some foreign nation.

Does not this affecting incident prove the nefarious character of Masonry, beyond all dispute?

Some years ago I knew of a most foul murder being committed. A Mason was arrested for the crime. HE WAS NOT CONVICTED.

It was proved that he was 500 miles away at the time, and that the murdered man was killed by some body else. But what of that? Who doubts that he escaped because he was a Mason?

I know another case which shows the devilish disposition of Masons. A prominent married man applied to a friend whom he supposed to be a Mason, for the degrees. The latter got together six others, and organized a plan to receive the applicant.

The latter was received on the night in question, in the "lodge" room. Blue lights burned, and sol-

emn gongs roared, while the seven conspirators groaned portentously in chorus.

And then the applicant was blindfolded and led over one turned-up table, across twelve inverted chairs, tripped over seven extended legs, soused in four tubs of water, slid down one soaped board, against the grain, and was then brought up to be examined.

Sworn on an authenticated copy of Munchausen, to tell the truth, he was interrogated by the G. R. J., who was the village physician.

"Confess," said the latter, "all your sins. If there be one crime on your conscience, you must reveal it. On your honor, on your solemn oath, have you ever done aught to wrong the marital relations of any citizen of this village?"

"*Must* I answer this question?" said the shrinking candidate.

"You MUST, would you ever pass beneath the Royal Arch," solemnly responded Dr. R. "Answer, now, upon your fearful oath."

"No one, then, except—except—in the case of—Doctor R.!" reluctantly confessed the candidate.

Suddenly Dr. R. launched out his right hand, and "handed" the candidate "one" on his smeller. Then the latter tore off his bandage, and, being game, he responded with his left. Then the two clinched, and fought all over the one table and twelve chairs; four times up and down the soaped board, and in and out every tub of water, for four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Both were licked so badly that they had to be carried home on blankets.

A suit for divorce followed, and Dr. R. and Mrs. R. took separate lodgings.

This heart-rending occurrence exemplifies, further, the atrocious character of Masonry. It is seen that Masonry is a convenient garb in which men *not* Masons may perpetrate inhumanities and nameless crimes. I charge upon Masonry the breaking up of the happy family of Dr. R., by separating him from a wife, who loved wisely, and two well.

As a further proof of the infamous character of these Morgan-killers, I will expose some of their orgies which occurred at Haas's Park, near the city of Chicago.

St. John's day is observed by those people who killed Morgan. Morgan is a man who was killed in time to carry an election. His initials are G. E.,—Good Enough Morgan.

The men who killed Morgan had red plumes in their hats, at Haas's Park, which indicated their bloody character. They also had swords. They are the same kind of swords with which G. E. Morgan was slaughtered. They also carried several immense poles, which are pointed at one end. These poles are employed for the purpose of marking spots to be used for the graves of those whom the order slaughters.

A good many of the men had engravings of skulls on their breasts. These are accurate likenesses of the skulls of men who have been murdered by the Masons. When a Mason has killed three men he is entitled to wear a likeness of his victims' heads, and to take the degree known as Golgotha.

This is the true explanation of these skull badges. Of course the Masons do not own it. They pretended that they wore these skulls on account of the wet weather. They said a flood might come up,

and they wanted to be ready to skull themselves to dry land.

Each of them had the number 32 among his ensigna. This is the number that each of them is sworn to kill.

The Masonic performances at Haas's Park were of a sinister character. How many men and women were slaughtered during the orgies of the day, and buried among the shadows, no one, unless a member of the anti-Masonic societies will ever know. One man not a Mason was discovered among the crowd. An hour later, he was found lying on his back behind a tent. He was dead, yes, dead—drunk.

Some of the ceremonies of the saturnalia were horrifying. One Druidical looking Mason, with a long, gray beard, and lurid spectacles, read something from a roll of manuscript. As he did so he was surrounded by an auditory that occupied itself with weird and fantastic ceremonials. His words seemed to fill them with a strange power. Unearthly sounds filled the building, in which one could distinguish gurglings like that of blood from gashed throats, or the flow of champagne from bottles. The air was filled with whizzing pellets the size of corks. Bursts of demoniacal laughter tore through the din. The further the speaker with the lurid spectacles proceeded, the louder grew the clamor.

It was a fine address—probably. It was a ceremonial said to be illustrative of the condition of the Masons who built the tower of Babel.

Some of the Masonic rites are peculiar. As every thing about the craft has some mathematical connection, the triangle, the square, the pentagon, etc., were symbolized. The circle was represented by six small rings about the size of a silver dollar. A

Masonic candidate would take these six rings and attempt to throw them, one at a time, over spikes driven in a board. To take one of these degrees cost twenty-five cents. If the candidate threw one of the rings around one of the spikes, he was adjudged worthy and well qualified.

Another degree, which was conferred upon a good many, was one in which the candidates stood in rows, and poured an amber-colored fluid, with a creamy surface, into their opened mouths. These degrees cost five cents each. One man took forty-two of these during the afternoon. He was then the highest Mason on the ground, except a thermometer. There was a thermometer on the ground that had reached the 85th degree.

Every once in a while would be heard a loud exclamation. It came from somebody who was being murdered. In several cases of which I was a witness, these fell victims of Masonic vengeance were outsiders, who were disposed of by being shot in the neck.

Lovely women were there, who mingled with the descendants of men who killed Morgan as freely as if they had been pious members of the Young Men's Christian Association. A woman is a mystery. Her liking for Masonry can only be explained on the ground that it is composed exclusively of men. In loving Masonry, she is engaged in a sort of wholesale business of the affections.

The sexton of the order is a man named Berry. He has charge of the Berry-al services. It has its Bailey, which will hold more than any other institution of the kind in existence.

And all this time the killing was going on about the encampment. Just how many were slaughtered

will not be known with certainty until the next meeting of the anti-Masonic Convention.

Mrs. Livermore is not a member. She stated in a late speech that when she was born she turned her face to the wall and wept because she was a girl, and was, therefore, forever debarred from being a Mason and obtaining her rites.

There were several cases of missing men, which shows the true character of Masonry. One woman missed her husband. They had been long married, and she had learned to like him. And now he was gone. She commenced a frantic search. She found him in a tent, conversing in low, impassioned tones with a woman younger and better looking than herself. Her heart was broken at the sight! Such are the doings of Masonry!

They had what was called an encampment. A Mason in camp meant one who was engaged in something horrible, as can be proved by the proceedings of the anti-secret national convention. The latter had some camps. These scamps at Farwell Hall differed from those camps at Haas's Park.

Toward night, when the Masons grew tired of slaughter, they simply selected their victims, and left them bound. I saw scores of them bound—for home. It was a thrilling spectacle. One's heart bled as he contemplated their woe-begone faces.

There were two Masons there who seemed to appreciate the true character of the order to which they belong. Their names are W. A. Stevens and J. Ward Ellis, dentists. Both of them are in the habit of looking down in the mouth.

Enough has been said, in this article, to show up the true character of Masonry. Their orgies, at

Haas's Park, among the trees, show their treasonable nature. The number of knights among them prove the darkness of their proceedings. Unless everybody wishes to be Morganized, they should be suppressed.

A DREAM, AND HOW IT WAS FULFILLED.

IN the fall of 1862 I was suddenly called from home by pressing business. The affair necessitated a journey of several hours by rail, and then the crossing of some fifty miles of country on horseback. I calculated to reach the railroad terminus on the night of the day upon which I left home. Procuring a horse, I proposed to leave the terminus early the next morning, and to gain the end of my journey some time during the earlier portion of the following night. My business would consume two days, and I should return in two more; and hence my absence would be included within a week.

The place at which I was living was a large city in one of the Southern States, and the few miles of railroad were the beginning of a line which, when completed, would cross the State. The point to which the road was completed was a town of some three hundred inhabitants; and here resided a distant relative of my wife. I had been married only a week when the necessity which called me across the State made its appearance.

Very naturally, my wife objected to the journey; but, as it was imperative,—involving many considerable interests,—I could not yield, however gladly I would have done so, to her request. It

then occurred to her that she might accompany me to the terminus of the road, and there, with her relative, await my return. My desire for her society, and also to gratify her, overcame some objections which suggested themselves when I thought that the place at which she would have to stay was but poorly supplied with comforts, or even ordinary conveniences. I hinted at the existence of these probable discomforts; but it was of no avail.

"That may all be," said she; "but they will not last long; and, besides, I think them a very cheap price to pay for the pleasure, of your society to T. and return.

Women, with the dew of girlhood yet fresh on their lips, and sparkling in the sheen of their eyes, possess irresistible argumentative powers, although, mayhap, they have never heard of Whately.

Of course, I consented; and, at a little before dusk that same day, we found ourselves dismounting from the train at T. I found, without difficulty, the residence of my wife's relative; and, in the course of half an hour, we were under his roof.

The residence of my wife's relative—whom I will call Hermance—was situated about three-fourths of a mile from the outskirts of the town. It was a farm-house of the better class, and was surrounded by the usual negro-cabins and out-houses.

At that time, the war was in progress; and the country about Hermance's was liable to be visited by roaming bands belonging to both sides. My friend had never taken an active part in politics; and, being supposed to be quiet, conservative and inoffensive, he had the good will of both the belligerents, and, in consequence, was rarely disturbed by either. The most that had hitherto happened to

him was the taking of a horse, or the slaughter of some of his hogs; but even these depredations were not authorized, and were committed against the orders of, or were unknown to, responsible parties.

Just at that time, rumors reached the place that a one-armed guerrilla, noted for his brutality and disregard of all right, was, with a small force, ravaging the country, some seventy miles distant. But he had hitherto confined his operations to the lower portion of the State, and it was not expected that he would venture so far north as T. His performances were, therefore, discussed simply as a portion of the current news of the day, and not with any view to his probable appearance in that neighborhood.

The unsettled state of the country disquieted me somewhat; and I, therefore, urged upon my wife to return to the city in the morning train. She refused, and was the more obstinate in her refusal for the reason that Hermance and his family were emphatic in pooh-poohing the idea that the slightest danger was to be incurred by her remaining.

"And then, only think," said my wife, "of the long journey to town, all alone. Besides, I want some fresh air; and then, by staying here, I shall see you ever so many hours sooner."

There is no particular use of reasoning during the honeymoon; logic is an after-growth; and, consequently, I soon found myself under the necessity of yielding. I gave a reluctant and foreboding consent; and the next morning, at daylight, upon one of Hermance's unequaled horses, I was cantering up the valley-road that led to my destination.

It is not necessary to describe the details of my ride, further than to say that the weather was

superb and bracing, the roads dry, hard and excellent. Just before sundown, I drew rein at a dilapidated "hotel" of a half-ruined country town named R——, which was the place to which my business called me. Two or three times during the day, I met country people, and, in our exchange of news, I had been told that "One-Armed Johnson," as he was termed, was moving northward. At each time that this rumor was mentioned, it was accompanied with an account of some fiendish atrocity said to have been committed by this ferocious leader. It was said that he had shot down this one in cold blood in the midst of his family; and that, in another case, the wife and daughter of some other had been given over to the brutal lusts of the gang, in the very presence of husband and brothers.

These things did not have much effect upon me until I had retired to my bed at night. During the day, the swift rush of the air, and the constant accession of new subjects,—of trees draped in all the variegated glories of autumn; of flocks of wild turkeys crossing the road before me; of an occasional deer bounding away in the depths of some wood,—all these had distracted my attention, and left me little opportunity of pondering upon the information I had received.

But, with this silence of night, my mind had full scope for the examination of the intelligence which I had received. As report had it, Johnson was marching directly towards T.; and, as he was only some seventy miles distant three days before, it began to seem to my excited imagination that, if he continued northward, he would, within a very short

time, reach the neighborhood in which I had left my wife.

Disagreeable as were these reflections, I could console myself only with the idea that I could not, at the instant, do any thing to prevent what might occur. Much troubled, but hoping for the best, I finally, and, with many starts and wakings, fell into a profound sleep.

How long I slept before my thoughts began to take shape and form themselves into regular processes, I can not remember. The most I can recall with reference to this portion of the night is, that I fell asleep after a long time; and then there ensued an oblivion which surrounded me, as it were, by a great waste of darkness.

When my recollection grasps what first occurred, I seemed to be some where in the midst of a chaos, of which I was the only living figure. I was upon a vast plain, like that which would remain were the sun blotted out, were vegetation to die, and were all motion and life struck from existence. A great darkness lay upon everything, through which I could peer for a short distance, but in which I could only discover vast rocks, with precipitous sides and innumerable points. Among these rocks there were no paths, no voices,—nothing but a silence, which was awful in its extent.

How long I wandered here I can not tell. I seemed to have no definite aim; but it appeared as if I sought something whose character I did not know. This something was to be gotten only by moving forward; and thus I continued to wander for a length of time, which appeared that of a lifetime. For all these years I groped amidst this darkness,—clambering over and around the ever-

lasting rocks,—and meeting always with only the profound silence and the interminable gloom. My companions were the unyielding rocks, the obscurity and the silence. I would attempt to cry out at times; but my voice seemed frozen. It was as noiseless as a stream locked in the embraces of winter.

After what was a century of wandering amidst the solitude, the pointed rocks, and the darkness, there came a period which possessed motion, but no life. Truncated cones, with their smaller ends touching the earth, and their bases high in air, and inclined a little from the perpendicular, seemed to revolve with enormous rapidity. Beside these, there were immense globes, and they spun about their centres with infinite swiftness. Both were the color of burnished silver; both were stationary, save in their revolutions about their own centres. Noiselessly, but with a dizzying swiftness, their bodies revolved. There was still no life,—only these forms and their revolutions. There was no seeming cause for their motion. They spun like the balance-wheel of a machine after the power has been removed.

To the world of my dreams there were now added light and motion. It needed yet life for its completion.

In the new phase of my dream, to which there had come light and motion, I appeared to have no important part. I moved among the whirling cones and spheres as if they had been non-resistant. When I ran against one of them, it seemed to enter my form as if I had been simple air; and, while one was thus against me, or partly within me, its motion kept up continuously, and I experienced a peculiar feeling, as if that portion of my form, or body, within the

reach of the whirling object, had become a part of it, and as if it had partaken of the motion.

This light and this motion gave me no impression, save a dim premonition that they indicated the swift approach of some terrible catastrophe.

Motion and light had been added to the original chaos of my dream. Suddenly there came LIFE.

A transition, so rapid that it left me no time to note the details of how the one disappeared and the other came, suddenly occurred. In an instant the revolving cones and spheres gave place to a wooded road winding down the valley of a shallow stream. I recognized it as the road along which I had traveled the morning previous. At the same instant, there came the resonant clatter of hoofs; and, a moment after, a party of horsemen, on a swift gallop, emerged from the forest, and moved in the direction of the settlement I had left in the morning.

They were a rough, ferocious crowd. They were dressed in almost every conceivable manner, from blue to gray, and including the rough homespun dress of the farmer. All had guns lying across their thighs at the pommels of their saddles. Some had sabres, whose steel scabbards gave forth a metallic rattle as they bounded from the flanks of the horses. Nearly all had revolvers strapped to their waists; and a few carried enormous knives, not unlike rudely-constructed swords.

At their head rode a man of vast stature and prodigious breadth of shoulders. His black hair hung in long and tangled masses below the collar of his gray coat. He wore a slouch hat with an immense brim, which, turned up above his eyes, gave him a singularly wild, reckless appearance. His beard was of great luxuriance, and hung down till its ends

mingled with the tossing mane of his fiery horse. His left arm had been taken off between the elbow and the shoulder. With his right hand he managed the motion of his horse, and seemed to guide it rather by volition than by the touch of the reins.

I recognized "One-Armed Johnson," and his band of guerrillas.

It required but a second to notice all these details. I had barely taken them in when the cavalcade emerged from a gorge formed by the narrowing of the valley. At this point, the road crossed the stream, and ran at right angles across the sloping valley up to the height upon which was situated the house of my friend Hermance.

Plunging into the stream, the party sent the water flying in wild confusion, and then they cantered up the slope. I appeared to be standing at the exact point where the valley suddenedly widened out from the gorge. The sloping ascent of the road, the farm-house, in unsuspicious security, the party of brigands were all before me as if upon a map. I divined their purpose; and I made the most frantic efforts to advance in the direction of the house. I could not move an inch. An invisible, but impenetrable, wall seemed to bar my progress; and I dashed myself against it vainly, but with frenzied desperation. I essayed to call out; but my voice seemed to reach only to my lips.

All the time I saw the party of horsemen advancing. When about half way up the slope they suddenly, at a word of command from their leader, formed abreast, in two lines, on his right, facing toward the house. A moment after, some dozen or fifteen moved in advance of the rest. They deployed like a line of skirmishers; and, while the centre

moved forward slowly, the right and left flanks advanced rapidly, till the line resembled a long crescent. This line moved forward, and closed about the building, entirely surrounding it; and, an instant after, the leader and the main body, at a swift gallop, dashed on the green in front of the house.

There was a moment's parley; and then a long puff of white smoke, with a thin body of flame, poured from one of the windows, and, almost simultaneously, a riderless horse detached itself from the struggling mass, and, with a snort of terror, galloped up the road, and, with swinging stirrups, disappeared over the brow.

What followed passed with the rapidity of lightning. There were fierce flashes, puffs of smoke, the thud of bullets, and the sound of breaking glass. Then a blue smoke rolled up from the further side of the house, which soon became darker, and was mixed with great gushes of flame. I saw that the house was fired. The flames burst from a window, then ran in spirals under the eaves, and then crawled, like slender serpents, over the roof. A little later, and the roof was a volcano, which seemed to vomit flame, smoke, and cinders, which shot to an immense height, and then fell outward, as if the whole were a fountain bursting upward with irresistible power.

Just before the flames enveloped the whole structure, I saw a female figure rush wildly to an upper window, and then recoil as if appalled by the hell of flames which roared around and beneath her. It was my wife! I saw her turn away with a wild, despairing look, and an imploring gesture; and then the flame and smoke enshrouded the window, and I saw her no more.

I made one more tremendous effort to rush to her assistance. The invisible barrier seemed to give way before me, and I plunged madly forward; but, at the very first bound, infinite depth suddenly yawned beneath me, and I felt myself falling into space—down, down, with terrible velocity, like a cannon-ball dropped from the clouds; and then, as I seemed about to be crushed to fragments against the bottom of the abyss, a strong, yielding medium appeared to receive me, to break the force of my descent; and then I awoke.

Day was just dimly breaking. A few weak rays of grayish light entered my room, and gave to its contents a ghastly visibility. The horrors of my dream were fresh upon me; and, impelled by an indefinable terror, I had but one thought—that of reaching T. Dressing myself, I hurried forth to the stable; and, throwing a few ears of corn before my horse, I waited with feverish impatience through the age which was consumed by the animal in eating. I could not eat; and I only waited till the corn had disappeared to take my departure. Without disturbing any of the household, I led out my horse, threw myself in the saddle, and spurred savagely on my return.

I devoured the space which separated me from T. with a fevered body and a soul constantly racked by the horrors of my dream. My mind's eye saw constantly the figure in the window, stretching appealingly its white arms for aid. My imagination followed it within the shroud of fire and smoke, and saw it rushing hither and thither, and at length falling, suffocated by the pitiless flames. I saw constantly the shuddering, writhing form, and my ears rang with its shrieks of anguish.

It was scarcely more than four hours—as I afterward learned—from the time that I started, that I found myself entering the gorge at whose termination was visible the residence of Hermance. I recognized the features of the stream, the banks, and the narrowing valley, exactly as they appeared in my dream the night before. In another moment I should have before me the blackened ruins of the farm-house and my soul reeled as I anticipated the first view of the desolation, and the subsequent revelations of its horrors. The road was filled with hoof-marks, and the water still lay on the stones and sand where it had been splashed by the passing animals. The next instant, dashing across the stream, I rounded the abutment of the gorge, and, with a shudder of apprehension, turned my eyes to the rise beyond me.

It was a beautiful September day. The air was pure as crystal, save where delicate forms of smoke drifted along or reclined upon the horizon. Beyond a peach orchard lay the brown farm-house, and around it clusters of negro cottages. From its chimney there curled, peacefully and lazily, a light-blue smoke. Some negro children and dogs gamboled among the trees. Quiet, peace, beauty, reigned over the scene,

There were no smoking ruins—no desolation. The farm-house with its patriarchal and sylvan surroundings, slept as peacefully under the autumn sunlight as if it had been located among the Isles of the Blessed.

It would be tedious to relate the surprise occasioned by my appearance; my explanations, and the chagrin of my friend over the ruin of his blooded saddle-horse, I will merely state in this connection,

that there had been no alarm from any source since my departure.

I have only to add that, two or three days later, among some captures made during a cavalry expedition, was that of this same one-armed guerrilla and several of his companions. He was brought to the city, and, inspired by curiosity, I resolved to see this terrible bandit. I readily obtained admission to a position where I could see him as he traversed the corridor of the prison.

To my intense surprise, I found before me the *fac simile* of my dream. There were the same long, unkempt locks, falling over the collar of the gray coat; the same enormous beard, stalwart form, broad shoulders, and arm missing between elbow and body.

I entered into conversation with him; and he was garrulous and boastful in relating what he had done, and what he had designed doing. Among other things, he said:

"I had a nice thing on hand a day or two before I was picked up. I had heard that there was a paymaster at T., and I intended to go for him. The night before I intended to take the town, I was in camp at R. In the morning, I found that a fellow in the Government service, who had just come from T., and who had staid all night at R, had left before daylight and gone back to T. I suppose he had found out some how that I was around, and what I meant, and had gone back to head me off. Anyhow, I thought I wouldn't go that time.

"You are acquainted at T., are you? Well, if you know a man there by the name of Hermance, just give him my compliments, and tell him, if I ever get out of this, I want some of his horses. He's

got some of the best stock this side of h—ll. And tell him, too, that when I come after his horses, I'll just take his scalp, for I've heard that he's been playing double. I meant, when I went for the paymaster at T., to give Hermance a call; but the thing will keep, and I'll drop on him some other time."

GETTING A DRINK UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"TAKE her up!"

"I'm alone!"

"Pass!"

"Yes, 'pass;' that's the word. Just pass that pocket ordnance, will you?"

I was the last speaker. My *vis-a-vis* on the car seat laid down his 'lone hand—both bowers, queen, and seven-spot—reaching into the breast-pocket of his overcoat, and hauled out a big-bellied pocket-pistol. Unscrewing the metal cap, I inhaled the delicious aroma of some S. O. P. After giving the sense of smell an opportunity, as it were, to take a drink, I applied one end of the flask to my mouth, and slowly elevated the other.

A thin stream of the electric nectar had began to crawl lazily throatward over my tongue; the thrilling intelligence of a coming drink had just begun to be telegraphed from the nerves of the mouth to other portions of the system; stomach, brain, extremities, were beginning to thrill with anticipated bliss over the expected libation—when——

I regret, even at this distant moment, to say that I never took that drink.

Raising my eyes with somewhat of that instinctive thankfulness which animates a chicken when it

takes a sip of cooling water, I happened to glance out the car window.

"Good heaven, Tom! There's the old man Marsh!"

The S. O. P., that had began to trip, like a nuptial march, across my tongue, was suddenly interrupted. Down went the flask, and, a second later, I was occupying a seat on the other side of the car, and was engaged in solemnly gazing out of the window upon the waste of snow that stretched away to the horizon.

This promising drink was not taken, this change of seats was made, because I happened to see a portly old gentleman, with a double chin, a cane, a rheumatic limb on one side, and a not fashionable stove-pipe hat, walking along toward the car in which we sat.

This was the old man Marsh who had spoiled my drink.

Who was the old man Marsh?

Mr. John Marsh was a lumber-merchant who lived not a thousand miles from Chicago. He was well to do. He had a pinery in Wisconsin, rafts on the Mississippi in summer, and lumber-yards all over Iowa and Wisconsin, the year round. What was of more importance to me, he had a daughter.

A young woman, with a fine form, a peachy bloom on her cheeks, and eyes like black diamonds. I had met this young lady, and her motto, henceforth, in my case, was: *veni, vidi, vici.*

Just then out of college, and embarked in a literary career, I was somewhat given to look upon the wine when it was red, and the accomplishment of tasting it. It seemed to agree with me.

Now, if Mr. John Marsh loved any thing next to his daughter and a good lumber season, it was the virtue of total abstinence. A young man who indulged in the flowing bowl was to him a good deal worse than a broken raft with no insurance, or any other unmitigated evil.

I had just commenced publishing a daily newspaper in Davenport, Iowa. On the morning of that particular day there had come to me from Chicago a harum-scarum youth, to his intimates known as Tom Meeley. Tom was just from Cambridge, and was reading law with a Chicago Blackstone. Tom intermitted the study of law with practice at the bar. He was a heavy practitioner for a young one.

Since then, he has gone into short-hand and extra mural gardening, and he doesn't do as much of the bar practice as he did.

On that Christmas morning of December, 1856, Tom had induced me to take a run over to Iowa City. The Legislature was in session; things were lively at the capitol; and fun was reasonably to be anticipated.

Taking along two flasks of liquid refreshments, two other young men to make up a euchre party, and a pack of cards, we took the morning train.

At the very first station after leaving Davenport, had occurred what I have above alluded to.

I was very thirsty. I had not wet my lips that morning; and was preparing for what my friend Mort. terms "an Enormous drink," when Mr. John Marsh passed across my line of vision.

A minute or two later, the portly form of the old gentleman filled two-thirds of the seat which I occupied.

He was glad to see me. Had been to see about a lumber bill, at the place where he got on, and was going to Iowa City, to see about some more lumber bills.

I inquired respectfully about the health of his amiable self. Then about that of his respected wife. Then about the lumber business. Then about a religious revival in his town. Finally about the fair Harriet. The latter query elicited only a sententious reply—"Oh! she's well."

En passant, there had come rumors to that good old man's ears that I was a trifle given to a habit which all Good Templars look upon with religious abhorrence. Therefore had he not been overwhelmingly enthusiastic in such slight advances as I had made in the direction of the gentle, young Harriet.

Therefore did he a trifle abridge his reply when, after inquiring after sixty-five other things, I ventured to inquire after a certain old man's daughter.

Meanwhile, my late companions were luxuriously engaged. Tom, who knew my reasons for leaving the party, had imposed non-intercourse upon the others. They shuffled, cut, dealt, went it alone, told riproarious stories, and shamelessly took drinks the while.

Especially did they aggravate me—who was so thirsty—by nodding at me when I looked, and when my companion wasn't looking, then reversing their flask, and letting me hear the musical gushing of what was as much denied me as the cup to Tantalus.

"Isn't it terrible that young men should act so?" said my venerable companion, indicating, with a jerk of his head, the party across the way. He looked searchingly into my face for my reply.

"'Terrible!' Oh, yes! It *is* terrible! My heart bleeds when I see young men thus wasting the golden opportunity of youth, and indulging in practices which *must* terminate in disaster, disgrace and ruin!"

The face of Mr. John Marsh at once assumed a changed expression. He seemed suddenly to think more of me. We talked of how wicked are wicked men, and how good are good men. He even told me something about Harriet.

* * * * * * * * *

We were all in the hotel at Iowa City. It was nearly bed-time. The old gentleman had taken a wonderful fancy to me. He had even insisted that we should occupy a double-bedded room.

He had not left me a moment after the arrival of the train. I had introduced him to some of the State officials. He had invited me to a plate of oysters with him.

He felt toward me like a father-in-law.

Meanwhile I was thirsty to distraction. It was a nipping day; and there came from the subterranean recesses of the hotel an aroma of hot punch that was maddening as a fat beef-steak two inches beyond the nose of a chained bull-dog. With the aroma there ascended the sound of song and laughter.

I was getting to be insane. I heard Tom's voice. I knew what was occurring. I felt the glow of the hot stove—inhaled the fragrance of the steaming punch; I felt it thrill me like a shock of bliss—all in imagination.

Mr. John Marsh never quitted me for a moment. We talked business, politics, morality, religion, and

the benefits of a virtuous life. He requested me, just before bed-time, to wait while he wrote home a note.

I afterwards saw the postscript to the note. Here it is:

"Tell Harriet I have met Mr. ——. I like him very much. The reports about his dissipation are false. He is one of the steadiest, most serious, and promising young men I know. I have no further objection to her receiving his attentions."

Ten minutes later, this inflexible old man had hauled me off to bed. I went as a hungry epicure would leave untasted a superb dinner to go fifteen miles through snow-drifts to visit a sick neighbor down with the measles.

A lemon-y odor, and a roaring old chorus of

"We won't go home till morning."

were the last thing that I smelled and heard as we entered our room and shut the door.

It was maddening. I thought of rebelling. Then I thought of the peach-cheeked Harriet. And then I thought I wouldn't. I crawled into bed, wondering what the d—l old Tantalus would think, providing *he* was placed where I was.

Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I would have just one punch, anyhow. The old gentleman was in bed, and couldn't smell my breath. A plan! A plan! Eureka!

"Oh, Lord! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"What is it?" came in an alarmed tone from my companion's bed.

"Oh, my! Oh, dear! such a pain! Oh, oh! oo—oo—oo!"

He offered to get up, and go for a doctor. He

was confoundedly willing and most infernally sympathetic.

"No, my—oh!—dear sir. No—oh—oh! Don't disturb yourself. Only—oh!—oh!—a sudden spasm. All I need—oh! is a little camphor or something!"

I slid into my garments, and went off groaning like an overladen freight locomotive, promising to return in a few minutes.

As the door closed on me, the spiced gales from below struck my sense of smell as the sight of water greets the sight of one who is dying from thirst. Following my nose as one might push in the teeth of a stiff breeze, I pursued the aroma till it brought me to the depths below.

A warm smell of sawdust, the pervading fragrance of lemon and Scotch whisky, the sight of Tom and three others sitting about a table with steaming punch pitchers before them, were what greeted my nostrils and eyes as I entered the hall of the symposium.

There was a roar of delight at my appearance.

"A punch, quick, boys!"

Some two or three minutes were consumed in mixing. I whetted my senses with the steaming fragrance. I was overwhelmed with questions. The boys sang, roared, questioned, drank. I answered as I could, and, between the while, thundered at the boy:

"Quick, for your life, and as strong as lightning!"

It came—hot, aromatic, penetrating, promising. I poured it into a goblet.

"A toast! a toast!" roared the red-faced bacchantes.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"Up, then, to your feet," said I. "Fill to your brims. Here's to the sweetest young woman on the footstool, and to myself, her future husband, and to the oldest result thereof, whose name shall be ——"

"I stopped petrified. The sentence was never finished. I was facing the entrance while speaking. The door was slowly opened and there entered ——

Mr. John Marsh!!

The countenance of that venerable old statue in the doorway will haunt me to the end of my time.

* * * * * * * * * *

Sometime after this tremendous occurrence, I saw a letter written on the 26th of December, 1856, and dated at Iowa City. It had a P. S., which read as follows:

"Tell Harriet I have since altered my mind about ——. I forbid her having any thing to do with him. He is a dissipated, shameless young man. I caught him in the very act of drinking, after having deceived me most abominably. And, to crown it all, he had the unblushing impudence to ask me to take a hot whisky to the health of his future father-in-law."

This letter was signed, "Your Husband, J. Marsh."

I have only to add that, some time after, I did marry a woman with diamond-black eyes, a peachy complexion, and whose name is Harriet.

How, and through what tremendous labors, this was accomplished, mattereth not.

A MORAL COUNTRY PLACE, AND ITS PEOPLE.

MEN—that is, men who labor—are bows, and their purposes are their arrows. Bows which shoot often, necessarily are bent a good deal. It is a good plan to take off the string occasionally, and hang them up in the sun to regain elasticity.

Sagittarius is a citizen who has been in the bow business for some time. He became much bent in consequence. His arrows went feebly, and dropped short of the mark. Sometimes they hit, but fell back harmlessly. Sagittarius was losing his springiness; his string gave no metallic twang, but hung rather limp and loose. And so Sagittarius took off his string, and took himself into the country.

The country is a good thing. It evolves the mysteries of growth. In its elements of growth there are collateral elements of strength and recuperation. It has a surplussage of forces which are not needed in production, and which communicate themselves by contact, as the steel takes magnetism from the loadstone. These recuperative forces can not be bottled and transported. They must be smelled, and tasted, and felt at their places of origin. One can not bring sunlight into a closed room. He must go where the sunshine is. It will

not come to him. It can not be carried in his carpet-sack, like a bottle of bitters. And so of all the other forces. The perfume will not leave its birthplace in the flower.

Being a thrifty health-seeker, Sagittarius avoided Saratoga, the Beach, and the White Mountains. Seeking a point where there is a union of the minimum of men and the maximum of nature, he betook himself to Ramengo. There are a railroad, a postoffice, a few churches, and a good deal of prairie at Ramengo. Around it are broad wheat-fields in brown stubble, and corn-fields green as an array of Fenians. Belts of timber straggle forward from or disappear in the distance. Little groves of scrub oak dot the emerald prairie. There is a tinkle of cow-bells about the town; and here and there may be seen masses of brown, and black and white, which closer inspection resolves into browsing cattle; and the whitey-brown piles at intervals are known by the initiated to be sheep.

Such are some of the surroundings of Ramengo, as they revealed themselves to Sagittarius when he alighted at the depot. There were some people around the depot. They are the same people that Sagittarius has seen all his life at every railroad depot. They seemed detailed for depot service, and, by some singular means, they transport themselves from one depot to another, and always get to one just before the train. There is one short, thick-set man, who rushes up with a canvas mail-bag, which a man with a pencil behind his ear takes into the car, and at the same time hands out another which is the twin brother of the other. There is a man with large boots, who puts an old hair-covered trunk on the train, and takes off another hair-covered trunk,

which looks like an elderly cousin of the one just starting out. There are two young women, who chew the end of their parasols, and who always examine the train as if they expected their long-absent uncle. These two young women have dresses of rather loud colors. They gaze bashfully at the grimy faces in the car-windows; and sometimes, when some one stares at them rather impudently, they turn aside and remark to each other confidentially something which sounds like "Te, he!" There is the ex-veteran, or rather a sore-eyed ancient in a cavalry coat, which you suspect may have been a donation. There is an African who suns himself upon an adjacent fence; and two young men with very large feet, and enormously long legs, and exceedingly round shoulders, who stare open-mouthed into the car-windows, and then proceed to "make game" of the tired-looking "city feller" that gets off from the train. There are a burly cart-man, with a sleepy horse, and a half-dozen boys, who, in all variety of costume, chase each other across the car-platforms, in and out the depot, or across the track in front of the engine. There is also the inevitable one-legged individual, and close by him are two dogs, which inspect each other with tails stiff as ramrods, and many growls.

This saw Sagittarius at Ramengo. A pretty, blue-eyed young woman revealed herself through the open door of the depot. Her fingers were busily clicking some notes on that collection of coils, and magnets, and acids known as "the instrument." Such fingers should hold converse only with the strings of harps; they were now sending an order for butter, or giving information as to the supply of eggs. It must be heavenly for a woman to be a tel-

egraph operator, for then she will come in possession of so many secrets. And yet it must be torture for a woman to be a telegraph operator, for then she will know a thousand things which she cannot tell to any other woman.

Ramengo is an interior town, and resembles more or less several hundred other interior Western towns of the same size. There is one street, upon which are all the shops and places of business. There are some cross and side-streets, upon which live the inhabitants. In front of each store is a hitching post, half gnawed in two by nibbling horses. Occasionally there is a wooden awning. The buildings are mainly of wood, one story in height, with a high false front to make them look like several stories.

Ramengo prides itself upon being a most extraordinary moral place. It sums its virtues up in three propositions, to-wit:

I. There are no billiard tables in the place.

II. There are no whisky or beer saloons in the place.

III. There is no rebel paper taken in the place.

Such a high state of morality in so wicked an age greatly surprised Sagittarius. He marveled at the moral proficiency of the people. He debated within himself whether or no the millennium had not arrived and settled at Ramengo. He saw almost as many churches in town as there were other houses. The countenances of the men wore a look of high devotion. The women appeared saint-like, as if they had made up their minds that this is a very wicked world outside of Ramengo.

Ramengo is prolific in children. There are multitudes on the streets; and the few doctors are hard-worked to attend to all the new arrivals. Every

other man met by Sagittarius was in a tremendous hurry, and Sagittarius soon learned that he was going for the family physician. In the contour of the married ladies on the streets, or elsewhere, the parabole abounded.

The rising generation on Ramengo did not strike the observing Sagittarius as sharing fully the high moral superiority of their anti-billiard-table, anti-whisky-saloon, anti-copperhead progenitors. These young people—those of the masculine sex—are given to much irreligious and unsaint-like conduct. They are disposed to haunt the single street of Ramengo at all times, and in endless quantities. A young man promenading with a young woman affords the young Ramengoans an opportunity for much unseemly converse designed for the benefit of the promenading two. An innocent and verdant stranger from the wilds of Chicago or New York, finds himself the object of much hilarious and not altogether complimentary comment among these youthful observers. The young of the godly people of Ramengo are prone to blasphemy. They are disposed to oaths whose length and frequency would excite the envy of a veteran pirate. Sagittarius heard and saw all these things, and he reflected with pious joy that, whatever else these sons of pious sires were guilty of, they had not at least to answer for the greater sin of reading rebel literature.

It is a pleasant thing to sit under the awning and watch the ebb and flow of country life. All day long, teams come and go, as the farmers enter upon or depart from trading expeditions. The farmer's rig is about the same everywhere. There are a stout, substantial vehicle, and two sturdy horses. They

always come around the corner, and up to the store-front, at tremendous speed. If one walk a little out of town, he will see the horses coming in at the slowest of walks. Their heads droop, and the reins hang loosely. Suddenly, as the suburbs are entered, the reins are pulled taut, the drooping heads jerked high in the air; there is a lash or two of the whip, and in an instant the whole concern is tearing through the streets like a crazy locomotive. Coming out the thing is reversed. Away goes the vehicle as if life or death depended upon short time and long distance. It disappears in a cloud of dust around the corner. If you walk leisurely after it, you will be in ample time, a half hour after, to see it crossing the prairie as unhurriedly as if drawn by a snail.

Sometimes the old man drives, and sometimes the young man. The rest of the road is, however invariable. There are always the feminine head of the family, a lady of about forty years; a young woman of about seventeen, who jumps from the tall wagon without assistance, and wears her back hair caught up in a net; and a boy of about ten or twelve, who attends to the wagon and looks sulkily at the town boys. There is likewise a dog, which, if a young dog, starts out for a social chat with his city cousins, and very soon comes back, having been badly thrashed by a bull-dog, half a dozen curs, and a few terriers. If an old dog, he gets in the wagon, and growls ferociously at the slightest approach to familiarity on the part of town people.

Close traders are these farmers and their wives. They bring in usually a pail of butter or a box of eggs, and long is the battle for the highest buying and lowest selling figure. The old lady looks at the

cotton cloths and the jeans; and the young lady prices the parasols, perfumery and back-combs. Sagittarius saw one sharp-eyed matron follow the clerk in his figuring up a bill of goods, and pour hogsheads of wrath upon his devoted head because he charged ten cents for a paper of pins, when Jones, over the way, would sell her the same pins for eight cents.

There was a grand excitement in Ramengo the day before the arrival of Sagittarius. A bold thief had broken into the single jeweler's shop in town, and had carried off two silver watches. Daylight revealed the theft, and dire was the confusion throughout Ramengo. All the day long men gathered in knots and discussed the event. The jeweler was the hero of the day. Wherever he moved eager crowds surrounded him, and heard with open ears the recital of the dread event. Telegrams were sent east and west, and towards night came the astounding intelligence that the desperado had been captured at a neighboring town. All the place vibrated to the intelligence, and by the next train the jeweler started to secure his property and the thief.

Train after train came in from the east, and there came no jeweler, no thief, no booty. The crowds which attended each arrival of the train began to become uneasy. By-and-by, like the first rumors of a battle, there came whispers that the burglar had escaped. The appalling suggestion grew each hour more like a fact. Then it became a certainty; and, after a while, the jeweler himself returned without the thief. He had seen the thief; he had gotten one of the watches and $50; but the murderous delinquent, entrusted to other hands, had mysteriously disappeared.

Startling and tremendous was this intelligence to Ramengo. Ramengo gathered in knots to talk the affair over. Men hallooed questions across the streets, or repeated some particular from their store doors to the other men passing in wagons. Young Ramengo discussed the affair with a large seasoning of very pungent profanity. Those who heard the particulars from the jeweler repeated them to others, and they to still others; and so the news circled outward like waters receding from the buffet of a stone.

Many were the theories as to the escape of the culprit. Some fiercely held to one opinion, and some to another. The favorite opinion was, that the burglar was a Freemason, and that he had escaped through the aid of the craft. This led to hot discussions upon Morgan, and the enormity of a concern which shields murderers, burglars, and horse-thieves from the clutches of the law. The Ramengoans have not traveled much. Most of them have traveled from New England westward. But few have ever traveled to the East. Hence, many things.

Going to church on Sunday in the country, is an institution. Early in the morning, two-horse wagons, loaded down to the guards, begin to enter town. These loads are not dissimilar. Three generations are usually represented. There is the old gentleman, and sometimes his wife. His hair is gray and thin; his form attenuated and bowed; his fingers long, hooked, and skinny. Then there is the old man's son. He is broad-shouldered, sun-browned, and tough. Beside him, is his wife. She, too, is brown; and her half-mits reveal strong, thick fingers. There are also the oldest girl, and a smaller girl, and

from two to five boys, with long, thick hair, brown faces, and a general appearance of being a good deal cramped in their Sunday clothes. The ancient looks absent-minded, somewhat as if intelligence were taking its insignia from his countenance, and leaving in place of them a wrinkled expressionless piece of sole-leather. The younger ones look rather defiant, as if, in coming into town, they had gotten into a hostile country and did not propose to be victimized without a fight. The horses look sometimes as if they had tried to get through a small hole, and had only succeeded in pushing their viscera pretty well back, where they had remained. They are small at the neck, and grow constantly larger towards their tails. A young colt or two usually trots alongside, and appears sublimely unconscious of the future, with its horse-collars, its plows, reapers, and long journey

The church itself is not quite a cathedral. Country teams are fastened to all the neighboring fences, and they have torn up the grass where they stamp the tormenting flies. There is a back gallery where the singers set, and in their midst is an asthmatic, but ambitious, little melodeon. There are always a pretty girl or two in the choir, and a rather romantic-looking young man who sings tenor. Somehow, ladies have a weakness for tenor-singers. The tenor knows it, and he affects melancholy and a thrilling tendency to early decay.

Sagittarius attended one of the churches in Ramengo. He found the same audience collected there that he had seen when he was a boy and went to church. There was the same anxious mother, dividing her time between the sermon and little boy who would get up and lie down, and who wanted

cake, and who ocasionally got on his knees and stared vigorously and persistently into the face of the young women behind. The same dog came up the aisle, looking into all the seats for its owner, and, by its puzzled expression, afforded cause for much suppressed chuckling to the small-sized boys. The same old gentleman sat on the same front seat, and stared with dropped jaw, and wiped his rheumy old eyes with the same old, striped-silk pocket-handkerchief. The same farmer sat in the same seat, and slept all through the sermon, and woke up and looked around at the end, just as if he had only been thinking deeply with his eyes shut. The choir sang the same old tunes; the preacher presented the same old doctrinal points; and the same old crowd of rustic boors and dandies stood just outside the door, and stared into the faces of the people as they went out.

Ramengo has its romance. Some places have one thing, and some another; but Ramengo has its crazy man. The crazy man lurks about the outskirts of the town, and sleeps in the cornfields. When the men go away from their houses, then the crazy man suddenly presents himself before the terrified women, and demands food. The crazy man is quite a young man; and it is reported and believed among the younger women of Ramengo that it is a case of love. Once the crazy man loved a young woman. Obdurate she, either from a prior attachment, cruel parents, or some other cause, frowned upon his passion. He pined; then he wilted; then he went crazy, and than he wandered away and came to Ramengo. Such is the feminine explanation of the enigma of the crazy man. It is a characteristic rendering of the mystery.

The crazy man meanwhile looks as if craziness and lodging in cornfields do not agree with him. His hair and beard are matted, and his hat and coat in tatters. He is saving of his pantaloons, and usually carries them hung over his arm like a towel. The effect is peculiar—a good deal more peculiar, in fact, than modest.

It would take too long to recount all that Sagittarius saw and did in Ramengo. He sat whole days in a store door, and stared at the milliners over the way, and at the boys who originated dog-fights in the street. One day he took his carpet-sack, put himself upon the train, and came away

BICYCULAR AFFECTION.

A SAD history came to my notice, one day last week, when walking around Chicago. It involves the happiness of two young persons. It is the saddest of those sad occurrences in which the human heart is involved, and in which it is the principal actor as well as the grandest sufferer.

There is a young gentleman of attractive appearance, excellent education, and fine financial prospects, who lives with his parents in a pleasant brick dwelling on the avenue.

A year ago this young gentleman commenced paying his addresses to the youngest daughter of one of our most prosperous commission merchants, who is a resident of a princely dwelling on the avenue. The young lady is a superb blonde, with clustering curls, a *petite* form, and a lithe figure. She moves with that easy, undulating grace which is best described by the word "willowy"—that infinite flexibility whose motion is never angular, or disturbed, or interrupted. Her fingers possess that exquisite contour which is equally removed from emaciated slenderness and muscular plumpness.

Charmingly developed in disposition, carefully cultivated in intellect, she unites in body, soul, and heart, that peculiar poise which is only found in characters that approximate closely to equable and

perfect development. Just passed nineteen, at the time my narrative commences, she was at the precise age when the germs of youth had unfolded into fresh and fragrant blossoms.

He possessed all her delicacy of soul with a vigorous, masculine organization, in which he presented that most perfect of manly characters—one in which the refinement peculiar to a woman is hardened and intensified in a man, until he becomes a power, a support, and yet characterized by infinite delicacy. An organization of the kind is one like what a rose would be could it be hardened till it possessed the tenacity of steel, without losing any of its flexibility, fragrance, and delicacy.

His person was tall and perfectly erect; his shoulders broad, and the beginning of a pyramid which narrowed regularly to his heels. His eyes were a full, deep brown, and his hair heavy, and just a shade relieved from raven blackness.

The course of true love did, at first, run smoothly. Of the proper age, of excellent prospects, of perfect health, they constituted a pair that seemed as expressly created for each other as the bud and its supporting branch. Their affection was profound, without degenerating into maudlin sentimentality. Founded upon mutual respect, it bade fair never to become weakened by a familiarity which can only result in satiety, and possibly, disgust. They seemed to be possessed of that rare faculty among lovers, that of keeping in exact equipoise an ardent love and a profound respect. It is rare, indeed, that one of these qualities does not give way to the other, in which case the result is the inevitable destruction of both.

Three months ago, the acquaintanceship, which had long since ripened into affection, resulted in an engagement. The marriage was fixed for the first of May. And then began, on the part of both, those preparations, so full of pleasure, for the coming sacrifice at the altar.

It was two weeks before the glorious May-day upon which was to occur the consummation of these intermingling loves.

About this period, he called one evening at the residence of his *fiancée.* When he arrived, he sat in the parlor until she should make her appearance. Upon this evening, he waited with a warm and yet controlled impatience for her coming. The few minutes that usually elapsed between his arrival and her presence passed, and she came not. His anticipations began to grow into anxiety, and then —she came.

He started from his seat as the door opened, with eagerly outstretched arms, and lips fixed for the customary kiss.

"My darling," he began, and then stopped suddenly, frozen in speech and motion into rigidity.

Instead of her usually springy step to meet him, she entered with a slow and measured walk. In place of glowing with expectancy, her face was characterized by a gloomy resolution.

She stopped in front of him as he stood like a marble statue of disappointed expectancy. Her eyes full of sadness and reproach, were turned sternly upon his face.

And thus, for a moment or two, they stood confronting each other like two statues of Strength and Beauty.

"Well, sir!" at length came from her lips, in slow, cold, and measured tones.

The words seemed an icy missile that pierced his heart. His form relaxed, the fine tension of his *pose* gave way, his strength seemed to have suddenly left him.

"Well, sir!" he repeated, mechanically. "Good heavens! she says 'Well, sir!'" continued he, as if communing with himself. He gazed at her feebly for a moment, and then staggered to, and sank upon, a sofa.

She moved to an arm-chair and seated herself in it with deliberation. She was now several feet from the sofa, and yet close enough to converse with ease.

The young man struggled with the vast emotions that enveloped him. A little later, and he emerged from himself, and a reaction began to bring strength to his relaxed features and a steady light to his eye.

"You said 'Well, sir,'" began he, with some firmness, "and, in reply, permit me to observe, Well, miss!"

She gazed at him unflinchingly and unmovingly. He continued.

"It is strange language for me to use, but there seems nothing else that applies to this singular meeting. Perhaps you will save me from a further use of it by giving me an explanation?"

"Sir," said she. "I have no explanation to offer."

"'No explanation!' Am I mad? Is this all a dream? Do I meet you with every line off affection effaced from your face, with your mouth dropping icicles, and hear only that there is no explanation?"

She gave no answer. He waited a moment, and resumed, with a slight accent of indignation:

"You have no explanation, then, for this coldness? Perhaps none is due me. Perhaps I have no right. It may be that the belief on my part that you were soon to become my wife is a fancy, a dream?"

"It is," she said, simply.

"Heavens! Are you insane?"

"Not in the least, sir."

"Tell me, then, what all this means! I will know if I have to tear it from your false heart!" and he arose to his feet and stood towering and maddened above her.

She regarded him quietly. "No violence or heroics," she said, calmly, "are of use, or will avail. If you have ever believed that an engagement existed between yourself and me"—she did not say *us*—"you will regard it as a dream or a fiction."

"Do you mean this?"

"I do."

"And I can have no explanation?"

"None from me."

"Then go to"—he began, savagely; but the ruffianism of the moment died away as soon as it came, and he added, "Good evening;" and without another word, he strode from the room.

"One moment," she called. "Take these;" and she put into his hands a weighty package.

And then he passed into the street, and, a little later, he sat in his own room. Before him, on a table, lay the contents of the package she had given him.

They were his presents!

With his elbow on the table, and both hands clutched savagely into his hair, and supporting his

head, he gazed, with bloodshot eyes, upon the costly trinkets spread before him.

There was a tiny ring of brilliants. It recalled a glorious moonlight night of warm September. A bracelet brought up one summer evening, when his soul was thrilled with the first kiss.

And thus each article suggested some sunny scene, some exquisite enjoyment. He groaned as if his soul was struggling for an exit.

Suddenly his eye caught a tiny envelope. He seized it. It was sealed, and without direction. He tore it open. A printed piece of paper, evidently cut from a newspaper, was within, and fastened to a sheet of note paper. Over it was written, in a well-known handwriting, the single word, "Read." With a painfully-throbbing heart, he perused the following:

"Competent medical authorities have decided that serious results are caused by riding the velocipede. Among these, not the least is the giving to Malthusian doctrines a practical and eminently undesired effect.

And this was all. To-day, that young man saunters listlessly about the streets of Chicago, a broken-hearted being. Once a skillful velocipedist, he now shuns the rinks, as a freed sinner would a return to purgatory. Gone are his ambition, his hope, his love.

ALL ABOUT A WOMAN.

AT the battle of Shiloh, one of the regiments that was well out to the front was the Eleventh Iowa. Its colonel was William Hall. A lady was with him who was his wife.

When Beauregard made his march on the Federals, on that morning, he omitted to send word of his coming. In consequence, his unexpected arrival produced some surprise, not to say confusion. Many of our people had not yet risen, and, like well-bred gentlemen, they say that their *deshabillé* was unfitted for the reception of the Frenchman. Therefore, many of them hastily fled, to make their toilets. A good many did not make them in time to return on that day to the front.

I will not say that Colonel Hall was quite as unprepared as this. Nevertheless, pretty much the first intimation which the colonel and lady received of a confederate visit was a twelve-pound shell that came crashing through their tent. And then the colonel hastily dressed himself, buckled on his sabre and went out. Mrs. Hall proceeded to finish her toilet. Meanwhile, shell and round shot tore through her canvas boudoir, as if to suggest a hasty departure of its occupant.

But she carefully arrayed herself all the same. Back hair and front hair were elaborately arranged as usual. Cuffs and collars were duly pinned. Then

a few articles of dress were hunted for and packed up. After which she went out, with her package, to the rear of her tent, saddled a pony, mounted it, and rode slowly to the rear.

All this time the air above and around was riven with fierce-speeding missiles, and red with the flame of bursting shells. She moved calmly through the deafening and blasting tempest, till she reached the protecting banks of the Tennessee.

That evening her needle and thread came into use for purposes of repair. Her dress was cut in some twenty-nine different places by bullets and fragments of shell.

At Iuka, Mrs. Hall once more ran the gauntlet of rebel bullets; and again, although her dress was pierced in a score of places, she coolly moved unharmed through the deadly storm. On the long march around Vicksburg I again met her. She rode beneath the broiling sun, along the interminable bayous, as uncomplainingly as if on a visit to a neighbor. She was in the trenches at Vicksburg, and remained there until the strong city had surrendered.

The next spring, stricken down by a chronic disease, her husband went home to Davenport, Iowa, and she as faithfully accompanied him as she had during the long months that separated Shiloh from Vicksburg.

For months her husband was an invalid. After a while he grew better, and then some unexpected turn of the disease occurred, and he died. The widow, after settling up her estate, found herself possessed of one charming little daughter, and no means whatever. With this capital she came, in 1865, or 1866, to Chicago, and took up her residence

with some relatives. Now commenced the real battle of life.

Her papers, duly made out and sent to the pension office, were returned with the information that there was no proof in them that her husband died of a disease contracted in the army. She sent them to her legal agent, who consumed six months in finding out that he—did not know what to do.

Meanwhile, the lady brought no end of pressure upon Gilmore, and, in time—say six months later—was rewarded by a subordinate position in the Chicago postoffice. And then she gave her attention to getting her pension.

Her agent had given up the thing in disgust. He could not produce the proof required by the pension department. He so advised her, and told her that hope of government aid was useless. Under the circumstances most women would have yielded the struggle. She resolved to fight the thing out.

She occupied nearly a year in trying to find the address of the division surgeon. Letters were sent everywhere. Some of them, in time, came back from the dead-letter office. Others gave her assurances that the surgeon was dead, or in New Mexico, in California, or that it was not known where he was. Still, she followed up the trail, but was ever baffled. Time and again did she travel from Chicago to various portions of the east and west, in the hope that some army surgeon could give her the required proof. She took statements which were sent on to Washington with new papers, but always the inexorable official returned them with the indorsement that there was not sufficient proof that the cause of death was acquired in the army.

During the intervals of hunting up testimony, she opened up a correspondence with Iowa congressmen, asking for a special act in her favor. This was in 1867. Plastic congressmen answered her that the thing could be done, and should be done.

As is customary, they promised and—did nothing. She waited a year on these promises, and then went to Washington. She got Grant's indorsement of her petition for a special act. Sherman signed it, and so did many another dignitary of the army of Tennessee. Leaving them in the hands of Congressman Price, she returned to Chicago.

The petition went before the committee and was defeated. She was so advised, and was told that nothing more could be done. Here was another excellent point to give up at. But she didn't. She continued the fight.

Once more she commenced corresponding with and visiting different places. She got up another series of affidavits and papers—the fiftieth possibly, in all—and sent them on to Congress asking a special act.

In this way she fought on till March, 1869.

At this time, the health of some member of the family gave way, and she accompanied him to some country place near Rock Island. Just before leaving Chicago, she was notified that her bill had passed through the committee. This was cheering. The next letter informed her that it had passed the house, and concluded with the information that, as it was so near the end of the session, it would not be reached by the senate, and that it was very doubtful, in case it could reach that body, that it would pass.

And so ended her hopes. She went into the country, wearied with her arduous struggle, but not dismayed or defeated. During the intervals of waiting upon her father, she planned a new campaign, and sought for fresh evidence.

Thirty days passed without her hearing from any one. Then there came along a neighbor who brought a letter which he had accidently seen advertised in the Rock Island post-office. It was postmarked at Washington, and read, in substance: "Your bill was reached by the senate, and was passed at almost the last moment. It has been duly signed by the president," etc.

In the language of her sex, the young woman sat down and "had a good cry." A day or two later she got a draft for some sixty months' back pension, at the rate of $30 per month.

If this sketch proves any thing, it is that Providence helps those who help themselves, even if they are women.

A RIDE TO DEATH.

SOME years ago, I found myself a temporary resident of one of those bluff-cities lying some where on the Mississippi between its source and the gulf. I had just left college, and, with a sheepskin in my pocket, certifying that I was duly exalted to the dignity of a B. A., I started to the great west in search of what I lacked most, viz.: fame and fortune.

It was at the time that the western fever was epidemic all over the eastern states. In every home in the seaboard and middle states, somebody was stricken with the malady. Generally the victim was the scapegrace of the family. He was the restless, uneasy member, to whom a future which promised only the dull routine of the past was a matter of supreme disgust.

As a logical result, the men who came west were usually young, ambitious and daring. Timid souls stayed at home. Only those who had the strength to burst the shackles of fogyism, could escape the weary imprisonment, which habit and custom had imposed upon the residents of the older states.

It was some twelve years ago from the time I write that I found myself west of the Mississippi. The city where I first stopped on my journey was supposed to be a sort of *Gaditanum Fretum*, at

which was the narrow strait which connected the known with the unknown world. Passing through it, one was supposed to embark on an ocean, in any part of which he might discover fairy islands without number.

The place was full of adventurers who had not yet embarked. Either the winds were not fair, or there was nothing about to sail, or they had no money to pay the passage, or something. At any rate, in a a week after I had reached the town I found myself in company with several hundred young men, mainly engaged in nothing in particular. Everybody was running around frantically; everybody was fevered and restless, and full of schemes and anticipation; but the great number of the new-comers was not doing anything else. In such a case when hope is large and realization scanty, men very easily fall into the habit of drinking.

When one is possessed with a grand vision, and fails to see it become a reality, there is nothing that will so effectually prevent the fading of this vision as generous wine. It brings out colors which are passing away; it restores fancies which are about to elude the grasp.

Many of us, who had reared magnificent air-castles, saw them gradually becoming effaced. Dipping our brushes in the golden depths of the wine-pot, we could repaint, re-decorate, restore these vanishing creations. To be sure the restoration was not lasting; each day the process required repetition, and each time the labor was a greater one.

I succeeded in getting a room after some difficulty; and then I had to share one already occupied by two young men about my own age. Both, like myself, had left the East to seek their fortune in the roseate

West. They were named respectively Howe and Brattles. Howe was from some where in New England, and Brattles from New York.

We soon found that we stood upon common ground. Howe and Brattles had been some months waiting for something to turn up. Nothing had turned up, except that the bills of the landlord came with regularity; and the diet, discomfort, and crowd each day turned up a little worse, if possible, than they had on the day before. My two companions mainly occupied themselves in "letting" themselves "down" from an old drunk, or clambering vigorously into a new one. I found them intelligent, jovial and communicative. In a week, I shared all their hopes and disappointments; and applied myself as vigorously as they to hunting comfort in an inverted tumbler.

Howe was a singular sort of a character, He was tall, straight, with a swarthy complexion, and straight, black hair; and he possessed other points which made him look not unlike one of Indian descent. He may have had some aboriginal blood in his veins; but of this I never knew. He was very reticent about his family, and never alluded to any of his relatives, save to sometimes intimate, in a vague way, something about having left home on account of trouble with his father. He had bursts of loquacity in his reticence; but generally he conversed but little. When intoxicated, or partially so, his whole nature changed. It was on such occasions that I suspected his possessing an Indian origin. Then his black eyes would blaze, and he would become as restless as a wild beast. At a certain point he would become utterly reckless, and was ready for any act, regardless of its character or results.

Of Brattle's peculiarities it is not necessary to speak, further than to say that he was somewhat careless and thoughtless, easily influenced, and ready at all times, without reflection, to follow in any movement in which somebody else would take the lead. In many respects, the same was true of myself. I was rather indolent, and very glad to avail myself of the ingenuity of others in the securing of ways and means for amusement, and for passing the time, which hung rather heavily upon our hands. I mention these peculiarities of my two companions and myself for reasons which will make themselves apparent in time.

It was in the latter part of September that occurred the incident which I am about to relate. Howe was the first out of bed one morning, and, going to the window, he threw open the blinds and looked out. A gleam of sunshine lighted the room, and the fresh morning air rushed in laden with inspiration.

"I say, fellows," said Howe, after taking in the prospect for a few moments, "let's go into the country. It's a glorious morning; and I am getting tired of this infernal city."

"I'm in," said Brattles.

"And I," said the remaining member of the trio.

"But where shall we go?" inquired Howe.

"Oh, anywhere," responded I; let us dine somewhere where there are no corner-lot speculators, no invitations to a game of seven-up."

"That's it," chimed in Brattles; "we want to get where we can cool the fever in our blood. Let us get out where we can breathe and bathe in air that has not been made red-hot by the curses of ruined speculators."

And much more to the same purport—the result of which was that we swallowed a hasty breakfast, and then went in a body to an adjacent livery stable.

I had frequently engaged horses at this same stable; and, having always brought everything back in good order, the proprietor was willing to trust me with his better class of animals. In response to our request for a "rig," "Mack" informed us that he had nothing available except a certain animal which he did not like to let, as he was inclined to run away unless closely watched.

We promised due diligence, and, after some hesitation, "Mack" consented. On account of the character of the horse, and because we were going in the country, the vehicle selected for us was a stout, square affair, somewhat like the ordinary express wagon. The horse was speedily harnessed, and was driven out. He was a large, powerful beast, jet black, and with a vicious eye, that blazed like a live coal. When he was driven out by the assistant, he came with a series of ugly lunges, and two or three shakes of the head that were full of mischievous promise.

"You want to watch that critter right close," said "Mack," as we clambered in, and the boy held the horse by the head with no small difficulty. "He's uglier nor h—ll," continued "Mack," as I gathered up the reins, "and, if you ain't watchin' him, he'll string you *sure*."

"All right," said I, "let him go, boy;" and away we went over the cobble-stones of one of the main streets, at a speed which, had we known any thing of Dexter, would have reminded us of that renowned animal.

Howe said he had forgotten something at the hotel, and insisted that I should drive there for a moment. I consented finally, and managed, not to stop, but to lay "off and on," in front of the building during Howe's absence. He returned in a few minutes with a box of cigars and something wrapped up in a paper, and whose outlines were not unlike those of a large bottle. He clambered into the wagon with a good deal of difficulty, and, a moment after, we were bowling along a straight street that led direct into the country.

As I stated in the beginning of this narration, the town at which I was located is built upon the bluffs of the Mississippi. That is, a portion of the town is on the bluffs; but the business portion, and, in fact, the greater part of the place, lies on the bottom between the foot of the bluffs and the river. The bluffs are very lofty, rising at some points from 300 to 400 feet above the banks of the river. The action of water, exerted for centuries, has cut deep ravines down these heights, along which the inhabitants have cut streets. Without these ravines, nothing less than a ladder would serve one in getting from the bottom to the heights of the bluffs.

Some of these ravine roads were finished, and others were not. The main route to the country was along "Julian avenue," as it was called,—the broadest, least crooked and most finished of the roads leading up the bluffs. The ravine up which it ran had been blasted and wrought upon, until there resulted a wide street, straight as an arrow, and which rose from the "bottom" to the high country lying back by a gradient of about thirty-five degrees. Its surface was solid rock, and it was smooth as a floor, save that here and there were little bits of

rocks which had fallen from the walls of the street, or had been washed into various positions by the water which, after heavy rains, poured into the avenue from lateral ravines.

In some places, high, smooth walls of rock, bearing the mark of the drill, rise on both sides of the street. In other places, the adjacent sides recede in sloping amphitheatres, in which are residences. At intervals, where the bluffs abut squarely on the street, huge fragments of rocks have become detached from these *revêtements;* and they lie, here singly, there in vast, misshapen piles which thrust themselves well towards the centre of the thoroughfare, and necessitate vehicles to make a slight detour in passing them.

It was up this avenue that we directed our course, and up which our horse, despite the ascent and the heavy wagon, proceeded at a swift trot, which only a tight rein prevented from becoming a gallop. From the point where the avenue begins at the "bottom" to the point where it issues upon the highland beyond, is just about a mile. The place where the ascent ends and the level road begins, is as sharply defined as the ridge of a house. Going into the city, one walks from the level road and commences the descent at one step, as if he were to step suddenly from a flat to a descending roof.

Notwithstanding the speed at which we ascended, I noticed, in passing, several little groups and events. At one brick house, a woman with a broom stood at one of the windows. She had on a dark calico dress, and one of her blonde locks had escaped and hung down over her left shoulder. In a yard, several children were playing,—one of whom, a boy, was carrying a little girl pick-a-back. A cur

with immense splay feet chased a spaniel with long ears, among the shrubbery. At another place were two cows, one of which was grazing, and the other, attracted by the noise of our vehicle, raised her head and stared at us with wondering eyes.

We emerged into the open country; and, after proceeding a couple of miles, my arms became tired holding the vicious beast which hauled us. Howe proposed to turn off in a little grove by the roadside, and tie the animal to a tree. We did so; and, a little later, the horse was securely fastened, and we were sunning ourselves in a grassy opening that presented itself near the outskirts of the grove.

It is foreign to my purpose to relate the conversation and minutiæ of our stay. Suffice it, that our conversation took a wide range, and that it was punctuated by frequent applications of the bottle which had been secured by Howe. We retailed old jokes, invented new ones, sang and became hilarious. In the course of about three hours the bottle was empty, and all of us had passed into that condition in which recklessness was in the ascendancy. A return to town, and "to make a night of it," were proposed and carried unanimously.

We unhitched the horse, and, getting in with much trouble, we started homewards. Howe insisted on driving, and I consented. Annoyed by the flies, which had been tormenting him all day, and knowing himself to be going towards home, the horse was more headstrong than usual, and tore along at a pace which only the efforts of two of us at the reins could prevent from setting into a run. We all three sat upon the seat, Howe in the middle.

I noticed that Howe was more intoxicated than either Brattles or myself. His cheeks were flushed,

and his black eyes shone with a fierce, unnatural fire. His jaws were set, and his breathing was short and accompanied with a noise like that of snoring. The excitement of the drive had deepened, instead of lessened, intoxication.

"Steady, old fellow," said I, as, emerging from a a strip of "timber," we found ourselves only a few rods from where began the descent of Julian avenue. "Steady, now! We are getting into town."

"All right," said he, and with a powerful effort he reined the horse into a walk. The animal shook his head madly and tugged fiercely at the bit. A moment after we reached the descent, and the long declivity of the avenue came into view. At the very instant that we gained the point where the avenue "breaks" down from the level and commences to descend, the horse gave a wild plunge. The next instant, Howe rose suddenly to his feet. With his left hand he threw the lines over the horse's head, and with his right he brought down the heavy whip with tremendous force upon the animal's back, exclaiming, with a voice that rose almost to a shriek:

"You want to go! Then GO! G—d d—n you!"

I had just sufficient time to see the brute leap with a maddened bound into what seemed space, when I found myself thrown over the seat into the box behind with stunning violence. Brattles fell beside me, and Howe came heavily, and with an unfinished yell on his lips, upon both of us.

What followed was like a dream, whose images stand out prominently, but which lacks continuity. I remember falling, but I do not remember how I recovered myself. After the fall, the next thing which I recollect is, that I was sitting on the bottom of the

wagon, holding to the railing; that Brattles had disappeared; and that Howe was partly on one knee, just before me, clinging to the edge of the box, bareheaded, rocking furiously, and giving utterance to maniacal yells of exultation.

The stroke of the whip, the blasphemous imprecation of Howe, the bound of the horse, the fall, the recovery,—all seem to have occurred instantaneously. Time seems to have been obliterated. I recollect these events, and they all appear as if they took place at the same time.

After the lapse of the moment of unconsciousness that must have occurred immediately at the time I was thrown backward, and the instant that I partially sat upright, I seemed at once endowed with a sort of tripartite consciousness. Three distinct sets of thoughts seemed to possess me, each of which apparently pursued an independent process. These three processes seemed respectively to take in simultaneously the past, present and future.

In the present, I saw exactly and comprehended our situation. I saw the black devil in front, with flying mane, plunging madly down the avenue. I saw Howe distinctly, and was conscious of his exact expression. I felt the wagon, not running apparently on the ground, but only touching it at intervals, and then springing forward as if it were progressing by great leaps. A black wall was on either side of me, which seemed composed of long, horizontal layers of darkness, that were rushing backward with the speed of lightning; but even in this, as in a pool of ink, I saw houses and fences, and recognized the outlines of jutting rocks.

Such are the outlines of what may be called the *present* of the three processes which possessed me.

It was clear and distinct, but none the less so than the second process, and which related to the future. This portion of the triune existence thus suddenly thrust upon me related chiefly to what might happen. I saw, as if clairvoyantly, what lay before us. I could see that we would reach a pile of rock; that the wheel would pass over it, and we be dashed from the overtuned wagon against the wall below.

All this time the third process seemed in operation. This busily wove into a ragged woof, events of the past. They were not the more important occurrences of my life that were thus, as it were, knotted together. This third faculty may be better compared to a species of divergent light, like that shot from the great lamp of a locomotive. Some such species of illumination appeared to be thrown into the past. In the midst of the vista which it clove in the darkness, I could discover events in my life as if they had been paintings or statuary flashed upon by a light.

As I have said, I neither saw the grander occurrences of my life, nor was there any regular progress, like a review. The divergent light flashed upon something away back in my childhood, and immediately after upon something which occurred that morning. Thus, I saw myself walking with a younger brother. He could just barely walk, and I saw myself holding his hand, and recognized that he wore a frock, and a hood which was fastened to his head with a silk handkerchief that was knotted under his chin. I saw this picture as through a lighted tube, in a dense wall of darkness that seemed the past. The very next thing that the light revealed to me was the woman with the broom, and the dark dress, and the straggling lock of hair, whom I had

noticed that morning at the window. There was no method in its revelations. One moment, it threw its long rays across a play-ground and a group of school-boys, of whom I was one; and the next, there were visible through the darkness the boy carrying his little sister pick-a-back, and the splay-footed cur chasing its long-eared companion among the trees.

It appeared to be that I knew I would be killed. Death was present; and, although without form it was as if I could feel it in a sort of shadowy something that seemed to be gradually gathering about, and constricting the motion of my heart. Despite this, I was not alarmed at the apparent certainty of death. I had no particular recollection of the good or evil of my life. There was rather a triviality that attended this certainty of death. I wondered what the woman in the window would think could she see us; and whether the little boy would not drop his sister in pitying horror could he appreciate our situation. I seemed to strive to guess what my mother would say when she heard the news; and perhaps the same attempt occurred with reference to a dozen other people. But all this time I realized nothing—I never even thought of futurity. Heaven or hell came no more to my mind than if I had never heard of their existence.

One sensation that I recall was, that I seemed gradually being swallowed up in darkness. It was not a thick darkness; but rather I seemed enveloped by a medium which was possessed of fluidity and transparency, but which was gradually growing darker. I could appreciate that this medium would eventually become black, and this seemed the measure of my life. My thoughts and existence would

accompany its changes; and, when the full black was reached, my life would be gone. This ultimate and approaching blackness seemed pure non-existence, into which I should finally be merged.

The portion of the trinity which possessed me, and which related to the *present*, was, as I have already intimated, of surprising clearness. It seemed a sort of independent consciousness, and occupied itself with immediate surroundings and circumstances. It revealed the horse, perfectly outlined, and appearing like a mass of black launched in space. I saw distinctly the large, loose sleeves of Howe's coat, and his hair fluttering in the wind with the rapidity of lightning. I saw the long perspective of the avenue, with its ascending and descending vehicles and pedestrians. In the background lay the Mississippi; and I caught the reflection of a fleecy cloud in its depths; and, just coming around a point above, I saw a steamboat, and read without difficulty the name upon its wheel-house. I even noticed a little group of passengers upon the hurricane deck; and I observed that a furnace door was open, and that a fireman was pushing something in the red, cavernous depths.

Exactly opposite, on the sidewalk, was a woman holding a little girl by the hand. The latter tugged at the hand with the other, as if urging her forward; the mother, with an expression of horror upon her face, stood like a frozen statue. Just below, was a farmer driving an empty hay-wagon. He had risen to his feet, and was lashing his horses to get them out of our way. I even noticed that his horses were ordinary farm-horses, and that one of them, catching sight of us, had arched his neck and thrown forward its ears with an appearance of fright. I could see

pedestrians all along the street. Some of those nearest us had caught sight of us, and had stopped; but nearly all were ascending or descending, as if unconscious of the imminence of any thing uncommon.

The wagon seemed possessed of volition and independent motion. It leaped, bounded, rather than rolled. It seemed to vault into space. When it descended, a sensation possessed me exactly as if I had suddenly been deprived of gravity. It seemed as if a spider-thread would have held me suspended in the air at the moment when the vehicle commenced to descend. I felt as if the placing of my open hands on the air would buoy me up, and allow the descending vehicle to pass from under me. It was, I fancy, a feeling akin to the sensation experienced by a sea-sick person at the moment when the vessel drops from a great height into the trough of the waves.

I have spoken of a sort of atmosphere which enveloped me, and which seemed to grow gradually darker. It would be more correct to say that I felt as if I was in the centre of an immense sphere, which, near me, was a sort of twilight, but whose exterior was utter darkness. This exterior seemed rushing to the common centre formed by me. As I have said, I felt that, when this darkness reached me, I should be dead. The motion inward of the circumference of the sphere was felt by me somewhat in the form of an apprehension.

Suddenly, and with inconceivable velocity, the coming darkness dashed, as it were, upon me, and enshrouded me. I remember no more. My last remembrance is, that the thick shadows seemed interspered with a million auroral colors and corrus-

cations; and that there shivered through me with infinite rapidity the conviction, This is death!

It was days before I returned to consciousnessness, weeks before my recovery was deemed probable, and months before I was able to hobble from my room.

Brattles had partly fallen and partly thrown himself from the wagon when Howe struck the horse; and he escaped with a few severe contusions. About two-thirds of the way down the avenue, exactly where a pile of fallen rocks rendered a slight detour necessary, the wheel of the wagon on one side struck the *débris;* and the next second the vehicle, as if shot from a gun, was dashed against the face of the opposite wall. A shapeless, bloody mass of flesh remained, and the horse, with some remnants of the wagon, continued his flight.

A strange fact remains to be related with reference to myself. It is, that *I was thrown from the vehicle within two seconds* from the time that Howe's whip fell upon the body of the maddened horse. According to the testimony of the woman with the little girl, at the second or third bound of the wagon it alighted upon its side wheels, and tipped sufficiently to throw me out, but righted again, owing to a change of position by Howe. The point where I was picked up was about sixty feet farther down the hill than where Brattles was found; and the difference in our positions demonstrates that, at the probable rate of the speed of the horse, I was thrown out within *one second* after Brattles.

It was during this single second that occurred all that I have related with reference to my thoughts and observations. Not only that which I have detailed took place, but there were a thousand other

things—shadows of thoughts, glimpses of material objects, attenuated memories—which passed through my mind like a swift but disconnected panorama.

Reflection induces the conclusion that I did not really possess at the moment three independent operations of the mental faculties. Of course, such a thing is impossible. The probable explanation is, that the *units*, in each of these processes, while in reality separate, presented themselves with such enormous rapidity that they seemed a united whole, like the swiftly revolving spokes of a wheel.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I HAVE KNOWN.

IN its recognition of notable women, the world is often led to base its judgment, and to confer fame, rather upon the showy than the truly substantial qualities. It is a melancholy truth that Aspasia, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Catherine de Medici stand out more prominently in this world's recollection than many another woman whose life has been characterized by virtues as the careers of those noted women were by their crimes.

Valliere and the Countess of Blessington are in a fair way to attain immortality. Possibly they will live long after Florence Nightingale and other quiet heroines have been forgotten. I confess to a hearty dislike of these results; and, so far as I can, I will afford compensation to a neglected heroism. If I can not confer the immortality which has been attained by a bad woman like Madame de Maintenon, I can, at least, rescue temporarily from oblivion one woman, whose case impressed me more than any similar thing in my experience.

In attempting this work, I hope for success without wounding the delicacy of her who is the subject of the task, or of those by whom she is surrounded.

Not long since, while in search of health and rec-

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I HAVE KNOWN.

reation, I spent some weeks in Essex, Vermont, which lies among the rugged hills that terminate the western slope of the Green mountains. It is a sterile, and yet hospitable region. There is something massive and enduring in the character of the residents, which has been borrowed from the everlasting rocks and mountains.

Among these people, each day I became infused with an increasing vigor, which seemed to be communicated by contact with the rocky surface, as one takes electricity from a battery.

During my wanderings, I heard much of an invalid whose sufferings and patience were themes which, from long use, had almost grown into traditions. Confined to her room by an incurable and frightful malady, she was loved, honored, pitied by all who spoke of her; and I was assured that not to visit her would be to deprive myself of a rare felicity.

I plead that, being a stranger, my presence could but be regarded as an intrusion. In truth, my real reason was, that I did not wish to shock the progress of my returning health with what I conceived would be the distressing vision of a sick room, with its array of medical paraphernalia, and its emancipated occupant.

Yielding finally to solicitations which became pressing, I consented to make the required visit.

For a distance of several miles, our conveyance threaded the narrow ravines, and climbed and descended the precipitous hills, along which twists the road that leads to the town of Westford. Away to the right against the sky, was traced the wavering line that marked the ridges of the Green Mountains. Between these peaks and our road, there

descended a cataract-like mass of rock and woodland, over all of which there rested a semi-diaphanous mist of softest blue. Along our left, ran a chain of massive hills—rent, here and there, into fissures whose depths grew dim and shadowy; and clad to the summit with stunted vegetation—among which, now and then, there appeared the gorgeous tints of autumn.

Climbing a hill the road passed across a narrow valley. On the one side, low ledges of rocks walled the road; on the other, there was a semi-circular clearing, upon which stood a plain white farm-building, with its outhouses and a garden. A few sheep, with corrugated fleeces were clustered in the shadow of the roadside-fence; and some cows dotted the further side of the opening, where it sloped up the hills.

Here resided Farmer Lawrence; and within was the invalid to visit whose shrine our pilgrimage was made.

The mother—a kindly-faced woman, with a substantial form—and two sisters—gray-eyed and sad-visaged—received us. The father—a medium-sized gentleman, with benevolent face, and somewhat English style of countenance, in its squareness and coloring—soon after came in and joined the group.

Greetings, and the hundreds of little questions so inseparable from meeting, were tinctured with a genial warmth, on the part of the family, that seemed to flow from natures that radiated kindliness as naturally as the sun gives off its beneficent heat.

In a little while, we crossed the central hall, and entered the room of the remaining daughter.

It was a roomy parlor, with a south and east front. It was a balmy afternoon, and white curtains, of exquisite cleanliness, rustled with a cool, tremulous motion, in and out the open windows. Upon a table, in front of one of the windows, was a variety of beautiful flowers, whose variegated petals and green leaves moved gently and harmoniously under the touch of the fugitive airs that passed into the room and out, in invisible procession. The western sun threw, through a window, a broad, golden band of light, which was shattered at intervals by the restless curtain. A few prints on the wall, a sofa, a table with some books, completed the outfit of the apartment.

In the window was suspended a shallow basket containing crumbs. To and from this, darted wild birds, with many a chirp and whistle of joy.

My eye took in these particulars the instant I entered the room. I hesitated, with a singular apprehension of approaching distress, from first looking at that which was the real object of our journey. There was an introduction, and I could no longer hesitate. There was something in the corner, which, in my instinctive avoidance of a direct glance in that direction, seemed an indistinguishable mass of snowy white. My name was uttered and I turned my glance upon this corner, which, for a single second or two, I had endeavored not to see.

As I looked, the hitherto shapeless mass of white resolved itself into a cot covered with a snowy counterpane. Beneath this white covering were the undulating outlines of a woman, who lay with the covering thrown back so as to reveal her face, bust, and arms.

As my eye reached the face, a thrill of surprise, and then of admiration, pervaded me.

It was not the emaciated countenance of an invalid; but the full, rose-tinted, glorious face of a recumbent Venus!

To describe this face is a labor at which I hesitate, as might one who was about to convey in words the ideas which would inspire him as he recalled Guido's sublimely sad face of Beatrice Cenci. The cheeks had none of that pallor characteristic of long suffering. There was a groundwork of perfect purity, with just a hint of transparence; and over which there lay a flush such as comes from the finer ripening processes of the sun. Her hands were small, with long, slender, shapely fingers. Her clean-cut lips revealed rows of even, pearly teeth. Her face was of the purest oval, and back from her forehead lay heavy masses of brown hair, that darkened, or became flecked with golden tints, as the uneasy curtains shut off or admitted the brilliant sunlight. Her eyes, filled often with a tender solemnity, seemed, under the semi-shadow of her forehead, to be a dreamy, bluish-gray, that lightened with humor, or grew dark and humid under the influence of pathetic emotion.

And yet this young woman,—this girl,—with the dreamy eyes, and a sad smile hovering about her lips,—had for fourteen years been a helpless, broken victim of disease. She who thus lay upon her right side; who looked, at times, with a girlish-matronly glance, toward the flowers, her only children; who seemed like a young beauty fresh from conquests and successes, had lain in her present position, perfectly immovable save as to arms, shoulders, and head, for the best portion of these fourteen

years. All these weary years, bound like Prometheus to his rock, she has suffered, at intervals, indescribable agonies. Her slender frame, filled with a horrible strength, has been so torn and convulsed that the combined efforts of three strong men have been found no more than sufficient to restrain her till the crisis has passed.

Doomed each day to be stretched for a time upon a rack, compared to which that of the Inquisition was merciful, how is it that she has developed these graces, and that there envelopes her features a serenity that has the brightness of a saintly halo? I know not, unless it be from a knowledge that passeth the understanding of us who dwell out in the great world.

She possesses intelligence that in no sense does injustice to her appearance. She conversed cheerfully upon ordinary topics; and was humorous, pathetic, or serious, as the theme demanded. She uttered no word of complaint that she was doomed to a living death, nor has one passed her lips during the long years of intense suffering that have rolled over her with their unvarying absence of relief, or even of mitigation.

This Hattie Lawrence; this dead-alive young saint; this woman who shall never know motherhood, save such as is given her in her flowers and birds; this woman whose beauty bewilders; whose patience and serenity amaze me; who is imprisoned forever from the bright world, with its wifehood and its enjoyments; and who knows life only as men near to, and yet out of sight of, the ocean, hear the dashing of the surf, and the thunder of the waves,—this uncomplaining, hopeful, immovable victim is to me the embodiment of a thousand times

more heroism than is any other woman whom history has embalmed for immortality. She is one who, better than even the original, fills the graceful picture of Mademoiselle de Villene, of whom it was said:

> "Son esprit tout divin répond a son beau corps,
> Le ciel en la faisant épuisa ses tresors."

Such of us who toil and sorrow, and who find life wearisome and a pain, should look for a few moments upon the sunny face, and into the tender, hopeful eyes of this gallant soul, whose sufferings and whose beauty I have so imperfectly delineated. In so doing, we should find that there is no agony so severe, no endeavor so arduous, no grief so intermittent and poignant, that it may not be endured, until its chastening result is an adornment.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 752 861 9